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LOCKHART'S

LIFE OF SCOTT

COPIOUSLY ANNOTATED AND ABUNDANTLY ILLUSTRATED

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. X

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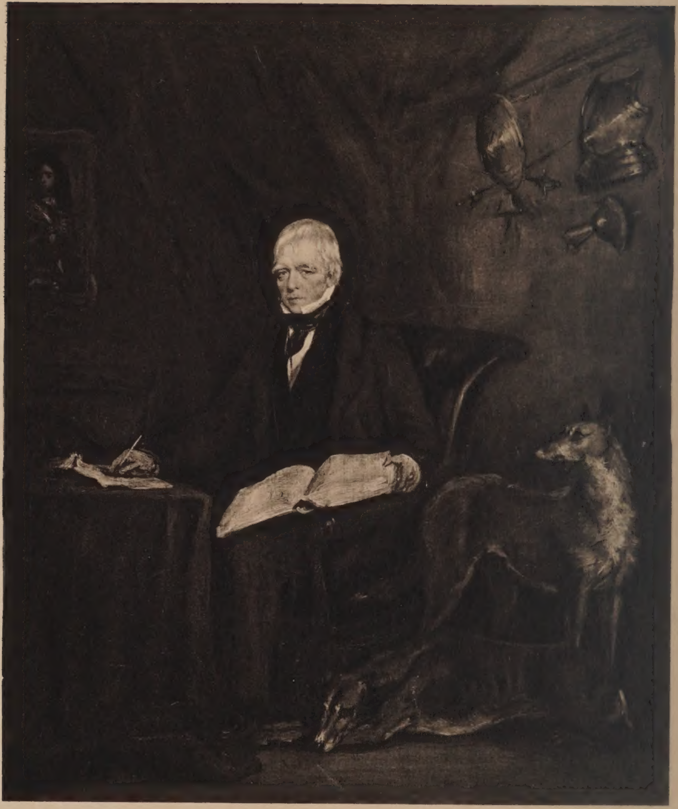

WALTER SCOTT IN 1831

From the painting by Sir Francis Grant

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT

BART.

BY

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME X

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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SIR WALTER SCOTT

CHAPTER LXXIX

WINTER AT ABBOTSFORD. — JOHN NICOLSON. — MRS. STREET. — WILLIAM LAIDLAW. — COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS. — PARLIAMENTARY REFORM IN AGITATION. — FIT OF APOPLEXY IN NOVEMBER. — A FOURTH EPISTLE OF MALAGROWTHER WRITTEN — AND SUPPRESSED. — UNPLEASANT DISCUSSIONS WITH BALLANTYNE AND CADELL. — NOVEL RESUMED. — SECOND DIVIDEND TO CREDITORS, AND THEIR GIFT OF THE LIBRARY, ETC., AT ABBOTSFORD. — LAST WILL EXECUTED IN EDINBURGH. — FORTUNE'S MECHANISM. — LETTER ON POLITICS TO THE HON. H. F. SCOTT. — ADDRESS FOR THE COUNTY OF SELKIRK WRITTEN — AND REJECTED BY THE FREEHOLDERS. — COUNTY MEETING AT JEDBURGH. — SPEECH ON REFORM. — SCOTT INSULTED. — MR. F. GRANT'S PORTRAIT

1830–1831

THE reader has already seen that Sir Walter had many misgivings in contemplating his final retirement from the situation he had occupied for six-and-twenty years in the Court of Session. Such a breach in old habits is always a serious experiment; but in his case it was very particularly so, because it involved his losing, during the winter months, when men most need society, the intercourse of almost all that remained to him of dear familiar friends. He had besides a love for the very stones of Edinburgh, and the thought that he was never again to sleep under a roof of his own in his native city cost him many a pang. But he never alludes either in his Diary or in his letters (nor do I remember that he ever did so in conversation) to the circumstance which, far more than all besides, occasioned care and regret in the bosom of his family. However he might cling to the notion that his recent ailments sprung merely from a disordered stomach, they had dismissed that dream, and the heaviest of their thoughts was, that he was fixing himself in the country just when his health, perhaps his life, might depend any given hour on the immediate presence of a surgical hand. They reflected that the only medical practitioner resident within three miles of him might, in case of another seizure, come too late, even although the messenger should find him at home; but that his practice extended over a wide range of thinly peopled country, and that at the hour of need he might as probably be half a day's journey off as at Melrose. We would fain have persuaded him that his library, catalogues, and other papers had fallen into such confusion, that he ought to have some clever young student in the house during the winter to arrange them; and had he taken the suggestion in good part, a medical student would of course have been selected. But, whether or not he suspected our real motive, he would listen to no such plan; and his friendly surgeon (Mr. James Clarkson) then did the best he could for us, by instructing a confidential domestic, privately, in the use of the lancet. This was John Nicolson — a name never to be mentioned by any of Scott's family without respect and gratitude. He had been in the household from his boyhood, and was about this time (poor Dalgleish retiring from weak health) advanced to the chief place in it. Early and continued kindness had made a very deep impression on this fine handsome young man's warm heart; he possessed intelligence, good sense, and a calm temper; and the courage and dexterity which Sir Walter had delighted to see him display in sports and pastimes, proved henceforth of inestimable service to the master whom he regarded, I verily believe, with the love and reverence of a son. Since I have reached the period at which human beings owe so much to ministrations of this class, I may as well name by the side of Nicolson, Miss Scott's maid, Mrs. Celia Street; a young person whose unwearied zeal, coupled with a modest tact that stamped her one of Nature's gentlewomen, contributed hardly less to the comfort of Sir Walter and his children during the brief remainder of his life.[1]

Affliction, as it happened, lay heavy at this time on the kind house of Huntly Burn also. The eldest Miss Ferguson was on her deathbed; and thus, when my wife and I were obliged to move southwards at the beginning of winter, Sir Walter was left almost entirely dependent on his daughter Anne, William Laidlaw, and the worthy domestics whom I have been naming. Mr. Laidlaw attended him occasionally as amanuensis, when his fingers were chilblained, and often dined as well as breakfasted with him: and Miss Scott well knew that in all circumstances she might lean to Laidlaw with the confidence of a niece or a daughter.

A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour — above all, he could not write to his dictation, without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind, which he had worshipped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more, of its energy. The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigor; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivalled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse, —

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[1] On Sir Walter's death, Nicolson passed into the service of Mr. Morritt at Rokeby, where he is now butler. Mrs. Street remained in my house till 1836, when she married Mr. Griffiths, a respectable farmer, at Ealing.

John Nicolson died at Kelso in 1841. — (1842.)

> "Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,
> And an uncertain warbling made."[1]

Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half waking from a dream, mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, "his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men."[2] Then came the strong effort of aroused will — the cloud dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air — all was bright and serene as of old — and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness.

During the early part of this winter the situation of Cadell and Ballantyne was hardly less painful, and still more embarrassing. What doubly and trebly perplexed them was, that while the MS. sent for press seemed worse every budget, Sir Walter's private letters to them, more especially on points of business, continued as clear in thought, and almost so in expression, as formerly; full of the old shrewdness, and firmness, and manly kindness, and even of the old good-humored pleasantry. About them, except the staggering penmanship, and here and there one word put down obviously for another, there was scarcely anything to indicate decayed vigor. It is not surprising that poor Ballantyne, in particular, should have shrunk from the notion that anything was amiss, — except the choice of an unfortunate subject, and the indulgence of more than common carelessness and rapidity in composition. He seems to have done so as he would from some horrid suggestion of the Devil; and accordingly obeyed his natural sense of duty, by informing Sir Walter, in plain terms, that he considered the opening chapters of Count Robert as decidedly inferior to anything that had ever before come from that pen. James appears to have dwelt chiefly on the hopelessness of any Byzantine fable; and he might certainly have appealed to a long train of examples for the fatality which seems to hang over every attempt to awaken anything like a lively interest about the persons and manners of the generation in question; the childish forms and bigotries, the weak pomps and drivelling pretensions, the miserable plots and treacheries, the tame worn-out civilization of those European Chinese. The epoch on which Scott had fixed was, however, one that brought these doomed slaves of vanity and superstition into contact with the vigorous barbarism both of western Christendom and the advancing Ottoman. Sir Walter had, years before, been struck with its capabilities;[1] and who dares to say that, had he executed the work when he sketched the outline of its plan, he might not have achieved as signal a triumph over all critical prejudices, as he had done when he rescued Scottish romance from the mawkish degradation in which Waverley found it?

---

[1] Introduction, *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

[2] [Judges, xvi.]

In himself and his own affairs there was enough to alarm and perplex him and all who watched him; but the aspect of the political horizon also pressed more heavily upon his spirit than it had ever done before. All the evils which he had apprehended from the rupture among the Tory leaders in the beginning of 1827 were now, in his opinion, about to be consummated. The high Protestant party, blinded by their resentment of the abolition of the Test Act and the Roman Catholic disabilities, seemed willing to run any risk for the purpose of driving the Duke of Wellington from the helm. The general election, occasioned by the demise of the Crown, was held while the successful revolts in France and Belgium were fresh and uppermost in every mind, and furnished the *Liberal* candidates with captivating topics, of which they eagerly availed themselves. The result had considerably strengthened the old opposition in the House of

---

[1] See his Essay on "Romance" for the *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

Commons; and a single vote, in which the ultra-Tories joined the Whigs, was considered by the Ministry as so ominous, that they immediately retired from office. The succeeding cabinet of Earl Grey included names identified, in Scott's view, with the wildest rage of innovation. Their first step was to announce a bill of Parliamentary Reform on a large scale, for which it was soon known they had secured the warm personal support of King William IV.; a circumstance the probability of which had, as we have seen, been contemplated by Sir Walter during the last illness of the Duke of York. Great discontent prevailed, meanwhile, throughout the laboring classes of many districts, both commercial and rural. Every newspaper teemed with details of riot and incendiarism; and the selection of such an epoch of impatience and turbulence for a legislative experiment of the extremest difficulty and delicacy — one, in fact, infinitely more important than had ever before been agitated within the forms of the constitution — was perhaps regarded by most grave and retired men with feelings near akin to those of the anxious and melancholy invalid at Abbotsford. To annoy him additionally, he found many eminent persons, who had hitherto avowed politics of his own color, renouncing all their old tenets, and joining the cry of Reform, which to him sounded Revolution, as keenly as the keenest of those who had been through life considered apostles of Republicanism. And I must also observe, that as, notwithstanding his own steady Toryism, he had never allowed political differences to affect his private feelings towards friends and companions, so it now happened that among the few with whom he had daily intercourse there was hardly one he could look to for sympathy in his present reflections and anticipations. The affectionate Laidlaw had always been a stout Whig; he now hailed the coming changes as the beginning of a political millennium. Ballantyne, influenced probably by his new ghostly counsellors, was by degrees leaning to a similar view of things. Cadell, his bookseller, and now the principal confidant and assistant from week to week in all his plans and speculations, was a cool, inflexible specimen of the national character, and had always, I presume, considered the Tory creed as a piece of weakness — to be pardoned, indeed, in a poet and an antiquary, but at best pitied in men of any other class.

Towards the end of November, Sir Walter had another slight touch of apoplexy. He recovered himself without assistance; but again consulted his physicians in Edinburgh, and by their advice adopted a still greater severity of regimen.

The reader will now understand what his frame and condition of health and spirits were, at the time when he received from Ballantyne a decided protest against the novel on which he was struggling to fix the shattered energies of his memory and fancy.

TO MR. JAMES BALLANTYNE, PRINTER, EDINBURGH.

ABBOTSFORD, 8th December, 1830.

MY DEAR JAMES, — If I were like other authors, as I flatter myself I am not, I should "send you an order on my treasurer for a hundred ducats, wishing you all prosperity and a little more taste;"[1] but having never supposed that any abilities I ever had were of a perpetual texture, I am glad when friends tell me what I might be long in finding out myself. Mr. Cadell will show you what I have written to him. My present idea is to go abroad for a few months, if I hold together as long. So ended the Fathers of the Novel — Fielding and Smollett — and it would be no unprofessional finish for yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO R. CADELL, ESQ., BOOKSELLER, EDINBURGH.

ABBOTSFORD, 8th December, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR, — Although we are come near to a point to which every man knows he must come, yet I acknowledge I thought I might have put it off for two or three years; for it is hard to lose one's power of working when you have perfect leisure for it. I do not view James Ballantyne's criticism, although his kindness may not make him sensible of it, so much as an objection to the particular topic, which is merely fastidious, as to my having failed to please him, an anxious and favorable judge, and certainly a very good one. It would be losing words to say that the names are really no objection, or that they might be in some degree smoothed off by adopting more modern Grecian. This is odd. I have seen when a play or novel would have been damned by introduction of Macgregors or Macgrouthers, or others, which you used to read as a preface to Farintosh whiskey on every spirit shop; — yet these have been wrought into heroes. James is, with many other kindly critics, perhaps in the predicament of an honest drunkard when crop-sick the next morning, who does not ascribe the malady to the wine he has drunk, but to having tasted some particular dish at dinner which disagreed with his stomach. The fact is, I have not only written a great deal, but, as Bobadil teaches his companions to fence, I have taught a hundred gentlemen to write nearly as well, if not altogether so, as myself.

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[1] Archbishop of Grenada, in *Gil Blas*.

Now, such being my belief, I have lost, it is plain, the power of interesting the country, and ought, in justice to all parties, to retire, while I have some credit. But this is an important step, and I will not be obstinate about it, if necessary. I would not act hastily, and still think it right to set up at least half a volume. The subject is essentially an excellent one. If it brings to my friend J. B. certain prejudices not unconnected, perhaps, with his old preceptor, Mr. Whale, we may find ways of obviating this; but frankly, I cannot think of flinging aside the half-finished volume, as if it were a corked bottle of wine. If there is a decisive resolution for laying aside Count Robert (which I almost wish I had named Anna Comnena), I shall not easily prevail on myself to begin another.

I may perhaps take a trip to the Continent for a year or two, if I find Othello's occupation gone, or rather Othello's *reputation*. James seems to have taken his bed upon it — yet has seen Pharsalia. I hope your cold is getting better. I am tempted to say, as Hotspur says of his father, —

> "Zounds! how hath he the leisure to be sick?"[1]

There is a very material consideration how a failure of Count Robert might affect the Magnum, which is a main object. So this is all at present from, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

WALTER SCOTT.

TO THE SAME.

ABBOTSFORD, 9th December, 1830.

MY DEAR CADELL, — I send you sheet B of the unlucky Count — it will do little harm to correct it, whether we ultimately use it or no; for the rest we must *do* as we *dow*, as my mother used to say. I could reduce many expenses in a foreign country, especially equipage and living, which in this country I could not do so well. But it is matter of serious consideration, and we have time before us to think. I write to you rather than Ballantyne, because he is not well, and I look on you as hardened against wind and weather, whereas

> "Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
> And he retires."[2]

But we must brave bad weather as well as bear it.

I send a volume of the interleaved Magnum. I know not whether you will carry on that scheme or not at present. I am yours sincerely,

WALTER SCOTT.

P. S. — I expect Marshal Bourmont and a French

---

[1] *1st King Henry IV*. Act IV. Scene 1.

[2] *Othello*, Act V. Scene 2.

Minister, Baron d'Haussez, here to-day, to my no small discomfort, as you may believe; for I would rather be alone.

TO THE SAME.

ABBOTSFORD, 12th December, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am much obliged for your kind letter, and have taken a more full review of the whole affair than I was able to do at first. There were many circumstances in the matter which you and J. B. could not be aware of, and which, if you were aware of, might have influenced your judgment, which had, and yet have, a most powerful effect upon mine. The deaths of both my father and mother have been preceded by a paralytic shock. My father survived it for nearly two years — a melancholy respite, and not to be desired. I was alarmed with Miss Young's morning visit, when, as you know, I lost my speech. The medical people said it was from the stomach, which might be; but while there is a doubt on a point so alarming, you will not wonder that the subject, or, to use Hare's *lingo*, the *shot*, should be a little anxious. I restricted all my creature comforts, which were never excessive, within a single cigar and a small wine-glass of spirits per day. But one night last month, when I had a friend with me, I had a slight vertigo when going to bed, and fell down in my dressing-room, though but for one instant. Upon this I wrote to Dr. Abercrombie, and in consequence of his advice, I have restricted myself yet farther, and have cut off the cigar, and almost half of the mountain-dew. Now, in the midst of all this, I began my work with as much attention as I could; and having taken pains with my story, I find it is not relished, nor indeed tolerated, by those who have no interest in condemning it, but a strong interest in putting even a face upon their consciences. Was not this, in the circumstances, a damper to an invalid, already afraid that the sharp edge might be taken off his intellect, though he was not himself sensible of that? and did it not seem, of course, that nature was rather calling for repose than for further efforts in a very exciting and feverish style of composition? It would have been the height of injustice and cruelty to impute want of friendship or sympathy to J. B.'s discharge of a doubtful, and I am sensible, a perilous task. True,

> "The first bringer of unwelcome news
> Hath but a losing office"[1] —

and it is a failing in the temper of the most equal-minded men, that we find them liable to be less pleased with the tidings that they have fallen short of their aim, than if they had been told they had hit the mark; but I never had the least thought of blaming him, and indeed my confidence in his judgment is the most forcible part of the whole affair. It is the consciousness of his sincerity which makes me doubt whether I can proceed with the County Paris. I am most anxious to do justice to all concerned, and yet, for the soul of me, I cannot see what is likely to turn out for the best. I might attempt the Perilous Castle of Douglas, but I fear the subject is too much used, and that I might again fail in it. Then being idle will never do, for a thousand reasons: All this I am thinking of till I am half sick. I wish James, who gives such stout advice when he thinks we are wrong, would tell us how to put things right. One is tempted to cry, "Woe worth thee! is there no help in thee?" Perhaps it may be better to take no resolution till we all meet together.

I certainly am quite decided to fulfil all my engagements, and, so far as I can, discharge the part of an honest man; and if anything can be done meantime for the Magnum, I shall be glad to do it.

I trust James and you will get afloat next Saturday. You will think me like Murray in the farce, — "I eat well, drink well, and sleep well, but that's all, Tom;

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[1] *2d King Henry IV*. Act I. Scene 1.

that's all."[1] We will wear the thing through one way or other if we were once afloat; but you see all this is a scrape. Yours truly,

W. Scott.

This letter, Mr. Cadell says, "struck both James B. and myself with dismay." They resolved to go out to Abbotsford, but not for a few days, because a general meeting of the creditors was at hand, and there was reason to hope that its results would enable them to appear as the bearers of sundry pieces of good news. Meantime, Sir Walter himself rallied considerably, and resolved, by way of testing his powers, while the novel hung suspended, to write a fourth epistle of Malachi Malagrowther on the public affairs of the period. The announcement of a political dissertation, at such a moment of universal excitement, and from a hand already trembling under the misgivings of a fatal malady, might well have filled Cadell and Ballantyne with new "dismay," even had they both been prepared to adopt, in the fullest extent, such views of the dangers of our state, and the remedies for them, as their friend was likely to dwell upon. They agreed that whatever they could safely do to avert this experiment must be done. Indeed they were both equally anxious to find, if it could be found, the means of withdrawing him from all literary labor, save only that of annotating his former novels. But they were not the only persons who had been, and then were, exerting all their art for that same purpose. His kind and skilful physicians, Doctors Abercrombie and Ross of Edinburgh, had over and over preached the same doctrine, and assured him that if he persisted in working his brain, nothing could prevent his malady from recurring, erelong, in redoubled severity. He answered, "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, *Now, don't boil.*" To myself, when I ventured to address him in a similar strain, he replied: "I understand you, and I thank you from my heart, but I must tell you at once how it is with me. I am not sure that I am quite myself in all things; but I am sure that in one point there is no change. I mean, that I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle I should go mad. In comparison to this, death is no risk to shrink from."

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[1] Sir Mark Chace, in the farce of *A Roland for an Oliver*.

The meeting of trustees and creditors took place on the 17th — Mr. George Forbes (brother to the late Sir William) in the chair. There was then announced another dividend on the Ballantyne estate of three shillings in the pound — thus reducing the original amount of the debt to about £54,000. It had been not unnaturally apprehended that the convulsed state of politics might have checked the sale of the Magnum Opus; but this does not seem to have been the case to any extent worth notice. The meeting was numerous — and, not contented with a renewed vote of thanks to their debtor, they passed unanimously the following resolution, which was moved by Mr. (now Sir James) Gibson-Craig, and seconded by the late Mr. Thomas Allan — both, by the way, leading Whigs: — "That Sir Walter Scott be requested to accept of his furniture, plate, linens, paintings, library, and curiosities of every description, as the best means the creditors have of expressing their very high sense of his most honorable conduct, and in grateful acknowledgment for the unparalleled and most successful exertions he has made, and continues to make, for them."

Sir Walter's letter, in answer to the chairman's communication, was as follows: —

TO GEORGE FORBES, ESQ., EDINBURGH.

ABBOTSFORD, December 18, 1830.

MY DEAR SIR, — I was greatly delighted with the contents of your letter, which not only enables me to eat with my own spoons, and study my own books, but gives me the still higher gratification of knowing that my conduct has been approved by those who were concerned.

The best thanks which I can return is by continuing my earnest and unceasing attention — which, with a moderate degree of the good fortune which has hitherto attended my efforts, may enable me to bring these affairs to a fortunate conclusion. This will be the best way in which I can show my sense of the kind and gentlemanlike manner in which the meeting have acted.

To yourself, my dear sir, I can only say, that good news become doubly acceptable when transmitted through a friendly channel; and considering my long and intimate acquaintance with your excellent brother and father, as well as yourself and other members of your family, your letter must be valuable in reference to the hand from which it comes, as well as to the information which it contains.

I am sensible of your uniform kindness, and the present instance of it. Very much, my dear sir, your obliged humble servant,

Walter Scott.

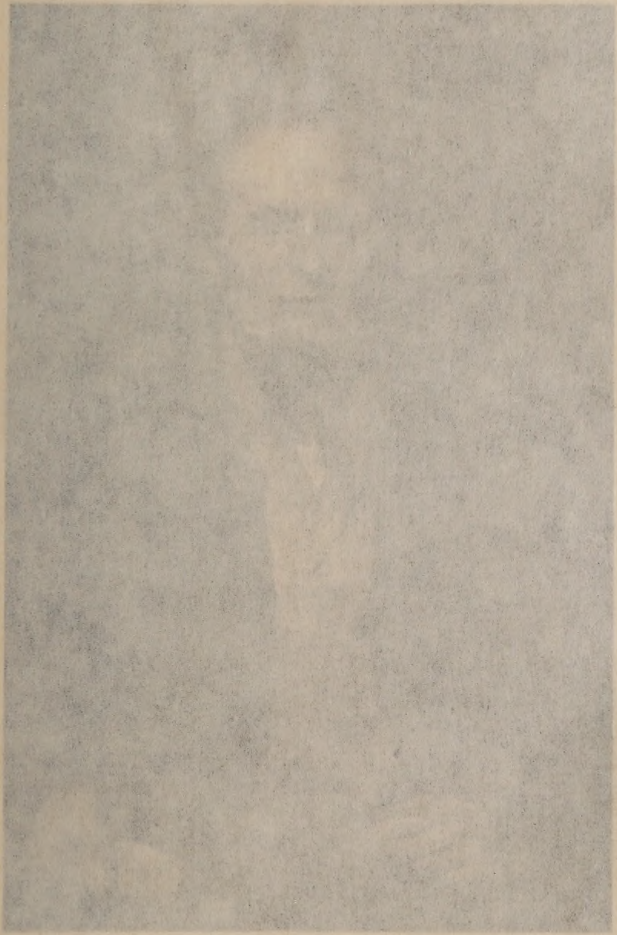
On the 18th, Cadell and Ballantyne proceeded to Abbotsford, and found Sir Walter in a placid state — having evidently been much soothed and gratified with the tidings from Edinburgh. His whole appearance was greatly better than they had ventured to anticipate; and deferring literary questions till the morning, he made this gift from his creditors the chief subject of his conversation. He said it had taken a heavy load off his mind: he apprehended that, even if his future works should produce little money, the profits of the Magnum, during a limited number of years, with the sum which had been insured on his life, would be sufficient to obliterate the remaining moiety of the Ballantyne debt: he considered the library and museum now conveyed to him as worth at the least £10,000, and this would enable him to make some provision for his younger children. He said that he designed to execute his last will without delay, and detailed to his friends all the particulars which the document ultimately embraced. He mentioned to them that he had recently received, through the Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam, a message from the new King, intimating his Majesty's disposition to keep in mind his late brother's kind intentions with regard to Charles Scott; and altogether his talk, though grave, and on grave topics, was the reverse of melancholy.

Next morning, in Sir Walter's study, Ballantyne read aloud the political essay — which had (after the old fashion) grown to an extent far beyond what the author contemplated when he began his task. To print it in the Weekly Journal, as originally proposed, would now be hardly compatible with the limits of that paper: Sir Walter had resolved on a separate publication.

I believe no one ever saw this performance but the bookseller, the printer, and William Laidlaw; and I cannot pretend to have gathered any clear notion of its contents, except that the *panacea* was the reimposition of the income tax; and that after much reasoning in support of this measure, Sir Walter attacked the principle of Parliamentary Reform *in toto*. We need hardly suppose that he advanced any objections which would seem new to the students of the debates in both Houses during 1831 and 1832; his logic carried no conviction to the breast of his faithful amanuensis; but Mr. Laidlaw assures me, nevertheless, that in his opinion no composition of Sir Walter's happiest day contained anything more admirable than the bursts of indignant and pathetic eloquence which here and there "set off a halting argument."

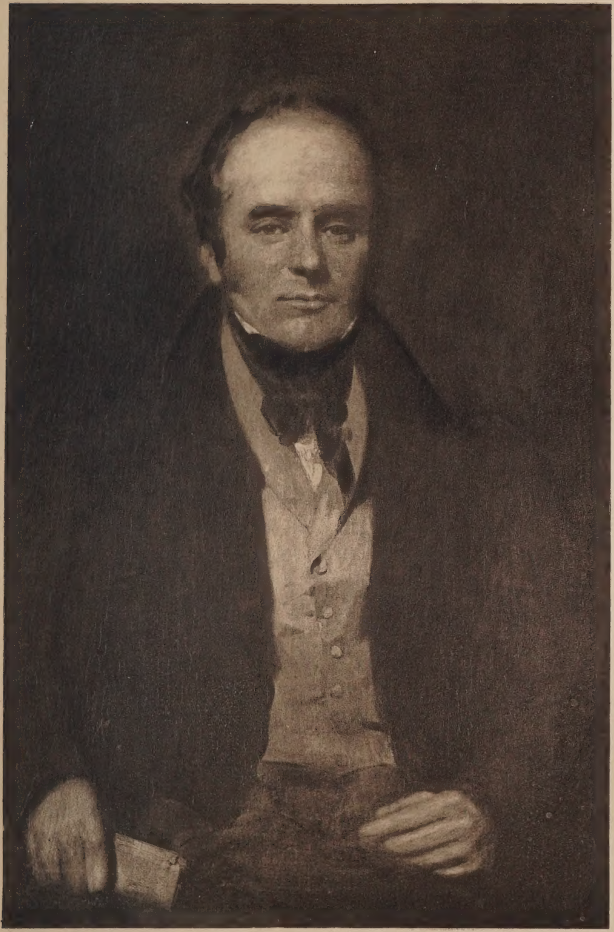
The critical arbiters, however, concurred in condemning the production. Cadell spoke out. He assured Sir Walter, that from not being in the habit of reading the newspapers and periodical works of the day, he had fallen behind the common rate of information on questions of practical policy; that the views he was enforcing had been already expounded by many Tories, and triumphantly answered by organs of the Liberal party; but that, be the intrinsic value and merit of these political doctrines what they might, he was quite certain that to put them forth at that season would be a measure of extreme danger for the author's personal interest: that it would throw a cloud over his general popularity, array a hundred active pens against any new work of another class that might soon follow, and perhaps even interrupt the hitherto splendid success of the Collection on which so much depended. On all these points Ballantyne, though with hesitation and diffidence, professed himself to be of Cadell's opinion. There ensued a scene of a very unpleasant sort; but by and by a kind of compromise was agreed to:—the plan of a separate pamphlet, with the well-known *nom de guerre* of Malachi, was dropt; and Ballantyne was to stretch his columns so as to find room for the lucubration, adopting all possible means to mystify the public as to its parentage. This was the understanding when the conference broke up; but the unfortunate manuscript was soon afterwards committed to the flames. James Ballantyne accompanied the proof sheet with many minute criticisms on the conduct as well as expression of the argument; the author's temper gave way — and the commentary shared the fate of the text.

Mr. Cadell opens a very brief account of this affair with expressing his opinion, that "Sir Walter never recovered it;" and he ends with an altogether needless apology for his own part in it. He did only what was his duty by his venerated friend; and he did it, I doubt not, as kindly in manner as in spirit. Even if the fourth Epistle of Malachi had been more like its precursors than I can well suppose it to have been, nothing could have been more unfortunate for Sir Walter than to come



ROBERT CADELL

From the painting by Sir John Watson Gordon



forward at that moment as a prominent antagonist of Reform. Such an appearance might very possibly have had the consequences to which the bookseller pointed in his remonstrance; but at all events it must have involved him in a maze of replies and rejoinders; and I think it too probable that some of the fiery disputants of the periodical press, if not of St. Stephen's Chapel, might have been ingenious enough to connect any real or fancied flaws in his argument with those circumstances in his personal condition which had for some time been darkening his own reflections with dim auguries of the fate of Swift and Marlborough. His reception of Ballantyne's affectionate candor may suggest what the effect of really hostile criticism would have been. The end was, that seeing how much he stood in need of some comfort, the printer and bookseller concurred in urging him not to despair of Count Robert. They assured him that he had attached too much importance to what had formerly been said about the defects of its opening chapters; and he agreed to resume the novel, which neither of them ever expected he would live to finish. "If we did wrong," says Cadell, "we did it for the best: we felt that to have spoken out as fairly on this as we had done on the other subject, would have been to make ourselves the bearers of a death-warrant." I hope there are not many men who would have acted otherwise in their painful situation.

On the 20th, after a long interval, Sir Walter once more took up his Journal: but the entries are few and short: — *e. g.*

December 20, 1830. — Vacation and session are now the same to me. The long remove must then be looked to for the final signal to break up, and that is a serious thought.

A circumstance of great consequence to my habits and comforts was my being released from the Court of Session. My salary, which was £1300, was reduced to

£800. My friends, before leaving office, were desirous to patch up the deficiency with a pension. I did not see well how they could do this without being charged with obloquy, which they shall not be on my account. Besides, though £500 a year is a round sum, yet I would rather be independent than I would have it.

My kind friend, the Lord Chief-Commissioner, offered to interfere to have me named a Privy Councillor. But besides that when one is old and poor one should avoid taking rank, I would be much happier if I thought any act of kindness was done to help forward Charles; and having said so much, I made my bow, and declared my purpose of remaining satisfied with my knighthood. All this is rather pleasing. Yet much of it looks like winding up my bottom for the rest of my life. But there is a worse symptom of settling accompts, of which I have felt some signs. Ever since my fall in February, it is very certain that I have seemed to speak with an impediment. To add to this, I have the constant increase of my lameness — the thigh-joint, knee-joint, and ankle-joint. I move with great pain in the whole limb, and am at every minute, during an hour's walk, reminded of my mortality. I should not care for all this, if I were sure of dying handsomely; and Cadell's calculations might be sufficiently firm, though the author of Waverley had pulled on his last nightcap. Nay, they might be even more trustworthy, if Remains and Memoirs, and such like, were to give a zest to the posthumous. But the fear is, lest the blow be not sufficient to destroy life, and that I should linger on, "a driveller and a show."[1]

December 24. — This morning died my old acquaintance and good friend, Miss Bell Ferguson, a woman of the most excellent conditions. The last two, or almost three years, were very sickly. A bitter cold day. Anne drove me over to Huntly Burn. I found Colonel Ferguson, and Captain John, R. N., in deep affliction, expecting Sir Adam hourly. I wrote to Walter about the project of my will.

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[1] Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

December 29. — Attended poor Miss Bell Ferguson's funeral. I sat by the Reverend Mr. Thomson. Though ten years younger than me, I found the barrier between him and me much broken down.[1] The difference of ten years is little after sixty has passed. In a cold day I saw poor Bell laid in her cold bed. Life never parted with a less effort.

January 1, 1831. — I cannot say the world opens pleasantly for me this new year. There are many things for which I have reason to be thankful; especially that Cadell's plans seem to have succeeded — and he augurs that the next two years will well-nigh clear me. But I feel myself decidedly weaker in point of health, and am now confirmed I have had a paralytic touch. I speak and read with embarrassment, and even my handwriting seems to stammer. This general failure

> "With mortal crisis doth portend,
> My days to appropinque an end."[2]

I am not solicitous about this, only if I were worthy I would pray God for a sudden death, and no interregnum between I cease to exercise reason and I cease to exist.

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[1] The Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston, died 28th October, 1840. — (1842.)

[This old friend, and associate in the Blair-Adam Club, was really seven years younger than Sir Walter, having been born September 1, 1778. Though educated for the church, which might be called the family profession, he had always desired to be a painter, and to that end had in his leisure hours taken advantage of such instruction as came in his way. He was his father's successor as minister of Dailly, Ayrshire, but in 1805, through the interest of Scott, the Marquis of Abercorn presented Thomson to the parish of Duddingston. He now became well known to the brilliant Edinburgh society of that day, his pictures were eagerly sought for, and before many years were past, though he was hampered by his want of a well-ordered artistic training, he was acknowledged to be the greatest Scottish landscape painter of his time. The number of his pictures is somewhat remarkable, considering that his life as an artist coexisted with the clergyman's faithful discharge of his parochial duties.]

[2] *Hudibras.*

January 5. — Very indifferent, with more awkward feelings than I can well bear up against. My voice sunk and my head strangely confused. When I begin to form my ideas for conversation, expressions fail me; yet in solitude they are sufficiently arranged. I incline to hold that these ugly symptoms are the work of imagination; but, as Dr. Adam Ferguson — a firm man, if ever there was one in the world — said on such an occasion, *what is worse than imagination?* As Anne was vexed and frightened, I allowed her to send for young Clarkson. Of course he could tell but little save what I knew before.

January 7. — A fine frosty day, and my spirits lighter. I have a letter of great comfort from Walter, who, in a manly, handsome, and dutiful manner, expresses his desire to possess the library and movables of every kind at Abbotsford, with such a valuation laid upon them as I shall choose to impose. This removes the only delay to making my will.

January 8. — Spent much time in writing instructions for my last will and testament. Have up two boys for shop-lifting — remained at Galashiels till four o'clock, and returned starved. Could work none, and was idle all evening — try to-morrow. — *Jan.* 9. Went over to Galashiels, and was busied the whole time till three o'clock about a petty thieving affair, and had before me a pair of gallows-birds, to whom I could say nothing for total want of proof, except, like the sapient Elbow, "thou shalt continue there, know thou, thou shalt continue."[1] A little gallows-brood they were, and their fate will catch it. Sleepy, idle, and exhausted on this. Wrought little or none in the evening. — *Jan.* 10. Wrote a long letter to Henry Scott, who is a fine fellow, and what I call a Heart of Gold. He has sound parts, good sense, and is a true man. O that I could see a strong party banded together for the King and country, and if I see I can do anything, or have a chance of it, I will not fear for the skin-cutting. It is the selfishness of this generation that drives me mad.

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[1] [*Measure for Measure*, Act II. Scene 1.]

> "A hundred pounds?
> Ha! thou hast touch'd me nearly."[1]

The letter here alluded to contains some striking sentences:—

TO HENRY FRANCIS SCOTT, ESQ., YOUNGER, OF HARDEN, M. P.[2]

ABBOTSFORD, 10th January, 1831.

MY DEAR HENRY, . . . Unassisted by any intercourse with the existing world, but thinking over the present state of matters with all the attention in my power, I see but one line which can be taken by public men, that is really open, manly, and consistent. In the medical people's phrase, *Principiis obsta:* Oppose anything that can in principle innovate on the Constitution, which has placed Great Britain at the head of the world, and will keep her there, unless she chooses to descend of her own accord from that eminence. There may, for aught I know, be with many people reasons for deranging it; but I take it on the broad basis that nothing will be ultimately gained by any one who is not prepared to go full republican lengths. To place elections on a more popular foot, would produce advantage in no view whatever. Increasing the numbers of the electors would not distinguish them with more judgment for selecting a candidate, nor render them less venal, though it might make their price cheaper. But it would expose them to a worse species of corruption than that of money — the same that has been and is practised more or less in all republics — I mean, that the intellects of the people will be liable to be besotted by oratory *ad captandum*, — more dangerous than the worst intoxicating liquors. As for the chance of a beneficial alteration in the representatives, we need only point to Preston, and other suchlike places, for examples of the sense, modesty, and merit which would be added to our legislation by a democratic extension of the franchise. To answer these doubts, I find one general reply among those not actually calling themselves Whigs — who are now too deeply pledged to acknowledge their own rashness. All others reply by a reference to the *spirit of the people* — intimating a passive, though apparently unwilling resignation to the will of the *multitude*. When you bring them to the point, they grant all the dangers you state, and then comes their melancholy *What can we do?* The fact is, these timid men see they are likely to be called on for a pecuniary sacrifice, in the way of income-tax or otherwise — perhaps for military service in some constitutional fashion — certainly to exert themselves in various ways; and rather than do so, they will let the public take a risk. An able young man, not too much afraid of his own voice, nor over-modest, but who remembers that any one who can speak intelligibly is always taken current at the price at which he estimates himself, might at this crisis do much by tearing off the liniments with which they are daubing the wounds of the country, and crying peace! peace! when we are steering full sail towards civil war.

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[1] *The Critic*, Act II. Scene 1.

[2] [He succeeded his father as Baron Polwarth in 1841. He died in 1867.]

I am old enough to remember well a similar crisis. About 1792, when I was entering life, the admiration of the godlike system of the French Revolution was so rife, that only a few old-fashioned Jacobites and the like ventured to hint a preference for the land they lived in; or pretended to doubt that the new principles must be infused into our worn-out constitution. Burke appeared, and all the gibberish about the superior legislation of the French dissolved like an enchanted castle when the destined knight blows his horn before it. The talents — the almost prophetic powers of Burke are not needed on this occasion, for men can *now* argue from the past. We can point to the old British ensign floating from the British citadel; while the tricolor has been to gather up from the mire and blood — the shambles of a thousand defeats — a prosperous standard to rally under. Still, however, this is a moment of dulness and universal apathy, and I fear that, unless an Orlando should blow the horn, it might fail to awaken the sleepers. But though we cannot do all, we should at least do each of us whatever we can.

I would fain have a society formed for extending mutual understanding. Place yourselves at the head, and call yourselves Sons of St. Andrew — anything or nothing — but let there be a mutual understanding. Unite and combine. You will be surprised to see how soon you will become fashionable. It was by something of this kind that the stand was made in 1791–2; *vis unita fortior*. I earnestly recommend to Charles Baillie, Johnston of Alva, and yourself, to lose no opportunity to gather together the opinions of your friends — especially of your companions; for it is only among the young, I am sorry to say, that energy and real patriotism are now to be found. If it should be thought fit to admit Peers, which will depend on the plans and objects adopted, our Chief ought naturally to be at the head. As for myself, no personal interests shall prevent my doing my best in the cause which I have always conceived to be that of my country. But I suspect there is little of me left to make my services worth the having. Why should not old Scotland have a party among her own children? — Yours very sincerely, my dear Henry,

WALTER SCOTT.

DIARY — *January* 11. — Wrote and sent off about three of my own pages in the morning, then walked with Swanston. I tried to write before dinner, but, with drowsiness and pain in my head, made little way. A man carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value. I always remember the prayer of Virgil's sailor in extremity: —

> "Non jam prima peto Mnestheus, nec vincere certo,
> Quanquam O! — Sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti!
> Extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc vincite, cives,
> Et prohibete nefas!"[1]

We must to our oar; but I think this and another are all that even success would tempt me to write.

January 17. — I had written two hours, when various visitors began to drop in. I was sick of these interruptions, and dismissed Mr. Laidlaw, having no hope of resuming my theme with spirit. God send me more leisure and fewer friends to peck it away by tea-spoonfuls. — Another fool sends to entreat an autograph, which he should be as ashamed in civility to ask, as I am to deny. I got notice of poor Henry Mackenzie's death. He has long maintained a niche in Scottish literature, gayest of the gay, though most sensitive of the sentimental.

January 18. — Dictated to Laidlaw till about one o'clock, during which time it was rainy. Afterwards I walked, sliding about in the mud, and very uncomfortable. In fact, there is no mistaking the three sufficients,[2] and Fate is now straitening its circumvallations around me.

> "Come what come may,
> Time and the hour run through the roughest day."[3]

January 19. — Mr. Laidlaw came down at ten, and we wrote till one. — This is an important help to me, as it saves both my eyesight and nerves, which last are cruelly affected by finding those who look out of the windows grow gradually darker and darker.[1] Rode out, or, more properly, was carried out into the woods to see the course of a new road, which may serve to carry off the thinnings of the trees, and for rides. It is very well lined, and will serve both for beauty and convenience. Mr. Laidlaw engages to come back to dinner, and finish two or three more pages. Met my agreeable and lady-like neighbor, Mrs. Brewster, on my pony, and I was actually ashamed to be seen by her.

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[1] *Æneid*, V. 194–197.

[2] Sir W. alludes to Mrs. Piozzi's tale of *The Three Warnings*.

[3] *Macbeth*, Act I. Scene 3.

> "Sir Dennis Brand! and on so poor a steed!"[2]

I believe detestable folly of this kind is the very last that leaves us. One would have thought I ought to have little vanity at this time o' day; but it is an abiding appurtenance of the old Adam, and I write for penance what, like a fool, I actually felt. I think the peep, real or imaginary, at the gates of death should have given me firmness not to mind little afflictions.

On the 31st of January, Miss Scott being too unwell for a journey, Sir Walter went alone to Edinburgh for the purpose of executing his last will. He (for the first time in his native town) took up his quarters at a hotel; but the noise of the street disturbed him during the night (another evidence how much his nervous system had been shattered), and next day he was persuaded to remove to his bookseller's house in Atholl Crescent. In the apartment allotted to him there, he found several little pieces of furniture which some kind person had purchased for him at the sale in Castle Street, and which he presented to Mrs. Cadell. "Here," says his letter to Mrs. Lockhart, "I saw various things that belonged to poor No. 39. I had many sad thoughts on seeing and handling them — but they are in kind keeping, and I was glad they had not gone to strangers."

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[1] [Eccles. xii. 3.]

[2] Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter xiii.

There came on, next day, a storm of such severity that he had to remain under this friendly roof until the 9th of February. His host perceived that he was unfit for any company but the quietest, and had sometimes one old friend, Mr. Thomson,[1] Mr. Clerk, or Mr. Skene, to dinner — but no more. He seemed glad to see them — but they all observed him with pain. He never took the lead in conversation, and often remained altogether silent. In the mornings he wrote usually for several hours at Count Robert; and Mr. Cadell remembers in particular, that on Ballantyne's reminding him that a motto was wanted for one of the chapters already finished, he looked out for a moment at the gloomy weather, and penned these lines: —

> "The storm increases — 't is no sunny shower,
> Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,
> Or such as parched Summer cools his lips with.
> Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost deeps
> Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
> On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
> And where 's the dike shall stop it?
> *The Deluge: a Poem.*"

On the 4th February, the will was signed, and attested by Nicolson, to whom Sir Walter explained the nature of the document, adding, "I deposit it for safety in Mr. Cadell's hands, and I still hope it may be long before he has occasion to produce it." Poor Nicolson was much agitated, but stammered out a deep *amen*.

Another object of this journey was to consult, on the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, a skilful mechanist, by name *Fortune*, about a contrivance for the support of the lame limb, which had of late given him much pain, as well as inconvenience. Mr. Fortune produced a clever piece of handiwork, and Sir Walter felt at first great relief from the use of it: insomuch that his spirits rose to quite the old pitch, and his letter to me upon the occasion overflows with merry applications of sundry maxims and verses about *Fortune*. "*Fortes Fortuna adjuvat*"— he says — "never more sing I

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[1] [This old and near friend, the Deputy Clerk-Register of Scotland, in 1832 succeeded Sir Walter as President of the Bannatyne Club. He died October 2, 1852, in his eighty-fourth year.]

'Fortune, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will my Fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain?
And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?'[1]

"No — let my ditty be henceforth: —

'Fortune, my Friend, how well thou favourest me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see!
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my knee of pain,
I'll walk, I'll mount, — I'll be a man again.'"

This expedient was undoubtedly of considerable service; but the use of it was not, after a short interval, so easy as at first: it often needed some little repair, too, and then in its absence he felt himself more helpless than before. Even then, however, the name was sure to tempt some ludicrous twisting of words. A little after this time he dictated a reviewal (never published) of a book called Robson's British Herald; and in mentioning it to me, he says, "I have given Laidlaw a long spell to-day at the saltires and fesses. No thanks to me, for my machine is away to be tightened in one bit, and loosened in another. I was telling Willie Laidlaw that I might adopt, with a slight difference, the motto of the noble Tullibardine, — 'Furth Fortune and *file* the Fetters.'"[2]

Of this excursion to Edinburgh, the Diary says: —

Abbotsford, February 9. — The snow became impassable, and in Edinburgh I remained immovably fixed for ten days, never getting out of doors, save once or twice to dinner, when I went and returned in a sedan-chair. Cadell made a point of my coming to his excellent house, where I had no less excellent an apartment, and the most kind treatment; that is, no making a show of me, for which I was in but bad tune. Abercrombie and Ross had me bled with cupping-glasses, reduced me confoundedly, and restricted me of all creature comforts. But they did me good, as I am sure they sincerely meant to do; I got rid of a giddy feeling, which I had been plagued with, and have certainly returned much better. I did not neglect my testamentary affairs. I executed my last will, leaving Walter burdened with £1000 to Sophia, £2000 to Anne, and the same to Charles. He is to advance them this money if they want it; if not, to pay them interest. All this is his own choice, otherwise I would have sold the books and rattletraps. I have made provisions for clearing my estate by my publications, should it be possible; and should that prove possible, from the time of such clearance being effected, to be a fund available to all my children who shall be alive or leave representatives. My bequests must many of them seem hypothetical.

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[1] I believe this is the only verse of the old song (often alluded to by Shakespeare and his contemporaries) that has as yet been recovered.

[2] "*Fill* the fetters," in the original. No bad motto for the Duke of Atholl's ancestors — great predatory chiefs of the Highland frontier.

During this unexpected stay in town I dined with the Lord Chief-Commissioner, with the Skenes twice, with Lord Medwyn, and was as happy as anxiety about my daughter would permit me. The appearance of the streets was most desolate; the hackney-coaches strolling about like ghosts with four horses; the foot passengers few, except the lowest of the people. I wrote a good deal of Count Robert, — yet, I cannot tell why, my pen stammers egregiously, and I write horridly incorrect. I longed to have friend Laidlaw's assistance.

A heavy and most effective thaw coming on, I got home about five at night, and found the haugh covered with water — dogs, pigs, cows, to say nothing of human beings, all that slept at the offices, in danger of being drowned. They came up to the mansion-house about midnight, with such various clamor, that Anne thought we were attacked by Captain Swing and all the Radicals.

After this the Diary offers but a few unimportant entries during several weeks. He continued working at the Novel, and when discouraged about it, gave a day to his article on Heraldry: but he never omitted to spend many hours, either in writing or in dictating something; and Laidlaw, when he came down a few minutes beyond the appointed time, was sure to be rebuked. At the beginning of March, he was anew roused about political affairs; and bestowed four days on drawing up an address against the Reform Bill, which he designed to be adopted by the Freeholders of the Forest. They, however, preferred a shorter one from the pen of a plain practical country gentleman (the late Mr. Elliot Lockhart of Borthwickbrae), who had often represented them in Parliament: and Sir Walter, it is probable, felt this disappointment more acutely than he has chosen to indicate in his Journal.

February 10. — I set to work with Mr. Laidlaw, and had after that a capital ride. My pony, little used, was somewhat frisky, but I rode on to Huntly Burn. Began my diet on my new régime, and like it well, especially porridge to supper. It is wonderful how old tastes rise. — *Feb.* 23, 24, 25. These three days I can hardly be said to have varied from my ordinary. Rose at seven, dressed before eight — wrote letters, or did any little business till a quarter past nine. Then breakfasted. Mr. Laidlaw comes from ten till one. Then take the pony, and ride — *quantum mutatus* — two or three miles, John Swanston walking by my bridle-rein lest I fall off. Come home about three or four. Then to dinner on a single plain dish and half a tumbler, or, by'r Lady, three fourths of a tumbler of whiskey and water. Then sit till six o'clock, when enter Mr. Laidlaw again, who works commonly till eight. After this, work usually alone till half-past ten; sup on porridge and milk, and so to bed. The work is half done. If any one asks what time I take to think on the composition, I might say, in one point of view, it was seldom five minutes out of my head the whole day — in another light, it was never the serious subject of consideration at all, for it never occupied my thoughts for five minutes together, except when I was dictating. — *Feb*. 27. Being Saturday, no Mr. Laidlaw came yesterday evening — nor to-day, being Sunday. — *Feb*. 28. Past ten, and Mr. Laidlaw, the model of clerks in other respects, is not come yet. He has never known the value of time, so is not quite accurate in punctuality; but that, I hope, will come, if I can drill him into it without hurting him. I think I hear him coming. I am like the poor wizard, who is first puzzled how to raise the devil, and then how to employ him. Worked till one, then walked with great difficulty and pain. — *March* 5. I have a letter from our Member, Whytbank, adjuring me to assist the gentlemen of the county with an address against the Reform Bill, which menaces them with being blended with Peebles-shire, and losing, of consequence, one half of their functions. Sandy Pringle conjures me not to be very nice in choosing my epithets. Torwoodlee comes over and speaks to the same purpose, adding, it will be the greatest service I can do the country, etc. This, in a manner, drives me out of a resolution to keep myself clear of politics, and let them "fight dog, fight bear." But I am too easy to be persuaded to bear a hand. The young Duke of Buccleuch comes to visit me also; so I promised to shake my duds, and give them a cast of my calling — fall back, fall edge.

March 7, 8, 9, 10. — In these four days I drew up, with much anxiety, an address in reprobation of the Bill, both with respect to Selkirkshire, and in its general purport. Mr. Laidlaw, though he is on t'other side on the subject, thinks it the best thing I ever wrote; and I myself am happy to find that it cannot be said to smell of the apoplexy. But it was too declamatory, too much like a pamphlet, and went far too generally into opposition, to please the county gentlemen, who are timidly inclined to dwell on their own grievances, rather than the public wrongs.[1] ——[2] Must try to get something for Mr. Laidlaw, for I am afraid I am twaddling. I do not think my head is weakened — yet a strange vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail, — becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose?

> "That way madness lies — let me shun that.
> No more of that."[3]

Yet why be a child about it? What must be, will be.

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[1] [Laidlaw, being, as the biographer has already recorded, "a stout Whig," naturally objected to Sir Walter's spending his strength on this address. In a letter to Lockhart, after speaking with hopefulness of his patron's improved health, and increased facility in dictating, he goes on to say: "The worst business was that accursed petition in the name of the magistrates, justices of the peace, and freeholders of the extensive, influential, and populous county of Selkirk! We were more than three days at it. At the beginning of the third day, he walked backwards and forwards, enunciating the half-sentences with a deep and awful voice, his eyebrows seemingly more shaggy than ever, his eyes fierce and glaring — altogether, like the royal beast in his cage! . . . Seriously, you know, as well as anybody, his great excitability on political matters; and I must say it surprised me not a little that a person of your sagacity and acuteness should have thought of writing him upon politics at all, the more, because I believe that if a magpie were to come and chatter politics, or even that body, Lord * * * *, he would believe all they said, if they spoke of change, and danger, and rumors of war — *belli servilis* more than all. (May I speak and live!) I felt inclined to doubt whether you had not *gane gyte* yourself! Could you not have sent him literary chitchat and amusing anecdotes from London, which would have been the very thing for him, as it was of great consequence that his mind should be kept calm and cheerful?" — Carruthers's *Abbotsford Notanda*, pp. 179–181.]

[2] [The remainder of this entry belongs to the Diary for February 14, and so has no reference to the address just described.]

[3] [*Lear*, Act III. Scene 4.]

March 11. — This day we had our meeting at Selkirk. I found Borthwickbrae (late Member) had sent the form of an address, which was finished by Mr. Andrew Lang. It was the reverse of mine in every respect. It was short, and to the point. It only contained a remonstrance against the incorporation with [Peebles]shire, and left it to be inferred that they opposed the Bill in other respects. As I saw that it met the ideas of the meeting (six in number) better by far than mine, I instantly put that in my pocket. But I endeavored to add to their complaint of a private wrong, a general clause stating their sense of the hazard of passing at once a bill full of such violent innovations. But though Harden, Alva, and Torwoodlee, voted for this measure, it was refused by the rest of the meeting, to my disappointment. I was a fool to "stir such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action."[1] If some of the gentlemen of the press, whose livelihood is lying, were to get hold of this story, what would they make of it? It gives me a right to decline future interference, and let the world wag — "Transeat cum cæteris erroribus." — I only gave way to one jest. A rat-catcher was desirous to come and complete his labors in my house, and I, who thought he only talked and laughed with the servants, recommended him to go to the head-courts and meetings of freeholders, where he would find rats in plenty.

I will make my opinion public at every place where I shall be called upon or expected to appear; but I will not thrust myself forward again. May the Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this vow!

He kept it in all its parts. Though urged to take up his pen against the ministerial Reform Bill, by several persons of high consequence, who, of course, little knew his real condition of health, he resolutely refused to make any such experiment again. But he was equally resolved to be absent from no meeting at which, as Sheriff or Deputy-Lieutenant, he might naturally be expected to appear in his place, and record his aversion to the Bill. The first of these meetings was one of the freeholders of Roxburgh, held at Jedburgh on the 21st of March; and there, to the distress and alarm of his daughter, he insisted on being present, and proposing one of the Tory resolutions, — which he did in a speech of some length, but delivered in a tone so low, and with such hesitation in utterance, that only a few detached passages were intelligible to the bulk of the audience.

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[1] Hotspur, in *1st King Henry IV.* Act II. Scene 3.

"We are told" (said he) "on high authority, that France is the model for us, — that we and all the other nations ought to put ourselves to school there, — and endeavor to take out our degrees at *the University of Paris*.[1] The French are a very ingenious people; they have often tried to borrow from us, and now we should repay the obligation by borrowing a leaf from them. But I fear there is an incompatibility between the tastes and habits of France and Britain, and that we may succeed as ill in copying them, as they have hitherto done in copying us. We in this district are proud, and with reason, that the first chain-bridge was the work of a Scotchman. It still hangs where he erected it, a pretty long time ago. The French heard of our invention, and determined to introduce it, but with great improvements and embellishments. A friend of my own saw the thing tried. It was on the Seine, at Marly. The French chain-bridge looked lighter and airier than the prototype. Every Englishman present was disposed to confess that we had been beaten at our own trade. But by and by the gates were opened, and the multitude were to pass over. It began to swing rather formidably beneath the pressure of the good company; and by the time the architect, who led the procession in great pomp and glory, reached the middle, the whole gave way, and he — worthy, patriotic artist — was the first that got a ducking. They had forgot the great middle bolt, — or rather, this ingenious person had conceived that to be a clumsy-looking feature, which might safely be dispensed with, while he put some invisible gimcrack of his own to supply its place." —— Here Sir Walter was interrupted by violent hissing and hooting from the populace of the town, who had flocked in and occupied the greater part of the Court-House. He stood calmly till the storm subsided, and resumed; but the friend, whose notes are before me, could not catch what he said, until his voice rose with another illustration of the old style. "My friends," he said, "I am old and failing, and you think me full of very silly prejudices; but I have seen a good deal of public men, and thought a good deal of public affairs in my day, and I can't help suspecting that the manufacturers of this new constitution are like a parcel of school-boys taking to pieces a watch which used to go tolerably well for all practical purposes, in the conceit that they can put it together again far better than the old watch-maker. I fear they will fail when they come to the reconstruction, and I should not, I confess, be much surprised if it were to turn out that their first step had been to break the mainspring." — Here he was again stopped by a confused Babel of contemptuous sounds, which seemed likely to render further attempts ineffectual. He, abruptly and unheard, proposed his Resolution, and then, turning to the riotous artisans, exclaimed, "I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green!" His countenance glowed with indignation, as he resumed his seat on the bench. But when, a few moments afterwards, the business being over, he rose to withdraw, every trace of passion was gone. He turned round at the door, and bowed to the assembly. Two or three, not more, renewed their hissing; he bowed again, and took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator, which I hope none who had joined in these insults understood, — "MORITURUS VOS SALUTO."

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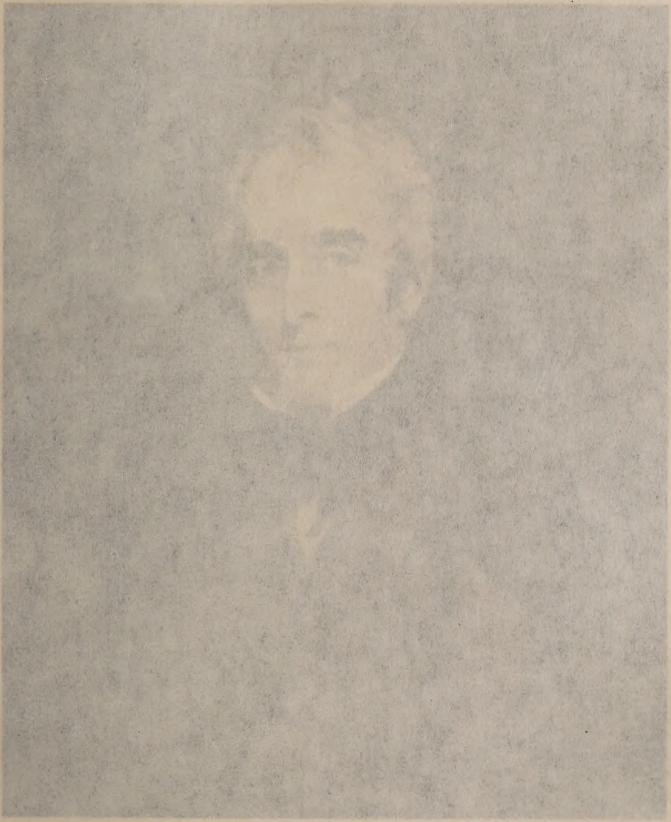
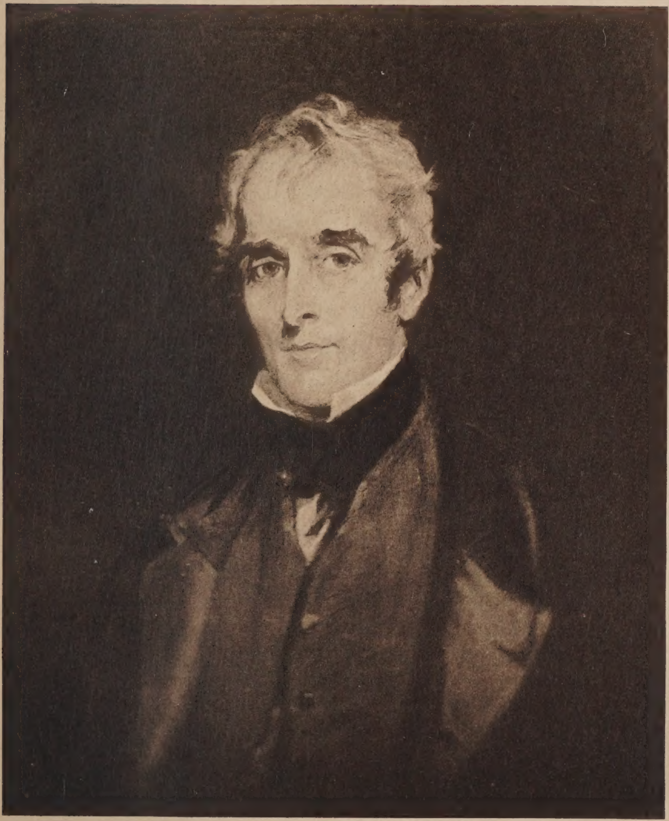
[1] See *Edinburgh Review* for October, 1830, p. 23.



JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

From the painting by Sir Francis Grant tor, periodic artist — was the first that got a ducking. They had forgot the great middle bolt, — or rather, this ingenious person had conceived that to be a clumsy-looking feature, which might safely be dispensed with, while he put some invisible gimcrack of his own to supply its place." —— Here Sir Walter was interrupted by violent hissing and hooting from the populace of the town, who had flocked in and occupied the greater part of the Court-House. He stood calmly till the storm subsided, and resumed; but the friend, whose notes are before me, could not catch what he said, until his voice rose with another illustration of the old style. "My friends," he said, "I am old and failing, and you think me full of very silly prejudices; but I have seen a good deal of public men, and thought a good deal of public affairs in my day, and I can't help suspecting that the manufacturers of this new constitution are like a parcel of school-boys taking to pieces a watch which used to go tolerably well for all practical purposes, in the conceit that they can put it together again far better than the old watch-maker. I fear they will fail when they come to the reconstruction, and I should not, I confess, be much surprised if it were to turn out that their first step had been to break the mainspring." — Here he was again stopped by a confused Babel of contemptuous sounds, which seemed likely to render further attempts ineffectual. He, abruptly and unheard, proposed his Resolution, and then, turning to the riotous artisans, exclaimed, "I regard your gabble no more than the geese on the green!" His countenance glowed with indignation, as he resumed his seat on the bench. But when, a few moments afterwards, the business being over, he rose to withdraw, every trace of passion was gone. He turned round at the door, and bowed to the assembly. Two or three, not more, renewed their hissing; he bowed again, and took leave in the words of the doomed gladiator, which I hope none who had joined in these insults understood, — "MORITURUS VOS SALUTO."



Of this meeting there is but a very slight notice in one of the next extracts from his Diary: another of them refers to that remarkable circumstance in English history, the passing of the first Reform Bill in the Commons, on the 22d of March, by a majority of *one;* and a third to the last really good portrait that was painted of himself. This was the work of Mr. Francis Grant (brother of the Laird of Kilgraston), whose subsequent career has justified the Diarist's prognostications.[1] This excellent picture, in which, from previous familiarity with the subject, he was able to avoid the painful features of recent change, was done for his and Sir Walter's friend, Lady Ruthven.[2]

March 20. — Little of this day, but that it was so uncommonly windy that I was almost blown off my pony, and was glad to grasp the mane to prevent its actually happening. I began the third volume of Count Robert of Paris, which has been on the anvil during all these vexatious circumstances of politics and health. But the blue heaven bends over all. It may be ended in a fortnight, if I keep my scheme. But I *will* take time enough. I thought I was done with politics; but it is easy getting into the mess, but difficult, and sometimes disgraceful, to get out. I have a letter from Sheriff Oliver, desiring me to go to Jedburgh on Monday, and show countenance by adhering to a set of propositions. Though not well drawn, they are uncompromising enough; so I will not part company.

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[1] [Sir Francis Grant won his earliest repute as a painter of sporting scenes, but in a very few years from this time he had become the fashionable portrait painter of the day, — the successor, it may be said, of Sir Thomas Lawrence. For nearly forty years the most graceful and attractive portraits in the Royal Academy Exhibitions were from his hand. In 1842 he became an Associate of the Royal Academy, and, in 1851, an Academician. He was elected President in 1866, filling the office with dignity and unfailing tact and good taste. He died in 1878, in his seventy-sixth year. His fine portrait of Lockhart, now at Abbotsford, was painted in the spring of 1850.]

[2] [Mary Campbell, Lady Ruthven, was not only the friend of Scott, but of many others famous in Art or Literature, during a period embracing the greater part of the nineteenth century. A charming sketch of this gifted and attractive woman is given by Mr. Douglas in a note to the *Journal* (vol. ii. pp. 390, 391). She died in 1885, at the age of ninety-six. The portrait of Scott, always one of her most cherished possessions, she bequeathed, with other pictures, to the nation, and it is now in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.]

March 22. — Went yesterday at nine o'clock to the meeting; a great number present, with a mob of Reformers, who showed their sense of propriety by hissing, hooting, and making all sorts of noises. And these unwashed artificers are from henceforth to select our legislators. What can be expected from them except such a thick-headed plebeian as will be "a hare-brained Hotspur, guided by a whim"? There was some speaking, but not good. I said something, for I could not sit quiet. I did not get home till past nine, having fasted the whole time.

March 25. — The measure carried by a single vote. In other circumstances one would hope for the interference of the House of Lords; but it is all hab nab at a venture, as Cervantes says. The worst is, that there is a popular party, who want personal power, and are highly unfitted to enjoy it. It has fallen easily, the old constitution; no bullying Mirabeau to assail, no eloquent Maury to defend. It has been thrown away like a child's broken toy. Well — the good sense of the people is much trusted to; we shall see what it will do for us. The curse of Cromwell on those whose conceit brought us to this pass! *Sed transeat.* It is vain to mourn what cannot be mended.

March 26. — Frank Grant and his lady came here.[1] Frank will, I believe, if he attends to his profession, be one of the celebrated men of the age. He has long been well known to me as the companion of my sons and the partner of my daughters. In youth, that is in extreme youth, he was passionately fond of fox-hunting and other sports, but not of any species of gambling. He had also a strong passion for painting, and made a little collection. As he had sense enough to feel that a younger brother's fortune would not last long under the expenses of a good stud and a rare collection of *chefs d'œuvre*, he used to avow his intention to spend his patrimony, about £10,000, and then again to make his fortune by the law. The first he soon accomplished. But the law is not a profession so easily acquired, nor did Frank's talents lie in that direction. His passion for painting turned out better. Connoisseurs approved of his sketches, both in pencil and oil, but not without the sort of criticisms made on these occasions — that they were admirable for an amateur — but it could not be expected that he should submit to the actual drudgery absolutely necessary for a profession — and all that species of criticism which gives way before natural genius and energy of character.

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[1] Mr. Francis Grant had recently married Miss Norman, a niece of the Duke of Rutland.

[Meantime Frank Grant, who was remarkably handsome, and very much the man of fashion, married a young lady with many possibilities, as Sir Hugh Evans says. She was the eldest sister of Farquharson of Invercauld, chief of that clan; and the young man himself having been almost paralyzed by the malaria in Italy, Frank's little boy by this match becomes heir to the estate and chieftainship. In the mean time fate had another chance for him in the matrimonial line. At Melton-Mowbray, during the hunting season, he had become acquainted (even before his first marriage) with a niece of the Duke of Rutland, a beautiful and fashionable young woman, with whom he was now thrown into company once more. It was a natural consequence that they should marry. The lady had not much wealth, but excellent connections in society, to whom Grant's good looks and good breeding made him very acceptable.]

In the mean time Frank saw the necessity of doing something to keep himself independent, having, I think, too much spirit to become a *Jock the Laird's brither*, drinking out the last glass of the bottle, riding the horses which the laird wishes to sell, and drawing sketches to amuse the lady and the children. He was above all this, and honorably resolved to cultivate his taste for painting, and become a professional artist. I am no judge of painting, but I am conscious that Francis Grant possesses, with much cleverness, a sense of beauty derived from the best source, that is, the observation of really good society, while, in many modern artists, the want of that species of feeling is so great as to be revolting. His former acquaintances render his immediate entrance into business completely secure, and it will rest with himself to carry on his success. He has, I think, that degree of force of character which will make him keep and enlarge any reputation which he may acquire. He has confidence, too, in his own powers, always requisite for a young gentleman trying things of this sort, whose aristocratic pretensions must be envied.

March 29. — Frank Grant is still with me, and is well pleased, I think very advisedly so, with a cabinet picture of myself, armor and so forth, together with my two noble staghounds. The dogs sat charmingly, but the picture took up some time.[1]

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[1] [In the *Scott Centenary Catalogue*, pp. 79–81, will be found an interesting letter (written June 5, 1872) from Sir Francis Grant to Sir William Stirling Maxwell, regarding this visit to Abbotsford and the painting of Sir Walter's portrait. The artist suggested that he should be allowed to place his easel in his host's study, so that the painting might go on, while Scott was dictating *Count Robert* to Laidlaw, who "arrived every morning at ten o'clock, in the costume of a Lowland hill-farmer, with his broad blue bonnet, a shepherd's plaid thrown across his shoulders, accompa-

I must insert a couple of letters written about this time. That to the Secretary of the Literary Fund, one of the most useful and best managed charities in London, requires no explanation. The other was addressed to the Rev. Alexander Dyce, on receiving a copy of that gentleman's edition of Greene's Plays, with a handsome dedication. Sir Walter, it appears, designed to make Peele, Greene, and Webster, the subject of an article in the Quarterly Review. It is proper to observe that he had never met their editor, though two or three letters had formerly passed between them. The little volume which he sent in return to Mr. Dyce was The Trial of Duncan Terig and Alexander Macdonald, — one of the Bannatyne Club books.

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nied by his collie dog, which remained all day outside the house, waiting till his master's labors were completed, which generally occurred between one and two o'clock. Sir Walter then mounted his pony, and accompanied by his two deerhounds, with William Laidlaw and his collie, proceeded to the hill-farm. . . . This is my recollection of Scott's daily proceedings, followed by an evening of abundant anecdote and charming conversation."

After describing the novelist's manner of dictating, — his surprising fluency, animation, and quick indication in his voice and manner of the moods suggested by the tale, — Sir Francis adds: "I remember on one occasion, when our sitting was somewhat prolonged, the dog Bran, the one represented standing up in the picture, began to show some symptoms of impatience, and went with his nose poking up Sir Walter's hand, which in the picture is seen holding the pen. Scott said, 'You see, Mr. Grant, Bran begins to think it is time we went to the Hill.' I said, 'May I ask you to wait a few minutes longer to enable me to finish the hand.' Upon which he turned to the dog, and in slow and measured words said, 'Bran, my man, do you see that gentleman (pointing to me); he is painting my picture, and he wants us to bide a wee bit, till he has finished my hand (pointing to his hand); so just lie down for a while, and THEN we 'll gang to the Hill.' The dog, who had been looking during this address into his face, seemed perfectly to understand, retired quietly, and again curled himself up on the rug." . . . In concluding, Sir Francis says that in Lady Ruthven's picture "Sir Walter is represented in the chair he always sat in, and in the dress he daily wore. When I left Abbotsford it had been my intention to complete the background of the picture more carefully at home. But Lady Ruthven, I think with judgment and taste, said, 'You should never touch this picture again.' It was therefore entirely painted in the study of Sir Walter Scott."]

TO B. NICHOLS, ESQ., REGISTRAR OF THE LITERARY FUND, LONDON.

Abbotsford, 29th March, 1831.

Sir, — I am honored with your obliging letter of the 25th current, flattering me with the information that you had placed my name on the list of stewards for the Literary Fund, at which I am sorry to say it will not be in my power to attend, as I do not come to London this season. You, sir, and the other gentlemen who are making such efforts in behalf of literature, have a right to know why a person, who has been much favored by the public, should decline joining an institution whose object it is to relieve those who have been less fortunate than himself, or, in plain words, to contribute to the support of the poor of my own guild. If I could justly accuse myself of this species of selfishness, I should think I did a very wrong thing. But the wants of those whose distresses and merits are known to me, are of such a nature, that what I have the means of sparing for the relief of others, is not nearly equal to what I wish. Anything which I might contribute to your Fund would, of course, go to the relief of other objects, and the encouragement of excellent persons, doubtless, to whom I am a stranger; and from having some acquaintance with the species of distress to be removed, I believe I shall aid our general purpose best, by doing such service as I can to misery which cannot be so likely to attract your eyes.

I cannot express myself sufficiently upon the proposal which supposes me willing to do good, and holds out an opportunity to that effect. — I am, with great respect to the trustees and other gentlemen of the Fund, sir, your obliged humble servant,

Walter Scott.

TO THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE, LONDON.

ABBOTSFORD, March 31, 1831.

DEAR SIR, — I had the pleasure of receiving Greene's Plays, with which, as works of great curiosity, I am highly gratified. If the editor of the Quarterly consents, as he probably will, I shall do my endeavor to be useful, though I am not sure when I can get admission. I shall be inclined to include Webster, who, I think, is one of the best of our ancient dramatists; if you will have the kindness to tell the bookseller to send it to Whittaker, under cover to me, care of Mr. Cadell, Edinburgh, it will come safe, and be thankfully received. Marlowe and others I have, — and some acquaintance with the subject, though not much.

I have not been well; threatened with a determination of blood to the head; but by dint of bleeding and regimen, I have recovered. I have lost, however, like Hamlet, all habit of my exercise, and, once able to walk thirty miles a day, or ride a hundred, I can hardly walk a mile, or ride a pony four or five.

I will send you, by Whittaker, a little curious tract of murder, in which a ghost is the principal evidence. The spirit did not carry his point, however; for the apparition, though it should seem the men were guilty, threw so much ridicule on the whole story, that they were acquitted.[1]

I wish you had given us more of Greene's prose works. — I am, with regard, dear sir, yours sincerely,

WALTER SCOTT.

To resume the Diary: —

March 30. — Bob Dundas[2] and his wife (Miss Durham that was) came to spend a day or two. I was heartily glad to see him, being my earliest and best friend's son.

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[1] See Scott's *Letters on Demonology*, p. 371.

[2] Mr. Dundas of Arniston.

John Swinton, too, came on the part of an Anti-Reform meeting in Edinburgh, who exhorted me to take up the pen; but I declined, and pleaded health, which God knows I have a right to urge. I might have urged also the chance of my breaking down, but that would be a cry of *wolf*, which might very well prove real. — *April* 2. Mr. Henry Liddell, eldest son of Lord Ravensworth, arrives here. I like him and his brother Tom very much, although they are what may be called fine men. Henry is accomplished, is an artist and musician, and certainly has a fine taste for poetry, though he may never cultivate it.[1] — *April* 8. This day I took leave of poor Major John Scott,[2] who, being afflicted with a distressing asthma, has resolved upon selling his house of Ravenswood, which he had dressed up with much neatness, and going abroad. Without having been intimate friends, we were always affectionate relations, and now we part probably never to meet in this world. He has a good deal of the character said to belong to the family. Our parting with mutual feeling may be easily supposed.

The next entry relates to the last public appearance that the writer ever made, under circumstances at all pleasant, in his native country. He had taken great interest about a new line of mail-road between Selkirk and Edinburgh, which runs in view of Abbotsford across the Tweed; but he never saw it completed.

April 11. — This day I went with Anne, and Miss

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[1] [Henry Liddell, on the death of his father in 1855, became Baron, and in 1874 was made Earl of Ravensworth. He published *The Wizard of the North, and Other Poems* (1833); *The Odes of Horace, translated into English Verse* (1858); *Carmina*, a collection of Latin poems (1865). He also translated six books of the *Æneid*. He died in 1878, in his eighty-third year.]

[2] This gentleman, a brother to the Laird of Raeburn, had made some fortune in the East Indies, and bestowed the name of *Ravenswood* on a villa which he built near Melrose. He died in 1831.

Jane Erskine,[1] to see the laying of the stones of foundation for two bridges in my neighborhood over Tweed and the Ettrick. There were a great many people assembled. The day was beautiful, the scene was romantic, and the people in good spirits and good-humor. Mr. Paterson of Galashiels[2] made a most excellent prayer: Mr. Smith[3] gave a proper repast to the workmen, and we subscribed sovereigns apiece to provide for any casualty. I laid the foundation-stone of the bridge over Tweed, and Mr. C. B. Scott of Woll[4] the foundation-stone of that of Ettrick. The general spirit of good-humor made the scene, though without parade, extremely interesting.

April 12. — We breakfasted with the Fergusons; after which Anne and Miss Erskine walked up the Rhymer's Glen. I could as easily have made a pilgrimage to Rome with peas in my shoes unboiled. I drove home, and began to work about ten o'clock. At one o'clock I rode, and sent off what I had finished. Mr. Laidlaw dined with me. In the afternoon we wrote five or six pages more. I am, I fear, sinking a little from having too much space to fill, and a want of the usual inspiration — which makes me, like the chariot-wheels of Pharaoh in the sands of the Red Sea, drive heavily. It is the less matter if this prove, as I suspect, the last of this fruitful family. — *April* 13. Corrected proofs in the morning. At ten o'clock began where I had left off at my romance. Laidlaw begins to smite the rock for not giving forth the water in quantity sufficient. I have against me the disadvantage of being called the Just, and every one of course is willing to worry me. But they have been long at it, and even those works which have been worst received at their first appearance, now keep their ground fairly enough. So we 'll try our old luck another voyage. — It is a close, thick rain, and I cannot ride, and I am too dead lame to walk in the house. So feeling really exhausted, I will try to sleep a little. — My nap was a very short one, and was agreeably replaced by Basil Hall's Fragments of Voyages. Everything about the inside of a vessel is interesting, and my friend B. H. has the good sense to know this is the case. I remember, when my eldest brother took the humor of going to sea, James Watson used to be invited to George's Square to tell him such tales of hardships as might disgust him with the service. Such were my poor mother's instructions. But Captain Watson[1] could not by all this render a sea life disgusting to the young midshipman, or to his brother, who looked on and listened. Hall's accounts of the assistance given to the Spaniards at Cape Finisterre, and the absurd behavior of the Junta, are highly interesting. A more inefficient, yet a more resolved class of men than the Spaniards, were never conceived.

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[1] A daughter of Lord Kinnedder. She died in 1838.

[2] The Rev. Dr. N. Paterson [author of *The Manse Garden*], now one of the Ministers of Glasgow. [He died in 1871. He was a grandson of Robert Paterson, "Old Mortality."]

[3] Mr. John Smith of Darnick, the builder of Abbotsford, and architect of these bridges.

[4] This gentleman died in Edinburgh on 4th February, 1838.

[*April* 14. — Advised by Mr. Cadell that he has agreed with Mr. Turner, the first draughtsman of the period, to furnish to the poetical works two decorations to each of the proposed twelve volumes,[2] to wit, a frontispiece and vignette to each, at the rate of £25 for each, which is cheap enough considering that these are the finest specimens of art going. The difficulty is to make him come here to take drawings. I have written to the man of art, inviting him to my house, though, if I remember, he is not very agreeable, and offered to transport him to the places where he is to exercise his pencil. His method is to take various drawings of remarkable places and towns and stick them all together. He can therefore derive his subjects from good, accurate drawings, so with Skene's assistance we can equip him. We can put him at home on all the subjects. Lord Meadowbank and his son, Skene and his son,[1] Colonel Russell and his sister, dined with us.]

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[1] The late Captain James Watson, R. N., was distantly related to Sir Walter's mother. His son, Mr. John Watson Gordon, has risen to great eminence as a painter; and his portraits of Scott and Hogg rank among his best pieces. That of the Ettrick Shepherd is indeed perfect; and Sir Walter's has only the disadvantage of having been done a little too late. These masterly pictures are both in Mr. Cadell's possession. [Watson Gordon may be said to have been Raeburn's successor as the first portrait painter of Scotland. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1841, and ten years later an Academician. He became, on the death of Sir William Allan in 1850, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and Limner to Her Majesty, receiving the customary honor of knighthood. He died in 1864, leaving a bequest to endow a Chair of Fine Arts in the Edinburgh University.]

[2] [Beside these twenty-four illustrations for the *Poems*, Turner agreed

April 16.—Skene walks with me [and undertakes readily to supply Turner with subjects]. Weather enchanting. About one hundred leaves will now complete Robert of Paris. Query, If the last? Answer—Not knowing, can't say. I think it will.

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later to make drawings to illustrate the *Miscellaneous Prose Works*,—no less than forty of the engravings in that series being from his designs. Only fifteen of the latter are of Scottish subjects. For a list of all these engravings, see Thornbury's *Life of Turner*, vol. ii. p. 361.]

[1] [Mr. William Forbes Skene (second son of Scott's friend), the distinguished historian and Celtic scholar, whose researches were destined to throw more light on the earliest history of his country than those of any other writer of his time. He died in 1892, in his eighty-fourth year.]

CHAPTER LXXX

APOPLECTIC PARALYSIS. — MISS FERRIER. — DR. MACINTOSH MACKAY. — SCENES AT JEDBURGH AND SELKIRK. — CASTLE DANGEROUS. — EXCURSION TO DOUGLASDALE. — CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE'S, ETC. — TURNER'S DESIGNS FOR THE POETRY. — LAST VISITS TO SMAILHOLM, BEMERSIDE, ETTRICK, ETC. — VISIT OF CAPTAIN BURNS, — MR. ADOLPHUS, — AND MR. WORDSWORTH. — YARROW REVISITED, AND SONNET ON THE EILDONS

1831

THE next entry in the Diary is as follows: —

From [Sunday 17th] April, to Sunday 24th of the same month, unpleasantly occupied by ill health and its consequences. A distinct stroke of paralysis affecting both my nerves and speech, though beginning only on Monday with a very bad cold. Doctor Abercrombie was brought out by the friendly care of Cadell, but young Clarkson had already done the needful, that is, had bled and blistered, and placed me on a very reduced diet. Whether precautions have been taken in time, I cannot tell. I think they have, though severe in themselves, beat the disease; but I am alike prepared.

["Seu versare dolos, seu certæ occumbere morti." [1]

I only know that to live as I am just now is a gift little worth having. I think I will be in the Secret next week unless I recruit greatly.]

The preceding paragraph has been deciphered with difficulty. The blow which it records was greatly more severe than any that had gone before it. Sir Walter's friend, Lord Meadowbank, had come to Abbotsford, as usual when on the Jedburgh circuit; and he would make an effort to receive the Judge in something of the old style of the place; he collected several of the neighboring gentry to dinner, and tried to bear his wonted part in the conversation. Feeling his strength and spirits flagging, he was tempted to violate his physician's directions, and took two or three glasses of champagne, not having tasted wine for several months before. On retiring to his dressing-room he had this severe shock of apoplectic paralysis, and kept his bed, under the surgeon's hands, for several days.[1]

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[1] [*Æneid*, II. 62.]

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[1] [The dinner given in Lord Meadowbank's honor seems, from the record in the Diary, to have occurred on the 15th, and Sir Walter was taken ill on Sunday, the 17th. Mr. W. F. Skene wrote for his friend, Mr. Douglas, his recollections of these days at Abbotsford. (See *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 399.) He says: —

" . . . I had just attained my twenty-first year, and as such a visit at that early age was a great event in my life, I retain a very distinct recollection of the main features of it. I recollect that Lord Meadowbank and his eldest son Alan came at the same time, and the dinner party, at which Mr. Pringle of the Haining and his brother were present. The day after our arrival Sir Walter asked me to drive with him. We went in his open carriage to the Yarrow, where we got out, and Sir Walter, leaning on my arm, walked up the side of the river, pouring forth a continuous stream of anecdotes, traditions, and scraps of ballads. I was in the seventh heaven of delight, and thought I had never spent such a day. On Sunday Sir Walter did not come down to breakfast, but sent a message to say that he had caught cold . . . and would remain in bed. When we sat at either lunch or dinner, I do not recollect which, Sir Walter walked into the room and sat down near the table, but ate nothing. He seemed in a dazed state, and took no notice of any one, but after a few minutes' silence, during which his daughter Anne, who was at the table, and was watching him with some anxiety, motioned to us to take no notice, he began in a quiet voice to tell us a story of a pauper lunatic, who fancying he was a rich man, and was entertaining all sorts of high persons to the most splendid banquets, communicated to his doctor in confidence that there was one thing that troubled him much, and which he could not account for, and that was that all these exquisite dishes seemed to him to taste of oatmeal porridge. Sir Walter told this with much humor, and after a few minutes' silence began again, and told the same story over a second time, and then

Shortly afterwards, his eldest son and his daughter Sophia arrived at Abbotsford. It may be supposed that they both would have been near him instantly, had that been possible; but, not to mention the dread of seeming to be alarmed about him, Major Scott's regiment was stationed in a very disturbed district, and his sister was still in a disabled state from the relics of a rheumatic fever. I followed her a week later, when we established ourselves at Chiefswood for the rest of the season. Charles Scott had some months before this time gone to Naples, as an attaché to the British Embassy there. During the next six months the Major was at Abbotsford every now and then — as often as circumstances could permit him to be absent from his Hussars.

Diary — *April* 27, 1831. — They have cut me off from animal food and fermented liquors of every kind; and, thank God, I can fast with any one. I walked out and found the day delightful; the woods, too, looking charming, just bursting forth to the tune of the birds. I have been whistling on my wits like so many chickens, and cannot miss any of them. I feel on the whole better than I have yet done. I believe I have fined and recovered, and so may be thankful. — *April* 28, 29. Walter made his appearance here, well and stout, and completely recovered from his stomach complaints by abstinence. He has youth on his side; and I in age must submit to be a Lazarus. The medical men persist in recommending a seton. I am no friend to these remedies, and will be sure of the necessity before I yield consent. The dying like an Indian under tortures is no joke; and as Commodore Trunnion says, I feel heart-whole as a biscuit. — *April* 30, *May* 1. Go on with Count Robert half-a-dozen leaves

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again a third time. His daughter, who was watching him with increasing anxiety, then motioned to us to rise from the table, and persuaded her father to return to his bedroom. Next day the doctor . . . told us that he was seriously ill, and advised that his guests should leave at once. . . . I never saw Sir Walter again."]

per day. I am not much pleased with my handiwork. The task of pumping my brains becomes inevitably harder when

> "Both chain pumps are choked below;"[1]

and though this may not be the case literally, yet the apprehension is well-nigh as bad. — *May* 3. Sophia arrives — with all the children looking well and beautiful, except poor Johnnie, who looks pale. But it is no wonder, poor thing! — *May* 4. I have a letter from Lockhart, promising to be down by next Wednesday. I shall be glad to see and consult with Lockhart. My pronunciation is a good deal improved. My time glides away ill employed, but I am afraid of the palsy. I should not like to be pinned to my chair. I believe even that kind of life is more endurable than we could suppose, — yet the idea is terrible to a man who has been active. Your wishes are limited to your little circle. My own circle in bodily matters is narrowing daily; not so in intellectual matters — but of that I am perhaps a bad judge. The plough is coming to the end of the furrow.

May 5. — A fleece of letters, which must be answered, I suppose, — all from persons my zealous admirers of course, and expecting a degree of generosity, which will put to rights all their maladies, physical and mental, and that I can make up whatever losses have been their lot, raise them to a desirable rank, and will stand their protector and patron. I must, they take it for granted, be astonished at having an address from a stranger; on the contrary, I would be astonished if any of these extravagant epistles came from any one who had the least title to enter into correspondence. — My son Walter takes leave of me to-day, to return to Sheffield. At his entreaty I have agreed to put in a seton, which they seem all to recommend. My own opinion is, this addition to my tortures will do me no good — but I cannot hold out against my son.

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[1] Song, *Cease, rude Boreas*, etc.

May 6, 7, 8. — Here is a precious job. I have a formal remonstrance from these critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of Count Robert, which is within a sheet of being finished. I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public; at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet, God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaky, I think, into the bargain. I cannot conceive that I should have tied a knot with my tongue which my teeth cannot untie. We shall see. — I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labors to sink under critical clamor. Did I know how to begin, I would begin again this very day, although I knew I should sink at the end. After all, this is but fear and faintness of heart, though of another kind from that which trembleth at a loaded pistol. My bodily strength is terribly gone; perhaps my mental too.

On my arrival (May 10), I found Sir Walter to have rallied considerably; yet his appearance, as I first saw him, was the most painful sight I had ever then seen. Knowing at what time I might be expected, he had been lifted on his pony, and advanced about half a mile on the Selkirk road to meet me. He moved at a foot-pace, with Laidlaw at one stirrup, and his forester Swanston (a fine fellow, who did all he could to replace Tom Purdie) at the other.[1] Abreast was old Peter Mathieson on horseback, with one of my children astride before him on a pillion. Sir Walter had had his head shaved, and wore a black silk night-cap under his blue bonnet. All his garments hung loose about him; his countenance was thin and haggard, and there was an obvious distortion in the muscles of one cheek. His look, however, was placid — his eye as bright as ever — perhaps brighter than it ever was in health; he smiled with the same affectionate gentleness, and though at first it was not easy to understand everything he said, he spoke cheerfully and manfully.

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[1] [John Swanston was the last survivor of the faithful servants commemorated in the *Life*, when he welcomed the birth of his master's only great-

He had resumed, and was trying to recast, his novel. All the medical men had urged him, by every argument, to abstain from any such attempts; but he smiled on them in silence, or answered with some jocular rhyme. One note has this postscript — a parody on a sweet lyric of Burns's, —

> "Dour, dour, and eident was he,
>   Dour and eident but-and-ben, —
> Dour against their barley-water,
>   And eident on the Bramah pen."

He told me that in the winter he had more than once tried writing with his own hand, because he had no longer the same "pith and birr" that formerly rendered dictation easy to him; but that the experiment failed. He was now sensible he could do nothing without Laidlaw to hold "the Bramah pen;" adding, "Willie is a kind clerk — I see by his looks when I am pleasing him, and that pleases me." And however the cool critic may now estimate Count Robert, no one who then saw the author could wonder that Laidlaw's prevalent feeling in writing those pages should have been admiration. Under the full consciousness that he had sustained three or four strokes of apoplexy or palsy, or both combined, and tortured by

grandson, Walter Michael, in 1857. But he was shocked by the second name given to the child, and Mr. Hope-Scott endeavored to reassure him, — how successfully is not recorded, — by saying: "Ye mauna forget, John, that there was an Archangel before there was a Wizard; and besides, the Michael called the Wizard was, in truth, a very good and holy Divine." — *Life of James Hope-Scott*, vol. ii. p. 169.]

various attendant ailments, — cramp, rheumatism in half his joints, daily increasing lameness, and now of late gravel (which was, though last, not least), — he retained all the energy of his will, struggled manfully against this sea of troubles, and might well have said seriously, as he more than once both said and wrote playfully, —

> " 'T is not in mortals to command success,
> But we 'll do more, Sempronius, we 'll deserve it."[1]

To assist them in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might be tempted to make those hours more frequent, his daughters had invited his friend the authoress of Marriage to come out to Abbotsford; and her coming was serviceable. For she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his, to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gayly as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect; — but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way, — he paused, and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes pained him sadly by giving him the catchword abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking: and she affected to be also troubled with deafness, and would say, — "Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so," — being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy — as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.[2]

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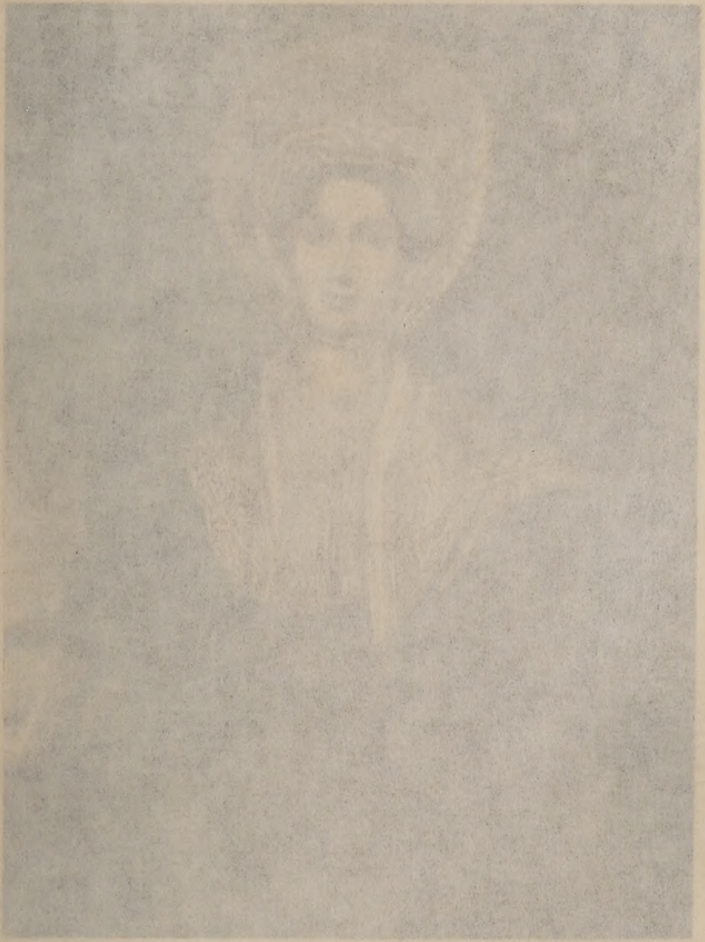
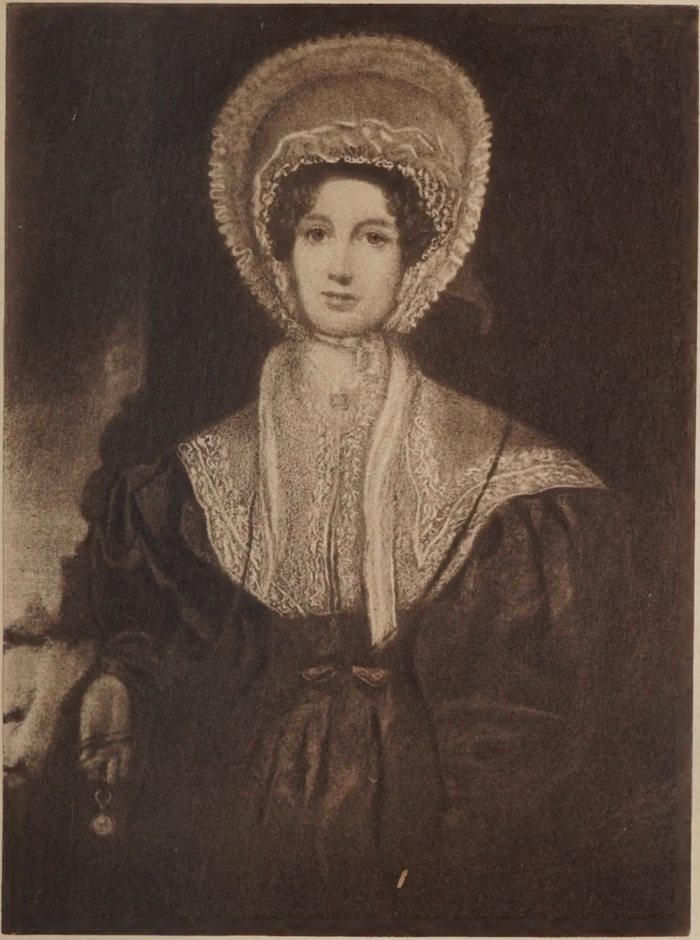
[1] Addison's *Cato*.

[2] [Like Lockhart, Miss Ferrier was shocked by the sad change in Scott's



MISS FERRIER

From a miniature by R. Thorburn



He had also a visit from the learned and pious Dr. M. Mackay, then minister of Laggan, but now of Dunoon — the chief author of the Gaelic Dictionary, then recently published under the auspices of the Highland Society;[1] and this gentleman also accommodated himself, with the tact of genuine kindness, to the circumstances of the time.

In the family circle Sir Walter seldom spoke of his illness at all, and when he did, it was always in the hopeful strain. In private to Laidlaw and myself, his language corresponded exactly with the tone of the Diary — he expressed his belief that the chances of recovery were few — very few — but always added, that he considered it his duty to exert what faculties remained to him, for the sake of his creditors, to the very last. "I am very anxious," he repeatedly said to me, "to be done, one way or other, with this Count Robert, and a little story about

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appearance, but, she says, "the impression soon wore off on finding that his mind was unimpaired and his warm kindly feelings unchanged. There was no company, and the dinner party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart, Miss Scott, and myself. Sir Walter did not join us till the dessert, when he took his place at the foot of the table. His grandchildren were then brought in, and his favorite, Johnnie, was seated by his side. I must have forgot most things, before I can cease to recall that most striking and impressive spectacle. The glow of cheerfulness which had welcomed my arrival had passed away, and been succeeded by an air of languor and dejection which sank to deepest sadness when his eye rested for a moment on his darling grandson, the child of so much pride and promise, now, alas, how changed! It was most touching to look upon one whose morning of life had been so bright and beautiful, and, still in the sunny days of childhood, transformed into an image of decrepitude and decay. The fair, blooming cheek and finely chiselled features were now shrunk and stiffened . . . , while the black bandages which swathed the little pale, sad countenance, gave additional gloom to the profound melancholy which clouded its most intellectual expression. . . . The two who had been wont to regard each other so fondly and so proudly, now seemed averse to hold communion together, while their appearance and style of dress . . . denoted a sympathy in suffering if in nothing else." The picture was the more affecting from its contrast to the life and beauty everywhere visible from the open windows, for it was a May with the warmth of summer and the freshness and sweetness of spring; but, alas, its reviving influence seemed unfelt by the sufferers. See *Recollections of Visits to Ashestiel and Abbotsford*.]

[1] [Still the standard dictionary of that language.]

the Castle Dangerous, which also I had long had in my head — but after that I will attempt nothing more — at least not until I have finished all the notes for the Novels, etc.; for, in case of my going off at the next slap, you would naturally have to take up that job, — and where could you get at all my old wives' stories?"

I felt the sincerest pity for Cadell and Ballantyne at this time; and advised him to lay Count Robert aside for a few weeks, at all events, until the general election now going on should be over. He consented — but immediately began another series of Tales on French History — which he never completed. The Diary says: —

May 12. — Resolved to lay by Robert of Paris, and take it up when I can work. Thinking on it really makes my head swim, and that is not safe. — Miss Ferrier comes out to us. This gifted personage, besides having great talents, has conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered, — simple, full of humor, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue stocking.

May 13. — Mr., or more properly Dr., Macintosh Mackay comes out to see me — a simple learned man, and a Highlander who weighs his own nation justly — a modest and estimable person.[1] Reports of mobs at all the elections, which I fear will prove true. They have much to answer for, who, in gayety of heart, have brought a peaceful and virtuous population to such a pass.

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[1] [The Diary records several visits of Dr. Mackay to Sir Walter in Edinburgh, during the three preceding years, and Scott endeavored to obtain from Peel the presentation (in the Crown's gift) to the church of Cupar in Angus for the young friend whose character and attainments he valued highly; but it had been given elsewhere. It was at Sir Walter's recommendation that Mr. Skene sent his second son, the future historian of Celtic Scotland, as a pupil to the manse of Laggan. Dr. Mackay joined the Free Church in 1843, and was elected Moderator of its General Assembly in 1849. Later he spent some years in Australia, and on his return to Scotland became minister of the Free Church of Tarbert, on the Island of Harris. He died in 1873.]

May 14. — Rode with Lockhart and Mr. Mackay through the plantations, and spent a pleasanter day than of late months. Story of a haunted glen in Laggan: A chieftain's daughter or cousin loved a man of low degree. Her kindred discovered the intrigue, and punished the lover's presumption by binding the unhappy man, and laying him naked in one of the large ants' nests common in a Highland forest. He expired in agony of course, and his mistress became distracted, roamed wildly in the glen till she died, and her phantom, finding no repose, haunted it after her death to such a degree, that the people shunned the road by day as well as night. Mrs. Grant tells the story with the addition, that her husband, then minister of Laggan, formed a religious meeting in the place, and by the exercise of public worship there, overcame the popular terror of the Red Woman. Dr. Mackay seems to think that she was rather banished by a branch of the Parliamentary road running up the glen, than by the prayers of his predecessor. Dr. Mackay, it being Sunday, favored us with an excellent discourse on the Socinian controversy, which I wish my friend Mr. [Laidlaw] had heard. — *May* 15. Dr. M. left us early this morning; and I rode and studied as usual, working at the Tales of a Grandfather. Our good and learned Doctor wishes to go down the Tweed to Berwick. It is a laudable curiosity, and I hope will be agreeably satisfied.[1]

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[1] [On the 17th Sir Walter again speaks of the pleasure he takes in Miss Ferrier's company in his family hours, saying that his guest certainly has less affectation than any woman he has ever known who has stood so high, "Joanna Baillie hardly excepted." He also alludes regretfully to the fact that Miss Baillie has entered on the Socinian controversy. She had sent him a copy of her book, *A View of the General Tenor of the New Testament regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ*, which he in turn gave to Laidlaw, who seems to have sympathized with the lady's views. This is the latest mention of this old friend in the Diary. She and her sister lived till the end in the house near Hampstead Heath, which they had taken

On the 18th I witnessed a scene which must dwell painfully upon many memories besides mine. The rumors of brick-bat and bludgeon work at the hustings of this month were so prevalent, that Sir Walter's family, and not less zealously the Tory candidate for Roxburghshire himself, tried every means to dissuade him from attending the election for that county. We thought overnight that we had succeeded, and indeed, as the result of the vote was not at all doubtful, there was not the shadow of a reason for his appearing on this occasion. About seven in the morning, however, when I came downstairs intending to ride over to Jedburgh, I found he had countermanded my horse, ordered the carriage to the door, and was already impatient to be off for the scene of action. We found the town in a most tempestuous state: in fact, it was almost wholly in the hands of a disciplined rabble, chiefly weavers from Hawick, who marched up and down with drums and banners, and then, after filling the Court-hall, lined the streets, grossly insulting every one who did not wear the reforming colors. Sir Walter's carriage, as it advanced towards the house of the Shortreed family, was pelted with stones; one or two fell into it, but none touched him. He breakfasted with the widow and children of his old friend, and then walked to the Hall between me and one of the young Shortreeds. He was saluted with groans and blasphemies all the way — and

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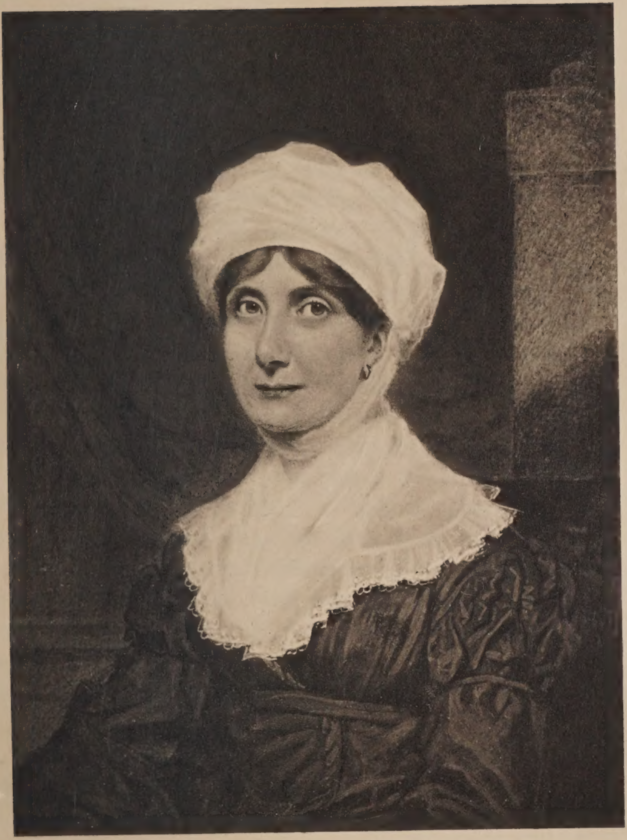
after their mother's death in 1806, — a house always full of cheerfulness and hospitality, for the two ladies, even in extreme old age, took a lively interest in their friends and in the literature and events of the day. Jeffrey, after visiting Joanna Baillie in 1840, wrote: " I found her as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever, and as little like a tragic muse." Two years later he describes her as " marvellous in health and spirits, and youthful freshness and simplicity of feeling, and not a bit deaf, blind, or torpid, . . . the prettiest, best-dressed, kindest, happiest beauty of fourscore that has been seen since the flood." — (Cockburn's *Life of Jeffrey*, vol. i. p. 261.) Without suffering or even illness, and in the full possession of her faculties to the last, she died peacefully February 23, 1851, in her eighty-ninth year. Agnes Baillie survived her sister ten years, dying at the age of one hundred.]

JOANNA BAILLIE

From the miniature by Sir William Newton



I blush to add that a woman spat upon him from a window; but this last contumely I think he did not observe. The scene within was much what has been described under the date of March 21, except that though he attempted to speak from the Bench, not a word was audible, such was the frenzy. Young Harden was returned by a great majority, 40 to 19, and we then with difficulty gained the inn where the carriage had been put up. But the aspect of the street was by that time such, that several of the gentlemen on the Whig side came and entreated us not to attempt starting from the front of our inn. One of them, Captain Russell Eliott of the Royal Navy, lived in the town, or rather in a villa adjoining it, to the rear of the Spread Eagle. Sir Walter was at last persuaded to accept this courteous adversary's invitation, and accompanied him through some winding lanes to his residence. Peter Mathieson by and by brought the carriage thither, in the same clandestine method, and we escaped from Jedburgh, with one shower more of stones at the Bridge. I believe there would have been a determined onset at that spot, but for the zeal of three or four sturdy Darnickers (Joseph Shillinglaw, carpenter, being their Coryphæus), who had, unobserved by us, clustered themselves beside the footman in the rumble.

The Diary contains this brief notice: —

May 18. — Went to Jedburgh greatly against the wishes of my daughters. The mob were exceedingly vociferous and brutal, as they usually are nowadays. The population gathered in formidable numbers — a thousand from Hawick also — sad blackguards. The day passed with much clamor and no mischief. Henry Scott was reëlected — for the last time, I suppose. *Troja fuit.* I left the borough in the midst of abuse, and the gentle hint of *Burke Sir Walter*. Much obliged to the brave lads of Jeddart.

Sir Walter fully anticipated a scene of similar violence at the Selkirk election, which occurred a few days afterwards; but though here also, by help of weavers from a distance, there was a sufficiently formidable display of radical power, there occurred hardly anything of what had been apprehended. Here the Sheriff was at home — known intimately to everybody, himself probably knowing almost all of man's estate by head mark, and, in spite of political fanaticism, all but universally beloved as well as feared. The only person who ventured actually to hustle a Tory elector on his way to the poll attracted Scott's observation at the moment when he was getting out of his carriage; he instantly seized the delinquent with his own hand — the man's spirit quailed, and no one coming to the rescue, he was safely committed to prison until the business of the day was over. Sir Walter had *ex officio* to preside at this election, and therefore his family would probably have made no attempt to dissuade him from attending it, even had he stayed away from Jedburgh. Among the exaggerated rumors of the time, was one that Lord William Graham, the Tory candidate for Dumbartonshire, had been actually massacred by the rabble of his county town. He had been grievously maltreated, but escaped murder, though, I believe, narrowly. But I can never forget the high glow which suffused Sir Walter's countenance when he heard the overburdened story, and said calmly, in rather a clear voice, the trace of his calamitous affliction almost disappearing for the moment, — "Well, Lord William died at his post, —

'Non aliter cineres mando jacere meos.'"[1]

I am well pleased that the ancient capital of *the Forest* did not stain its fair name upon this miserable occasion; and I am sorry for Jedburgh and Hawick. This last town stands almost within sight of Branksome Hall, overhanging also *sweet Teviot's silver tide.* The civilized American or Australian will curse these places, of which he would never have heard but for Scott, as he passes through them in some distant century, when perhaps all that remains of our national glories may be the high literature adopted and extended in new lands planted from our blood.

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[1] Martial, i. 89.

No doubt these disturbances of the general election had an unfavorable influence on the invalid. When they were over, he grew calmer and more collected; the surgical experiment appeared to be beneficial; his speech became, after a little time, much clearer, and such were the symptoms of energy still about him, that I began to think a restoration not hopeless. Some business called me to London about the middle of June, and when I returned at the end of three weeks, I had the satisfaction to find that he had been gradually amending.

But, alas, the first use he made of this partial renovation had been to expose his brain once more to an imaginative task. He began his Castle Dangerous — the groundwork being again an old story which he had told in print, many years before, in a rapid manner.[1] And now, for the first time, he left Ballantyne out of his secret. He thus writes to Cadell on the 3d of July: "I intend to tell this little matter to nobody but Lockhart. Perhaps not even to him; certainly not to J. B., who, having turned his back on his old political friends, will no longer have a claim to be a secretary in such matters, though I shall always be glad to befriend him."

James's criticisms on Count Robert had wounded him — the Diary, already quoted, shows how severely. The last visit this old ally ever paid at Abbotsford occurred a week or two after. His newspaper had by this time espoused openly the cause of the Reform Bill — and some unpleasant conversation took place on that subject, which might well be a sore one for both parties, and not least, considering the whole of his personal history, for Mr. Ballantyne. Next morning, being Sunday, he disappeared abruptly, without saying farewell; and when Scott understood that he had signified an opinion that the reading of the Church service, with a sermon from South or Barrow, would be a poor substitute for the mystical eloquence of some new idol down the vale, he expressed considerable disgust. They never met again in this world. In truth, Ballantyne's health also was already much broken; and if Scott had been entirely himself, he would not have failed to connect that circumstance in a charitable way with this never strong-minded man's recent abandonment of his own old *terra firma*, both religious and political. But this is a subject on which we have no title to dwell. Sir Walter's misgivings about himself, if I read him aright, now rendered him desirous of external support; but this novel inclination his spirit would fain suppress and disguise even from itself.

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[1] See Essay on "Chivalry" — *Miscellaneous Prose Works,* vol. vi. p. 36.

When I again saw him on the 13th of this month, he showed me several sheets of the new romance, and told me how he had designed at first to have it printed by somebody else than Ballantyne, but that, on reflection, he had shrunk from hurting his feelings on so tender a point. I found, however, that he had neither invited nor received any opinion from James as to what he had written, but that he had taken an alarm lest he should fall into some blunder about the scenery fixed on (which he had never seen but once when a schoolboy), and had kept the sheets in proof until I should come back and accompany him in a short excursion to Lanarkshire. He was anxious in particular to see the tombs in the Church of St. Bride, adjoining the site of his Castle Dangerous, of which Mr. Blore had shown him drawings; and he hoped to pick up some of the minute traditions, in which he had always delighted, among the inhabitants of Douglasdale.

We set out early on the 18th, and ascended the Tweed, passing in succession Yair, Ashestiel, Innerleithen, Traquair, and many more scenes dear to his early life, and celebrated in his writings. The morning was still, but gloomy, and at length we had some thunder. It seemed to excite him vividly, and on coming soon afterwards within view of that remarkable edifice (Drochel Castle) on the moorland ridge between Tweed and Clyde, which was begun, but never finished, by the Regent Morton — a gigantic ruin typical of his ambition — Sir Walter could hardly be restrained from making some effort to reach it. Morton, too, was a Douglas, and that name was at present his charm of charms. We pushed on to Biggar, however, and reaching it towards sunset, were detained there for some time by want of post-horses. It was soon discovered who he was; the population of the little town turned out; and he was evidently gratified with their respectful curiosity. It was the first time I observed him otherwise than annoyed upon such an occasion. Jedburgh, no doubt, hung on his mind, and he might be pleased to find that political differences did not interfere everywhere with his reception among his countrymen. But I fancy the cause lay deeper.

Another symptom that distressed me during this journey was, that he seemed constantly to be setting tasks to his memory. It was not as of old, when, if any one quoted a verse, he, from the fulness of his heart, could not help repeating the context. He was obviously in fear that this prodigious engine had lost, or was losing its tenacity, and taking every occasion to rub and stretch it. He sometimes failed, and gave it up with *miseria cogitandi* in his eye. At other times he succeeded to admiration, and smiled as he closed his recital. About a mile beyond Biggar, we overtook a parcel of carters, one of whom was maltreating his horse, and Sir Walter called to him from the carriage-window in great indignation. The man looked and spoke insolently; and as we drove on, he used some strong expressions about what he would have done had this happened within the bounds of his sheriffship. As he continued moved in an uncommon degree, I said, jokingly, that I wondered his porridge diet had left his blood so warm, and quoted Prior's

"Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon a mess of water-gruel?"

He smiled graciously, and extemporized this variation of the next couplet, —

"Yet who shall stand the Sheriff's force,
If *Selkirk* carter beats his horse?"[1]

This seemed to put him into the train of Prior, and he repeated several striking passages both of the Alma and the Solomon. He was still at this when we reached a longish hill, and he got out to walk a little. As we climbed the ascent, he leaning heavily on my shoulder, we were met by a couple of beggars, who were, or professed to be, old soldiers both of Egypt and the Peninsula. One of them wanted a leg, which circumstance alone would have opened Scott's purse-strings, though for *ex facie* a sad old blackguard; but the fellow had recognized his person, as it happened, and in asking an alms bade God bless him fervently by his name. The mendicants went on their way, and we stood breathing on the knoll. Sir Walter followed them with his eye, and planting his stick firmly on the sod, repeated without break or hesitation Prior's verses to the historian Mezeray. That he applied them to himself was touchingly obvious, and therefore I must copy them.

"Whate'er thy countrymen have done,
By law and wit, by sword and gun,
In thee is faithfully recited;
And all the living world that view
Thy works, give thee the praises due, —
At once instructed and delighted.

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[1] "But who shall stand his rage and force,
If first he rides, then eats his horse?" — *Alma.*

"Yet for the fame of all these deeds,
What beggar in the Invalides,
With lameness broke, with blindness smitten,
Wished ever decently to die,
To have been either Mezeray,
Or any monarch he has written?

"'T is strange, dear author, yet it true is,
That down from Pharamond to Louis
All covet life, yet call it pain,
And feel the ill, yet shun the cure:
Can sense this paradox endure?
Resolve me, Cambray, or Fontaine.

"The man in graver tragic known,
Though his best part long since was done.
Still on the stage desires to tarry;
And he who play'd the Harlequin,
After the jest, still loads the scene,
Unwilling to retire, though weary."

We spent the night at the Inn of Douglas Mill, and at an early hour next morning proceeded to inspect, under the care of one of Lord Douglas's tenants, Mr. Haddow, the Castle, the strange old *bourg*, the Church, long since deserted as a place of worship, and the very extraordinary monuments of the most heroic and powerful family in the annals of Scotland. That works of sculpture equal to any of the fourteenth century in Westminster Abbey (for such they certainly were, though much mutilated by Cromwell's soldiery) should be found in so remote an inland place, attests strikingly the boundless resources of those haughty lords, "whose coronet," as Scott says, "so often counterpoised the crown." The effigy of the best friend of Bruce is among the number, and represents him cross-legged, as having fallen in battle with the Saracen, when on his way to Jerusalem with the heart of his king. — The whole people of the barony gathered round the doors, and two persons of extreme old age, one so old that he well remembered *Duke Willie* — that is to say, the Conqueror of Culloden — were introduced to tell all their local legends, while

Sir Walter examined by torchlight these silent witnesses of past greatness. It was a strange and melancholy scene, and its recollection prompted some passages in Castle Dangerous, which might almost have been written at the same time with Lammermoor. The appearance of the village, too, is most truly transferred to the novel; and I may say the same of the surrounding landscape. We descended into a sort of crypt in which the Douglases were buried until about a century ago, when there was room for no more: the leaden coffins around the wall being piled on each other, until the lower ones had been pressed flat as sheets of pasteboard, while the floor itself was entirely paved with others of comparatively modern date, on which coronets and inscriptions might still be traced. Here the silver case that once held the noble heart of the Good Lord James himself, is still pointed out. It is in the form of a heart, which, in memory of his glorious mission and fate, occupies ever since the chief place in the blazon of his posterity: —

> "The bloody heart blazed in the van,
> Announcing Douglas' dreaded name."

This charnel-house, too, will be recognized easily. Of the redoubted Castle itself, there remains but a small detached fragment, covered with ivy, close to the present mansion; but he hung over it long, or rather sat beside it, drawing outlines on the turf, and arranging in his fancy the sweep of the old precincts. Before the subjacent and surrounding lake and morass were drained, the position must indeed have been the perfect model of solitary strength. — The crowd had followed us, and were lingering about to see him once more as he got into his carriage. They attended him to the spot where it was waiting, in perfect silence. It was not like a mob, but a procession. He was again obviously gratified, and saluted them with an earnest yet placid air, as he took his leave. He expresses in his Introduction much thankfulness for the attention of Mr. Haddow, and also of

Lord Douglas's chamberlain, Mr. Finlay, who had joined us at the Castle.

It was again a darkish cloudy day, with some occasional mutterings of distant thunder, and perhaps the state of the atmosphere told upon Sir Walter's nerves; but I had never before seen him so sensitive as he was all the morning after this inspection of Douglas. As we drove over the high table-land of Lesmahago, he repeated I know not how many verses from Winton, Barbour, and Blind Harry, with, I believe, almost every stanza of Dunbar's elegy on the deaths of the Makers (poets). It was now that I saw him, such as he paints himself in one or two passages of his Diary, but such as his companions in the meridian vigor of his life never saw him — "the rushing of a brook, or the sighing of the summer breeze, bringing the tears into his eyes not unpleasantly." Bodily weakness laid the delicacy of the organization bare, over which he had prided himself in wearing a sort of half-stoical mask. High and exalted feelings, indeed, he had never been able to keep concealed, but he had shrunk from exhibiting to human eye the softer and gentler emotions which now trembled to the surface. He strove against it even now, and presently came back from the Lament of the Makers to his Douglases, and chanted, rather than repeated, in a sort of deep and glowing, though not distinct recitative, his first favorite among all the ballads, —

"It was about the Lammas tide,
When husbandmen do win their hay,
That the Doughty Douglas bownde him to ride
To England to drive a prey," —

down to the closing stanzas, which again left him in tears, —

"'My wound is deep — I fain would sleep —
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me beneath the bracken-bush,
That grows on yonder lily lee.' . . .

This deed was done at the Otterburne,
About the dawning of the day.
Earl Douglas was buried by the bracken-bush,
And the Percy led captive away."

We reached Milton-Lockhart some time before the dinner-hour, and Sir Walter appeared among the friends who received him there with much of his old graceful composure of courtesy. He walked about a little — was pleased with the progress made in the new house, and especially commended my brother for having given his bridge "ribs like Bothwell." Greenshields was at hand, and he talked to him cheerfully, while the sculptor devoured his features, as under a solemn sense that they were before his eyes for the last time. My brother had taken care to have no company at dinner except two or three near neighbors with whom Sir Walter had been familiar through life, and whose entreaties it had been impossible to resist. One of these was the late Mr. Elliot Lockhart of Cleghorn and Borthwickbrae — long Member of Parliament for Selkirkshire — the same whose anti-reform address had been preferred to the Sheriff's by the freeholders of that county in the preceding March. But, alas, very soon after that address was accepted, Borthwickbrae (so Scott always called him, from his estate in the Forest) had a shock of paralysis as severe as any his old friend had as yet sustained. He, too, had rallied beyond expectation, and his family were more hopeful, perhaps, than the other's dared to be. Sir Walter and he had not met for a few years — not since they rode side by side, as I well remember, on a merry day's sport at Bowhill; and I need not tell any one who knew Borthwickbrae, that a finer or more gallant specimen of the Border gentleman than he was in his prime, never cheered a hunting-field. When they now met (*heu quantum mutati!*) each saw his own case glassed in the other, and neither of their manly hearts could well contain itself as they embraced. Each exerted himself to the utmost — indeed far too much, and they were both tempted to transgress the laws of their physicians.

At night Scott promised to visit Cleghorn on his way home, but next morning, at breakfast, came a messenger to inform us that Borthwickbrae, on returning to his own house, fell down in another fit, and was now despaired of. Immediately, although he had intended to remain two days, Sir Walter drew my brother aside, and besought him to lend him horses as far as Lanark, for that he must set off with the least possible delay. He would listen to no persuasions. — "No, William," he said, "this is a sad warning. I must home to work while it is called day; for the night cometh when no man can work. I put that text, many a year ago, on my dial-stone; but it often preached in vain."[1]

We started accordingly, and making rather a forced march, reached Abbotsford the same night. During the journey he was more silent than I ever before found him; — he seemed to be wrapped in thought, and was but seldom roused to take notice of any object we passed. The little he said was mostly about Castle Dangerous, which he now seemed to feel sure he could finish in a fortnight, though his observation of the locality must needs cost the re-writing of several passages in the chapters already put into type.

For two or three weeks he bent himself sedulously to his task — and concluded Castle Dangerous, and the long-suspended Count Robert. By this time he had submitted to the recommendation of all his medical friends, and agreed to spend the coming winter away from Abbotsford, among new scenes, in a more genial climate, and above all (so he promised), in complete abstinence from all literary labor. When Captain Basil Hall understood that he had resolved on wintering at Naples

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[1] This dial-stone, which used to stand in front of the old cottage, and is now in the centre of the garden, is inscribed, ΝΥΞ ΓΑΡ ΕΡΧΕΤΑΙ.

(where, as has been mentioned, his son Charles was attached to the British Legation), it occurred to the zealous sailor that on such an occasion as this all thoughts of political difference ought to be dismissed, — and he, unknown to Scott, addressed a letter to Sir James Graham, then First Lord of the Admiralty, stating the condition of his friend's health, and his proposed plan, and suggesting that it would be a fit and graceful thing for the King's Government to place a frigate at his disposal for his voyage to the Mediterranean. Sir James replied, honorably for all concerned, that it afforded himself, and his Royal Master, the sincerest satisfaction to comply with this hint; and that whenever Sir Walter found it convenient to come southwards, a vessel should be prepared for his reception. Nothing could be handsomer than the way in which all this matter was arranged, and Scott, deeply gratified, exclaimed that things were yet in the hands of gentlemen; but that he feared they had been undermining the state of society which required such persons as themselves to be at the head.

He had no wish, however, to leave Abbotsford until the approach of winter; and having dismissed his Tales, seemed to say to himself that he would enjoy his dear valley for the intervening weeks, draw friends about him, revisit all the familiar scenes in his neighborhood once more; and if he were never to come back, store himself with the most agreeable recollections in his power, and so conduct himself as to bequeath to us who surrounded him a last stock of gentle impressions. He continued to work a little at his notes and prefaces, the Reliquiæ of Oldbuck, and the Sylva Abbotsfordiensis; but did not fatigue himself; and when once all plans were settled, and all cares in so far as possible set aside, his health and spirits certainly rallied most wonderfully. He had settled that my wife and I should dine at Abbotsford, and he and Anne at Chiefswood, day about; and this rule was seldom departed from. Both at home and in the cottage he was willing to have a few guests, so they were not strangers. Mr. James (the author of Richelieu) and his lady, who this season lived at Maxpopple, and Mr. Archdeacon Williams, who was spending his vacation at Melrose, were welcome additions — and frequently so — to his accustomed circle of the Scotts of Harden, the Pringles of Whytbank and Clifton, the Russells of Ashestiel, the Brewsters, and the Fergusons. Sir Walter observed the prescribed diet, on the whole, pretty accurately; and seemed, when in the midst of his family and friends, always tranquil, sometimes cheerful. On one or two occasions he was even gay: particularly, I think, when the weather was so fine as to tempt us to dine in the marble-hall at Abbotsford, or at an early hour under the trees at Chiefswood, in the old fashion of Rose's *Fête de Village*. I rather think Mr. Adolphus was present at one of these (for the time) mirthful doings; but if so, he has not recorded it in his elegant paper of reminiscences — from which I now take my last extract: —

"In the autumn of 1831" (says Mr. Adolphus) "the new shock which had fallen upon Sir Walter's constitution had left traces, not indeed very conspicuous, but painfully observable; and he was subject to a constant, though apparently not a very severe regimen, as an invalid. At table, if many persons were present, he spoke but little, I believe from a difficulty in making himself heard — not so much because his articulation was slightly impaired, as that his voice was weakened. After dinner, though he still sat with his guests, he forebore drinking, in compliance with the discipline prescribed to him, though he might be seen, once or twice in the course of a sitting, to steal a glass, as if inadvertently. I could not perceive that his faculties of mind were in any respect obscured, except that occasionally (but not very often) he was at a loss for some obvious word. This failure of recollection had begun, I think, the year before. The remains of his old cheerfulness were still living within him, but they required opportunity and the presence of few persons to disclose themselves. He spoke of his approaching voyage with resignation more than with hope, and I could not find that he looked forward with much interest or curiosity to the new scenes in which he was about to travel.

"The menacing state of affairs in the country he was leaving oppressed him with melancholy anticipations. In the little conversation we had formerly had on subjects of this kind, I had never found him a querulous politician; he could look manfully and philosophically at those changes in the aspect of society which time, and the progress, well or ill directed, of the human mind, were uncontrollably working out, though the innovations might not in some of their results accord with his own tastes and opinions. But the revolutions now beginning, and the violence of word and deed with which they were urged on, bore heavily upon his thoughts, and gave them, when turned in this direction, a gloomy and ominous cast. When I left him to go to London, he gave me, as a kind of parting token, a stick, or rather club, of formidable size and figure, and, as he put it into my hand, he could not help saying, between joke and earnest, that it might prove useful if I were called out to assist the police in a riot. But his prevailing humor, even at this period, was kindly, genial, and pleasurable.

"On the last day which I had the happiness to pass with him among his own hills and streams, he appointed an excursion to Oakwood[1] and the Linns of Ettrick. Miss Scott, and two other ladies, one of whom had not been in Scotland before, were of the party. He did the honors of the country with as much zeal and gallantry, in spirit at least, as he could have shown twenty years earlier. I recollect, that, in setting out, he attempted to plead his hardy habits as an old mail-coach traveller for keeping the least convenient place in the carriage. When we came to the Linns, we walked some way up the stream, and viewed the bold and romantic little torrent from the top of the high bank. He stood contemplating it in an attitude of rest; the day was past when a minute's active exertion would have carried him to the water's brink. Perhaps he was now for the last time literally fulfilling the wish of his own Minstrel, that in the decay of life he might

'Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break.'

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[1] Oakwood is a ruined tower on the Harden estate in the vale of Ettrick.

So much was his great strength reduced, that, as he gazed upon the water, one of his staghounds leaping forward to caress him had almost thrown him down; but for such accidents as this he cared very little. We travelled merrily homeward. As we went up some hill, a couple of children hung on the back of the carriage. He suspended his cudgel over them with a grotesque face of awfulness. The brats understood the countenance, and only clung the faster. 'They do not much mind the Sheriff,' said he to us, with a serio-comic smile, and affecting to speak low. We came home late, and an order was issued that no one should dress. Though I believe he himself caused the edict to be made, he transgressed it more than any of the party."

I am not sure whether the Royal Academician, Turner, was at Abbotsford at the time of Mr. Adolphus's last visit; but several little excursions, such as the one here described, were made in the company of this great artist, who had come to Scotland for the purpose of making drawings to illustrate the scenery of Sir Walter's poems. On several such occasions I was of the party — and one day deserves to be specially remembered. Sir Walter took Mr. Turner that morning, with his friend Skene and myself, to Smailholm Crags; and it was while lounging about them, while the painter did his sketch, that he told Mr. Skene how the habit of lying on the turf there among the sheep and lambs, when a lame infant, had given his mind a peculiar tenderness for those animals which it had ever since retained.[1] He seemed to enjoy the scene of his childhood — yet there was many a touch of sadness both in his eye and his voice. He then carried us to Dryburgh, but excused himself from attending Mr. Turner into the enclosure. Mr. Skene and I perceived that it would be better for us to leave him alone, and we both accompanied Turner. Lastly, we must not omit to call at Bemerside — for of that ancient residence of the most ancient family now subsisting on Tweedside, he was resolved there must be a fit memo-

[1] See *ante*, vol. i. p. 70.

rial by this graceful hand. The good laird and lady were of course flattered with this fondness of respect, and after walking about a little while among the huge old trees that surround the tower, we ascended to, I think, the third tier of its vaulted apartments, and had luncheon in a stately hall, arched also in stone, but with well-sized windows (as being out of harm's way) duly blazoned with shields and crests, and the time-honored motto, BETIDE, BETIDE — being the first words of a prophetic couplet ascribed to Thomas the Rhymer: —

> "Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> There shall be Haigs in Bemerside."

Mr. Turner's sketch of this picturesque Peel, and its "brotherhood of venerable trees," is probably familiar to most of my readers.[1]

Mr. Cadell brought the artist to Abbotsford, and was also I think of this Bemerside party. I must not omit to record how gratefully all Sir Walter's family felt at the time, and still remember, the delicate and watchful tenderness of Mr. Cadell's conduct on this occasion. He so managed that the Novels just finished should remain in types, but not thrown off until the author should have departed; so as to give opportunity for revising and abridging them. He might well be the bearer of cheering news as to their greater concerns, for the sale of the Magnum had, in spite of political turbulences and distractions, gone on successfully. But he probably strained a point to make things appear still better than they really were. He certainly spoke so as to satisfy his friend that he need give himself no sort of uneasiness about the pecuniary results of idleness and travel. It was about this time that we observed Sir Walter beginning to entertain the notion that his debts were paid off. By degrees, dwelling on this fancy, he believed in it fully and implicitly. It was a gross delusion — but neither Cadell nor any one else had the heart to disturb it by any formal statement of figures. It contributed greatly more than any circumstance besides to soothe Sir Walter's feelings, when it became at last necessary that he should tear himself from his land and his house, and the trees which he had nursed. And with all that was done and forborne, the hour when it came was a most heavy one.

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[1] See Scott's *Poetical Works*, Edition 1833, vol. v.

Very near the end there came some unexpected things to cast a sunset brilliancy over Abbotsford. His son, the Major, arrived with tidings that he had obtained leave of absence from his regiment, and should be in readiness to sail with his father. This was a mighty relief to us all, on Miss Scott's account as well as his, for my occupations did not permit me to think of going with him, and there was no other near connection at hand. But Sir Walter was delighted — indeed, dearly as he loved all his children, he had a pride in the Major that stood quite by itself, and the hearty approbation which looked through his eyes whenever turned on him, sparkled brighter than ever as his own physical strength decayed. Young Walter had on this occasion sent down a horse or two to winter at Abbotsford. One was a remarkably tall and handsome animal, jet black all over, and when the Major appeared on it one morning, equipped for a little sport with the greyhounds, Sir Walter insisted on being put upon Douce Davie, and conducted as far as the Cauldshiels Loch to see the day's work begun. He halted on the high bank to the north of the lake, and I remained to hold his bridle, in case of any frisk on the part of the Covenanter at the "tumult great of dogs and men." We witnessed a very pretty chase or two on the opposite side of the water — but his eye followed always the tall black steed and his rider. The father might well assure Lady Davy, that "a handsomer fellow never put foot into stirrup." But when he took a very high wall of loose stones, at which everybody else *craned*, as easily and elegantly as if it had been a puddle in his stride, the old man's rapture was extreme.

"Look at him!" said he — "only look at him! Now, is n't he a fine fellow?"— This was the last time, I believe, that Sir Walter mounted on horseback.

He does not seem to have written many farewell letters; but here is one to a very old friend, Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe. He had, apparently, subscribed for Lodge's splendid book of British Portraits, and then, receiving a copy *ex dono auctoris*,[1] sent his own numbers, as they arrived to this gentleman — a payment in kind for many courteous gifts and communications of antiquarian and genealogical interest.

TO CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE, ESQ., PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

ABBOTSFORD, September, 1831.

MY DEAR CHARLES, — I pray you to honor me with your acceptance of the last number of Mr. Lodge's Illustrious Persons. My best thanks to you for the genealogy, which completes a curious subject. I am just setting off for the Mediterranean — a singular instance of a change of luck, for I have no sooner put my damaged fortune into as good a condition as I could desire, than my health, which till now has been excellent, has failed so utterly in point of strength, that while it will not allow me to amuse myself by travelling, neither will it permit me to stay at home.

I should like to have shaken hands with you, as there are few I regret so much to part with. But it may not be. I will keep my eyes dry if possible, and therefore content myself with bidding you a long (perhaps an eternal) farewell. But I may find my way home again, improved as a Dutch skipper from a whale fishing. I am very happy that I am like to see Malta. Always yours, well or ill — WALTER SCOTT.

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[1] Sir Walter's letter to Mr. Lodge's publisher is now prefixed to that magnificent book; the circulation of which has been, to the honor of the public, so great, that I need not introduce the beautiful eulogium here.

The same deceptive notion of his pecuniary affairs comes out in another little note, the last I ever received from him at Chiefswood. I had meant to make a run into Lanarkshire for a day or two to see my own relations, and spoken of carrying my second boy, his namesake, then between five and six years of age, with me in the stage-coach. When I mentioned this over-night at Abbotsford, he said nothing — indeed he was at the moment a little cross with me for having spoken against some slip he had made on the score of his regimen. Shortly after I got home, came this billet: —

TO J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ., CHIEFSWOOD.

Dear Don or Doctor Giovanni, — Can you really be thinking of taking Wa-Wa by the coach — and I think you said outside? Think of Johnnie, and be careful of this little man. Are you *par hazard* something in the state of the poor Capitaine des Dragons that comes in singing, —

"Comment? Parbleu! Qu'en pensez vous?
Bon gentilhomme, et pas un sous."

If so, remember "Richard 's himself again," and make free use of the enclosed cheque on Cadell for £50. He will give you the ready as you pass through, and you can pay when I ask. Put horses to your carriage, and go hidalgo fashion. We shall all have good days yet.

"And those sad days you deign to spend
With me, I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send,
And thank their love in Grayling Hall."[1]

W. S.

On the 17th of September the old splendor of Abbotsford was, after a long interval, and for the last time, revived. Captain James Glencairn Burns, son of the poet, had come home on furlough from India, and Sir

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[1] See Crabbe's *Sir Eustace Grey.*

Walter invited him (with his wife, and their cicerones Mr. and Mrs. M'Diarmid of Dumfries) to spend a day under his roof. The neighboring gentry were assembled, and having his son to help him, Sir Walter did most gracefully the honors of the table. As, according to him, "a medal struck at the time, however poor, is in one respect better than any done afterwards," I insert some verses with which he was pleased, and which, I believe, express the sincere feelings with which every guest witnessed this his parting feast: —

LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE,

SEPTEMBER THE 18TH, 1831.

A day I've seen whose brightness pierced the cloud
  Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small —
A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,
  Once more within the Minstrel's blazon'd hall.

"Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;
  Let every silent clarshach find its strings;
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze;
  No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!"

From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,
  Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;
Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high
  At thought beneath His roof that guest to see!

What princely stranger comes? — what exiled lord
  From the far East to Scotia's strand returns —
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
  And "wake the Minstrel's soul"? — The boy of Burns.

O, Sacred Genius! blessing on the chains,
  Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine!
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,
  A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod the land —
  It breathes of thee — and men, through rising tears,
Behold the image of thy manhood stand,
  More noble than a galaxy of Peers.

And He — his father's bones had quaked, I ween,
  But that with holier pride his heart-strings bound,
Than if his host had King or Kaiser been,
  And star and cross on every bosom round.

High strains were pour'd of many a Border spear,
  While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,
  Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.[1]

The children sang the ballads of their sires: —
  Serene among them sat the hoary Knight;
And, if dead Bards have ears for earthly lyres,
  The Peasant's shade was near, and drank delight.

As through the woods we took our homeward way,
  Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon Hill;
Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath her ray,
  And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly rill.

Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale
  Health yet, and strength, and length of honoured days,
To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,
  And hear his children's children chant his lays.

Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,
  That bears her Poet far from Melrose' glen!
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,
  When happy breezes waft him back again!

On the 20th Mrs. Lockhart set out for London to prepare for her father's reception there, and for the outfit of his voyage; and on the following day Mr. Wordsworth and his daughter arrived from Westmoreland to take farewell of him. This was a very fortunate circumstance — nothing could have gratified Sir Walter more, or sustained him better, if he needed any support from without. On the 22d — all his arrangements being completed, and Laidlaw having received a paper of instructions, the last article of which repeats the caution to be "very careful of the dogs" — these two great poets, who had through life loved each other well, and, in spite of very different theories as to art, appreciated each other's genius more justly than inferior spirits ever did either of them, spent the morning together in a visit to Newark. Hence the last of the three poems by which Wordsworth has connected his name to all time with the most romantic of Scottish streams. But I need not transcribe a piece so well known as the Yarrow Revisited.

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[1] [More than twenty years later, Hawthorne describes in his *English Note-Books* (October 3, 1853) a meeting with James Burns, then a Major, and his elder brother, also an officer in the Indian Army, at the house of a friend in Liverpool. Major Burns was asked to give some of his father's songs, and Hawthorne says: "He sings in a perfectly simple style, so that it is little more than a recitative, and yet the effect is very good as to humor, sense, and pathos." James Glencairn Burns died in 1865, in his seventy-second year.]

Sitting that evening in the library, Sir Walter said a good deal about the singularity that Fielding and Smollett had both been driven abroad by declining health, and never returned — which circumstance, though his language was rather cheerful at this time, he had often before alluded to in a darker fashion; and Mr. Wordsworth expressed his regret that neither of those great masters of romance appeared to have been surrounded with any due marks of respect in the close of life. I happened to observe that Cervantes, on his last journey to Madrid, met with an incident which seemed to have given him no common satisfaction. Sir Walter did not remember the passage, and desired me to find it out in the life by Pellicer which was at hand, and translate it. I did so, and he listened with lively though pensive interest. Our friend Allan, the historical painter, had also come out that day from Edinburgh, and he lately told me that he remembers nothing he ever saw with so much sad pleasure as the attitudes and aspect of Scott and Wordsworth as the story went on. Mr. Wordsworth was at that time, I should notice — though indeed his noble stanzas tell it — in but a feeble state of general health. He was, moreover, suffering so much from some malady in his eyes that he wore a deep green shade over them. Thus he sat between Sir Walter and his daughter: *absit omen*—but it was no wonder that Allan thought as much of Milton as of Cervantes. The anecdote of the young student's raptures on discovering that he had been riding all day with the author of Don Quixote, is introduced in the preface for Count Robert, and Castle Dangerous, which (for I may not return to the subject) came out at the close of November in four volumes, as the Fourth Series of Tales of my Landlord.

The following Sonnet was, no doubt, composed by Mr. Wordsworth that same evening of the 22d September:[1]—

"A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of power assembled there complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred King or laurelled Conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope."

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[1] [Regarding this visit, Wordsworth writes: "On our return [from Newark] in the afternoon we had to cross the Tweed directly opposite Abbotsford. The wheels of our carriages grated upon the pebbles in the bed of the stream that there flows somewhat rapidly; a rich but sad light, of rather a purple than a golden hue, was spread over the Eildon Hills at that moment; and, thinking it probable that it might be the last time Sir Walter would cross the stream, I was not a little moved, and expressed some of my feelings in the sonnet beginning,

'A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain.'

At noon on Thursday we left Abbotsford; and in the morning of that day Sir Walter and I had a serious conversation tête-à-tête, when he spoke with gratitude of the happy life which, upon the whole, he had led. He had written in my daughter's album, before he came into the breakfast-room that morning, a few stanzas addressed to her; and while putting the book into her hand in his own study standing by his desk, he said to her in my presence, 'I should not have done anything of this kind but for your father's sake; they are probably the last verses I shall ever write.' " — Knight's *Life of Wordsworth*, vol. iii. p. 201.

Long afterward Sir Henry Taylor wrote: "In the autumn of 1831 I paid a visit to the Lakes, and after passing some time in the society of Southey and Wordsworth, it occurred to me that I ought to make an effort to see Walter Scott, . . . who might not be much longer to be seen in this world. With this view I procured myself an invitation to spend two or three days at Chiefswood. . . . I was much and mournfully impressed with Scott's manner and appearance. There was a homely dignity and a sad composure in them, which perhaps belonged to his state of health and to a consciousness that his end was not far off; and along with these there was the simplicity and singleness he must have had from nature. . . . I had brought him word that Wordsworth intended to pay him a visit, . . . and of that visit came the sonnet written on his departure. It is a sonnet which I often repeat to myself. . . . Wordsworth and Scott dwelt in regions as far apart as it was possible for men to occupy who each covered so large a space. Neither, I should think, could appreciate the other in full measure; but Scott would perhaps go nearer to a full appreciation of Wordsworth than Wordsworth of Scott; and I value the more on this account the feeling expressed in this grand valedictory sonnet." — *Autobiography of Henry Taylor*, vol. i. pp. 178–180.]

CHAPTER LXXXI

ROKEBY. — LONDON. — EPITAPH ON HELEN WALKER. — PORTSMOUTH. — VOYAGE IN THE BARHAM. — GRAHAM'S ISLAND. — LETTER TO MR. SKENE. — MALTA. — NOTES BY MRS. JOHN DAVY

1831

Early on the 23d of September, Sir Walter left Abbotsford, attended by his daughter Anne, and myself, and we reached London by easy stages on the 28th, having spent one day at Rokeby. I have nothing to mention of this journey except that, notwithstanding all his infirmities, he would not pass any object to which he had ever attached special interest, without getting out of the carriage to revisit it. His anxiety (for example) about the gigantic British or Danish effigy in the churchyard at Penrith, which we had all seen dozens of times before, seemed as great as if not a year had fled since 1797. It may be supposed that his parting with Mr. Morritt was a grave one. Finding that he had left the ring he then usually wore behind him at one of the inns on the road, he wrote to his friend to make inquiries after it, as it had been dug out of the ruins of Hermitage Castle, and probably belonged of yore to one of the "Dark Knights of Liddesdale;" and if recovered, to keep it until he should come back to reclaim it, but, in the mean time, to wear it for his sake. The ring, which is a broad belt of silver, with an angel holding the Heart of Douglas, was found, and is now worn by Mr. Morritt.

Sir Walter arrived in London in the midst of the Lords' debates on the second Reform Bill, and the ferocious demonstrations of the populace on its rejection were in part witnessed by him. He saw the houses of several of the chief Tories, and above all, that of the Duke of Wellington, shattered and almost sacked. He heard of violence offered to the persons of some of his own noble friends; and having been invited to attend the christening of the infant heir of Buccleuch, whose godfather the King had proposed to be, on a day appointed by his Majesty, he had the pain to understand that the ceremony must be adjourned, because it was not considered safe for his Majesty to visit, for such a purpose, the palace of one of his most amiable as well as illustrious peers.

The following is part of a letter which I lately received from Sir Walter's dear friend and kinsman, Mr. Scott of Gala: —

"The last time I saw Sir W. Scott was in Sussex Place, the day after he arrived from Scotland, on his way to Italy. I was prepared for a change in his appearance, but was not struck with so great a one as I had expected. He evidently had lost strength since I saw him at Abbotsford the previous autumn, but his eye was good. In his articulation, however, there was too manifest an imperfection. We conversed shortly, as may be supposed, on his health. 'Weakness,' he observed, 'was his principal complaint.' I said that I supposed he had been rather too fatigued with his journey to leave the house since his arrival. 'Oh no,' he replied, 'I felt quite able for a drive to-day, and have just come from the city. I paid a visit to my friend Whittaker to ask him for some book of travels likely to be of use to me on my expedition to the Mediterranean. Here's old Brydone accordingly, still as good a companion as any he could recommend.' 'A very agreeable one certainly,' I replied. — 'Brydone' (said he) 'was sadly failed during his latter years. Did you ever hear of his remark on his own works?' — 'Never.' — 'Why, his family usually read a little for his amusement of an evening, and on one occasion he was asked if he would like to hear some of his travels to Sicily. He assented, and seemed to listen with much pleasure for some time, but he was too far gone to continue his attention long, and starting up from a doze exclaimed, "That 's really a very amusing book, and contains many curious anecdotes — I wonder if they are all true." ' — Sir Walter then spoke of as strange a tale as any traveller could imagine — a new volcanic island, namely, which had appeared very lately — and seemed anxious to see it, 'if it would *wait* for him,' he said. The offer of a King's ship had gratified him, and he ascribed this very much to the exertions of Basil Hall: 'That curious fellow,' said he, 'who takes charge of every one's business without neglecting his own, has done a great deal for me in this matter.' — I observed that Malta would interest him much. The history of the knights, their library, etc., he immediately entered on keenly. — 'I fear I shall not be able to appreciate Italy as it deserves,' continued he, 'as I understand little of painting, and nothing of music.' — 'But there are many other subjects of interest,' I replied, 'and to you particularly — Naples, St. Elmo, Pæstum, La Montagna, Pompeii — in fact, I am only afraid you may have *too* much excitement, the bad effects of which I, as an invalid, am too well aware of.' — I had before this, from my own experience, ventured several hints on the necessity of caution with regard to over-exertion, but to these he always lent an unwilling ear.

"Sir Walter often digressed, during our conversation, to the state of the country, about which he seemed to have much anxiety. I said we had no Napoleon to frighten us into good fellowship, and from want of something to do, began fighting with each other — 'Aye,' said he, 'after conquering that Jupiter Scapin, and being at the height of glory, one would think the people might be content to sit down and eat the pudding; but no such thing.' — 'When we 've paid more of the cash it has cost, they will be more content.' — 'I doubt it: they are so flattered and courted by Government, that their appetite for power (pampered as it is) won't be easily satisfied now.' — When talking of Italy, by the way, I mentioned that at Naples he would probably find a sister of Mat. Lewis's, Lady Lushington, wife of the English consul, a pleasant family, to whom Lewis introduced me when there in 1817 *very kindly*; — 'Ah, poor Mat.!' said he; 'he never wrote anything so good as the Monk — he had certainly talents, but they would not stand much *creaming*.'

"The Forest and our *new road* (which had cost both so much consultation) were of course touched on. The foundation of one of the new bridges had been laid by him — and *this* should be *commemorated* by an inscription on it. — 'Well,' said he, 'how I should like to have a ride with you along our new road, just opposite Abbotsford — I will hope to be able for it some day.' Most heartily did I join in the wish, and could not help flattering myself it might *yet* be possible. When we parted, he shook hands with me for some time. He did so once more — but added firmly, 'Well, we'll have a ride yet, some day.' I pleased myself with the hope that he augured rightly. But on leaving him, many misgivings presented themselves; and the accounts from the Continent served but too surely to confirm these apprehensions — never more did I meet with my illustrious friend. There is reason I believe to be thankful that it was so — nothing could have been more painful than to witness the wreck of a *mind* like his."[1]

During his stay, which was till the 23d of October, Sir Walter called on many of his old friends; but he accepted of no hospitalities except breakfasting once with Sir Robert Inglis, on Clapham Common, and once or twice with Lady Gifford at Roehampton. Usually he worked a little in the morning at notes for the Magnum.

Dr. Robert Ferguson, one of the family with which Sir Walter had lived all his days in such brother-like affection, saw him constantly while he remained in the Regent's Park; and though neither the invalid nor his children could fancy any other medical advice necessary, it was only due to Ferguson that some of his seniors should be called in occasionally with him. Sir Henry Halford (whom Scott reverenced as the friend of Baillie) and Dr. Holland (an esteemed friend of his own) came accordingly; and all the three concurred in recognizing certain evidence that there was incipient disease in the brain. There were still, however, such symptoms of remaining vigor, that they flattered themselves, if their patient would submit to a total intermission of all literary labor during some considerable space of time, the malady might yet be arrested. When they left him after the first inspection, they withdrew into an adjoining room, and on soon rejoining him found, that in the interim he had wheeled his chair into a dark corner, so that he might see their faces without their being able to read his. When he was informed of the comparatively favorable views they entertained, he expressed great thankfulness; promised to obey all their directions as to diet and repose most scrupulously; and he did not conceal from them, that "he had feared insanity and feared *them*."

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[1] Mr. Scott of Gala died at Edinburgh 9th August, 1840. — (1842.)

The following are extracts from his Diary: —

[*Abbotsford, September*[1]] 1831. — I have been very ill, and if not quite unable to write, I have been unfit to do it. I have wrought, however, at two Waverley things, but not well. A total prostration of bodily strength is my chief complaint. I cannot walk half a mile. There is, besides, some mental confusion, with the extent of which I am not, perhaps, fully acquainted. I am perhaps setting. I am myself inclined to think so, and like a day that has been admired as a fine one, the light of it sets down amid mists and storms. I neither regret nor fear the approach of death, if it is coming. I would compound for a little pain instead of this heartless muddiness of mind. The expense of this journey, etc., will be considerable; yet these heavy burdens could be easily borne if I were to be the Walter Scott I once was — but the change is great. And the ruin which I fear involves that of my country. Well says Colin Mackenzie: —

> "Shall this Desolation strike thy towers alone?
> No, fair Ellandonan! such ruin 't will bring,

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[1] [This (undated) entry must have been made about the middle of September. — D. D.]

That the whirl shall have power to unsettle the throne,
And thy fate shall be link'd with the fate of thy king." [1]

[*London, October* 2.] — We arrived in London after a long journey — the weakness of my limbs palpably increasing, and the medicine prescribed making me weaker every day. Lockhart, poor fellow, is as attentive as possible, and I have, thank God, no pain whatever; could the decay but be so easy at last, it would be too happy. But I fancy the instances of Euthanasia are not in very serious cases very common. Instances there certainly are among the learned and the unlearned — Dr. Black, Tom Purdie. I should like, if it pleased God, to slip off in such a quiet way; but we must take what fate sends. I have not warm hopes of being myself again.

[Wordsworth and his daughter, a fine girl, were with us on the last day. I tried to write in her diary, and made an ill-favored botch — no help for it. "Stitches will wear, and ill ones will out," as the tailor says.]

October 12. — Lord Mahon, a very amiable as well as clever young man, comes to dinner with Mr. Croker, Lady Louisa Stuart, and Sir John Malcolm.[2] Sir John told us a story about Garrick and his wife. The lady admired her husband greatly, but blamed him for a taste for low life, and insisted that he loved better to play Scrub to a low-lifed audience than one of his superior characters before an audience of taste. On one particular occasion she was at her box in the theatre. Richard III. was the performance, and Garrick's acting, particularly in the night-scene, drew down universal applause. After the play was over, Mrs. G. proposed going home, which Garrick declined, alleging he had some business in the green-room which must detain him. In short, the lady was obliged to acquiesce, and wait the beginning of a new entertainment, in which was introduced a farmer giving his neighbors an account of the wonders seen in a visit to London. This character was received with such peals of applause that Mrs. Garrick began to think it exceeded those which had been so lately lavished on Richard the Third. At last she observed her little spaniel dog was making efforts to get towards the balcony which separated him from the facetious farmer — and then she became aware of the truth. "How strange," he said, "that a dog should know his master, and a woman, in the same circumstances, should not recognize her husband!"

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[1] See Ballad of *Ellandonan Castle* in the *Minstrelsy.* — *Poetical Works,* vol. iv. p. 361.

[2] [Sir John Malcolm's last public appearance was in London, at a meeting convened for the purpose of raising a monument of his friend Sir Walter, and his concluding words were, that when he himself "was gone, his son might be proud to say that his father had been among the contributors to that shrine of genius." Sir John was struck down by paralysis on the following day, and died May 30, 1833. — D. D.]

October 16. — A pleasant breakfast at Roehampton, where I met my good friend Lord Sidmouth. [I also met Captain Basil Hall, to whom I owe so much for promoting my retreat in so easy a manner. I found my appointment to the Barham had been pointed out by Captain Duncan, as being a measure which would be particularly agreeable to the officers of the service. This is too high a compliment.] On my way back, I called to see the repairs at Lambeth, which are proceeding under the able direction of Blore, who met me there. They are in the best Gothic taste, and executed at the expense of a large sum, to be secured by way of mortgage payable in fifty years, each incumbent within the time paying a proportion of about £4000 a year. I was pleased to see this splendor of church architecture returning again.

October 18. — Sophia had a small but lively party last night, as indeed she has had every night since we were here — Lady Stafford, Lady Louisa Stuart, Lady Montagu, Miss Montagu, Lady Davy, Mrs. Macleod, and her girls — Lord Montagu, Macleod, Lord Dudley, Rogers, Mackintosh. A good deal of singing. [If Sophia keeps to early hours she may beat London for small parties as poor Miss White did. A little address is all that is necessary.]

Sir Walter seemed to enjoy having one or two friends to meet him at dinner — and a few more in the evenings. Those named in the last entries came all of them frequently — and so did Lord Melville, the Bishop of Exeter, Lord Ashley, Sir David Wilkie, Mr. Thomas Moore, Mr. Milman, and Mr. Washington Irving. At this time the Reform Bill for Scotland was in discussion in the House of Commons. Mr. Croker made a very brilliant speech in opposition to it, and was not sorry to have it said, that he had owed his inspiration, in no small degree, to having risen from the table at which Scott sat by his side. But the most regular of the evening visitors was, I think, Sir James Mackintosh. He was himself in very feeble health; and whatever might have been the auguries of others, it struck me that there was uppermost with him at every parting the anticipation that they might never meet again. Sir James's kind assiduity was the more welcome, that his appearance banished the politics of the hour, on which his old friend's thoughts were too apt to brood. Their conversation, wherever it might begin, was sure to fasten erelong on Lochaber.

When last in Edinburgh, Scott had given his friend William Burn, architect, directions to prepare at his expense a modest monument, for the grave of Helen Walker, the original of Jeanie Deans, in the churchyard of Irongrey. Mr. Burn now informed him that the little pillar was in readiness, and on the 18th October Sir Walter sent him this beautiful inscription for it: —

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY
TO THE MEMORY
OF
HELEN WALKER,
WHO DIED IN THE YEAR OF GOD, 1791.
THIS HUMBLE INDIVIDUAL
PRACTISED IN REAL LIFE
THE VIRTUES
WITH WHICH FICTION HAS INVESTED
THE IMAGINARY CHARACTER OF
JEANIE DEANS;
REFUSING THE SLIGHTEST DEPARTURE
FROM VERACITY,
EVEN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A SISTER,
SHE NEVERTHELESS SHOWED HER
KINDNESS AND FORTITUDE,
IN RESCUING HER FROM THE SEVERITY OF THE LAW,
AT THE EXPENSE OF PERSONAL EXERTIONS
WHICH THE TIME RENDERED AS DIFFICULT
AS THE MOTIVE WAS LAUDABLE.
RESPECT THE GRAVE OF POVERTY
WHEN COMBINED WITH LOVE OF TRUTH
AND DEAR AFFECTION.

It was on this day also that he completed the preface for his forthcoming Tales; and the conclusion is so remarkable that I must copy it: —

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the Author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal Master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labors, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that —

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'"[1]

Next morning, the Honorable Captain Henry Duncan, R. N., who was at this time store-keeper of the Ordnance, and who had taken a great deal of trouble in arranging matters for the voyage, called on Sir Walter to introduce to him Captain, now Sir Hugh Pigot, the commanding officer of the Barham. The Diary says: —

October 19. Captain H. Duncan called with Captain Pigot, a smart-looking gentlemanlike man, who announces his purpose of sailing on Monday. I have made my preparations for being on board on Sunday, which is the day appointed.

Captain Duncan told me jocularly never to take a naval Captain's word on shore, and quoted Sir William Scott, who used to say waggishly, that there was nothing so accommodating on shore, but when on board, he became a peremptory lion. Henry Duncan has behaved very kindly, and says he only discharges the wishes of his service in making me as easy as possible, which is very handsome — too high a compliment for me.[1] No danger of feud, except about politics, which would be impolitic on my part, and though it bars out one great subject of discussion, it leaves enough besides. Walter arrives, ready to sail. So what little remains must be done without loss of time.

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[1] Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes.* See *ante*, vol. iii. p. 186.

I leave this country uncertain if it has got a total pardon or only a reprieve. I won't think of it, as I can do no good. It seems to be in one of those crises by which Providence reduces nations to their original elements. If I had my health, I should take no worldly fee, not to be in the bustle; but I am as weak as water, and I shall be glad when I have put the Mediterranean between the island and me.

October 23. — Misty morning — looks like a yellow fog, which is the curse of London. I would hardly take my share of it for a share of its wealth and its curiosity — a vile double-distilled fog, of the most intolerable kind. Children scarce stirring yet, but Baby and the Macaw beginning their Macaw notes —

Dr. Ferguson found Sir Walter with this page of his Diary before him, when he called to pay his farewell visit.

"As he was still working at his MSS.," says the Doctor, "I offered to retire, but was not permitted. On my saying I had come to take leave of him before he quitted England, he exclaimed, with much excitement: 'England is no longer a place for an honest man. I shall not live to find it so; you may.' He then broke out into the details of a very favorite superstition of his, that the middle of every century had always been marked by some great convulsion or calamity in this island. Already the state of politics preyed much on his mind — and indeed that continued to form a part of the delirious dreams of his last illness. On the whole, the alterations which had taken place in his mind and person since I had seen him, three years before, were very apparent. The expression of the countenance and the play of features were changed by slight palsy of one cheek. His utterance was so thick and indistinct as to make it very difficult for any but those accustomed to hear it, to gather his meaning. His gait was less firm and assured than ever; but his power of self-command, his social tact, and his benevolent courtesy, the habits of a life, remained untouched by a malady which had obscured the higher powers of his intellect."

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[1] The Hon. Captain Duncan, youngest son of Lord Duncan, received the honor of Knighthood in 1834, and died in November, 1835, aged 49.

After breakfast, Sir Walter, accompanied by his son and both his daughters, set off for Portsmouth; and Captain Basil Hall had the kindness to precede them by an early coach, and prepare everything for their reception at the hotel. They expected that the embarkation would take place next day, and the captain had considered that his professional tact and experience might be serviceable, which they were eminently. In changing horses at Guilford, Sir Walter got out of his carriage, and very narrowly escaped being run over by a stage-coach. Of all "the habits of a life," none clung longer to him than his extreme repugnance to being helped in anything. It was late before he came to lean, as a matter of course, when walking, upon any one but Tom Purdie; and the reader will see, in the sequel, that this proud feeling, coupled with increasing tendency to abstraction of mind, often exposed him to imminent hazard.

The Barham could not sail for a week. During this interval, Sir Walter scarcely stirred from his hotel, being unwilling to display his infirmities to the crowd of gazers who besieged him whenever he appeared. He received, however, deputations of the literary and scientific societies of the town, and all other visitors, with his usual ease and courtesy: and he might well be gratified with the extraordinary marks of deference paid him by the official persons who could in any way contribute to his ease and comfort. The first Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham, and the Secretary, Sir John Barrow, both appeared in person, to ascertain that nothing had been neglected for his accommodation on board the frigate. The Admiral, Sir Thomas Foley, placed his barge at his disposal; the Governor, Sir Colin Campbell, and all the chief officers, naval and military, seemed to strive with each other in attention to him and his companions. In Captain Hall's Third Series of Fragments of Voyages and Travels (vol. iii. p. 280), some interesting details have long since been made public.[1] But it may be suffi-

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[1] [Captain Hall devotes the final chapter of this book to Sir Walter's week in Portsmouth. This close observer at once perceived the reluctance with which Scott had agreed to undertake the journey, and the small hope he had of amendment; but he had now made up his mind to the inevitable evil — for so he considered it — of leaving home, and his spirits had recovered something of their wonted elasticity. "Nothing could be more good-natured than the manner in which he allowed himself to be made the lion. . . . Every mortal that could by any means get an introduction, and some even without, paid their respects. He declined seeing no one, and never showed anything but the most cordial good-will, even to those who came professedly to see the show. One day an old acquaintance of mine, a seaman of the name of Bailey, the admiral's messenger, after much excuse-making, asked whether it were possible for him to get a sight of Sir Walter Scott, 'in order to hear him speak.' Nothing, I told him, was more easy, for when as usual he brought the letters, he had only to say that he wished to deliver them in person. . . . When the honest fellow's wishes were explained, Sir Walter desired him to be sent up, and, shaking hands with him, said, 'I hope you are satisfied now you have heard me speak.'

"'I sent three men off yesterday, sir,' said Bailey, 'to enter for the Barham — all because you are going in her.' . . .

"'That's something of a compliment,' said Sir Walter later, 'but a greater honor to my celebrity was paid by a fishmonger in London last week.'" This man was applied to by a servant of Mrs. Lockhart, for a certain kind of fish, but it being late in the day, there was none left. But on finding who it was wanted for, the fishmonger said that altered the matter, and if a bit was to be had in London for love or money it should be at Sir Walter Scott's disposal. The man himself actually walked up with the fish all the distance from Billingsgate to the Regent's Park. "'Now,' said Sir Walter, 'if that is not substantial literary reputation, I know not what is.'"

It may be added that in these last interviews, Captain Hall spoke often to Sir Walter of the different novels, a subject upon which he had now no objection to converse; and when the Captain said that he regarded himcient to say here, that had Captain Pigot and his gallant shipmates been appointed to convey a Prince of the Blood and his suite, more generous, anxious, and delicate exertions could not have been made, either in altering the interior of the vessel, so as to meet the wants of the passengers, or afterwards, throughout the voyage, in rendering it easy, comfortable, and, as far as might be, interesting and amusing.

I subjoin an extract or two from the Diary at Portsmouth, which show how justly Dr. Ferguson has been describing Sir Walter as in complete possession of all the qualities that endeared him to society: —

October 24. — The girls break loose — mad with the craze of seeing sights — and run the risk of deranging the naval officers, who offer their services with their natural gallantry. I wish they would be moderate in their demands on people's complaisance. They little know how inconvenient are such seizures. A sailor in particular is a bad refuser, and before he can turn three times round, he is bound by a triple knot to all sorts of nonsense.

October 27. — The girls, I regret to see, have got a senseless custom of talking politics in all weathers, and in all sorts of company. This can do no good, and may give much offence. Silence can offend no one, and there are pleasanter or less irritating subjects to talk of. I gave them both a hint of this, and bid them remember they were among ordinary strangers. How little young people reflect what they may win or lose by a smart reflection imprudently fired off at a venture!

On the morning of the 29th, the wind at last changed, and the Barham got under weigh.

self as most fortunate in having become the possessor of the original manuscript of *The Antiquary,* Scott returned, "I am glad you feel so, for it is the one I like best."]

After a few days, when they had passed the Bay of Biscay, Sir Walter ceased to be annoyed with sea-sickness, and sat most of his time on deck, enjoying apparently the air, the scenery, and above all the ship itself, the beautiful discipline practised in all things, and the martial exercises of the men. In Captain Pigot, Lieutenant Walker, the physician Dr. Liddell, and I believe in many others of the officers, he had highly intelligent, as well as polished companions. The course was often altered, for the express purpose of giving him a glimpse of some famous place; and it was only the temptation of a singularly propitious breeze that prevented a halt at Algiers.[1]

On the 20th November they came upon that remarkable phenomenon, the sudden creation of a submarine volcano, which bore, during its very brief date, the name of Graham's Island. Four months had elapsed since it "arose from out the azure main" — and in a few days more it disappeared. "Already," as Dr. Davy says,

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[1] [The Journal was kept with great regularity during the voyage, though the earlier entries are brief. On November 13, Sir Walter writes: "The wind continues unaccommodating, . . . we promised ourselves to have seen Gibraltar, or at least Tangiers, this morning, but we are disappointed of both. Tangiers reminded me of my old antiquarian friend Auriol Hay Drummond, who is Consul there. Certainly if a human voice could have made its hail heard through a league or two of contending wind and wave, it must have been Auriol Drummond's. . . . He had a sort of avarice of proper names, and, besides half a dozen which were his legitimately, he had a claim to be called *Garvadh*, which uncouth appellation he asserted, on no very good authority, to be the ancient name of the Hays — a tale. I loved him dearly; he had high spirits, a zealous faith, good-humor, and enthusiasm, and it grieves me that I must pass within ten miles of him and leave him unsaluted; for mercy-a-ged what a yell of gratitude would there be! I would put up with a good rough gale which would force us into Tangiers and keep us there for a week, but the wind is only in gentle opposition, like a well-drilled spouse. Gibraltar we shall see this evening; Tangiers becomes out of the question. . . .

"I begin to ask myself, Do I feel any symptoms of getting better from the climate, — which is delicious, — and I cannot reply with the least consciousness of certainty, . . . but I write easier and my spirits are better. The difficulty will be to abstain from working hard, but we will try." — *Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 432, 433.]

"its crumbling masses were falling to pieces from the pressure of the hand or foot."[1] Yet nothing could prevent Sir Walter from landing on it — and in a letter of the following week he thus describes his adventure; — the Barham had reached Malta on the 22d.

TO JAMES SKENE, ESQ., OF RUBISLAW, EDINBURGH.

MALTA, November 25, 1831.

MY DEAR SKENE, — Our habits of non-correspondence are so firmly established, that it must be a matter of some importance that sets either of us a-writing to the other. As it has been my lot to see the new volcano, called Graham's Island, either employed in establishing itself, or more likely in decomposing itself — and as it must be an object of much curiosity to many of our brethren of the Royal Society, I have taken it into my head that even the very imperfect account which I can give of a matter of this extraordinary kind may be in some degree valued. Not being able to borrow your fingers, those of the Captain's clerk have been put in requisition for the enclosed sketch, and the notes adjoined are as accurate as can be expected from a hurried visit. You have a view of the island, very much as it shows at present; but nothing is more certain than that it is on the eve of a very important change, though in what respect is doubtful. I saw a portion of about five or six feet in height give way under the feet of one of our companions on the very ridge of the southern corner, and become completely annihilated, giving us some anxiety for the fate of our friend, till the dust and confusion of the dispersed pinnacle had subsided. You know my old talents for horsemanship. Finding the earth, or what seemed a substitute for it, sink at every step up to the knee, so as to make walking for an infirm and heavy man nearly impossible, I mounted the shoulders of an able and willing seaman, and by dint of his exertions rode nearly to the top of the island. I would have given a great deal for you, my friend, the frequent and willing supplier of my defects; but on this journey, though undertaken late in life, I have found, from the benevolence of my companions, that when one man's strength was insufficient to supply my deficiencies, I had the willing aid of twenty if it could be useful. I have sent you one of the largest blocks of lava which I could find on the islet, though small pieces are innumerable. We found two dolphins, killed apparently by the hot temperature, and the body of a robin redbreast, which seemingly had come off from the nearest land, and starved to death on the islet, where it had neither found food nor water. Such had been the fate of the first attempt to stock the island with fish and fowl. On the south side, the volcanic principle was still apparently active. The perpetual bubbling up from the bottom produces a quantity of steam, which rises all around the base of the island, and surrounds it as with a cloak when seen from a distance. Most of these appearances struck the other gentlemen, I believe, as well as myself; but a gentleman who has visited the rock repeatedly, is of opinion that it is certainly increasing in magnitude. Its decrease in height may be consistent with the increase of its more level parts, and even its general appearance above water; for the ruins which crumble down from the top, are like to remain at the bottom of the ridge of the rock, add to the general size of the islet, and tend to give the ground firmness.

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[1] *Philosophical Transactions*, May, 1834, p. 552.

The gales of this new-born island are anything but odoriferous. Brimstone, and such like, are the prevailing savors, to a degree almost suffocating. Every hole dug in the sand is filled with boiling water, or what was nearly such. I cannot help thinking that the great ebullition in the bay is the remains of the original crater, now almost filled up, yet still showing that some extraordinary operations are going on in the subterranean regions.

If you think, my dear Skene, that any of these trifling particulars concerning this islet can interest our friends, you are free to communicate them either to the Society or to the Club, as you judge most proper. — I have just seen James[1] in full health; but he vanished like a guilty thing, when, forgetting that I was a contraband commodity, I went to shake him by the hand, which would have cost him ten days' imprisonment, I being at present in quarantine.

We saw an instance of the strictness with which this law is observed: In entering the harbor, a seaman was pushed from our yard-arm. He swam strongly, notwithstanding the fall, but the Maltese boats, of which there were several, tacked from him, to avoid picking him up, and an English boat, which did take the poor man in, was condemned to ten days' imprisonment, to reward the benevolence of the action. It is in the capacity of quarantine prisoners that we now inhabit the decayed chambers of a magnificent old Spanish palace, which resembles the pantaloons of the Don in his youth, a world too wide for his shrunk shanks. But you know Malta, where there is more magnificence than comfort, though we have met already many friends, and much kindness.

My best compliments to Mrs. Skene, to whom I am bringing a fairy cup made out of a Nautilus shell — the only one which I found entire on Graham's Island; the original owner had suffered shipwreck. — I beg to be respectfully remembered to all friends of the Club. — Yours ever, with love to your fireside,

Walter Scott.[2]

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[1] James Henry Skene, Esq., a son of Sir W.'s correspondent, was then a young officer on duty at Malta.

[2] [James Skene of Rubislaw died at Frewen Hall, Oxford, November 27, 1864, in his ninetieth year. His faculties remained unimpaired throughout his serene and beautiful old age, until the end was very near; — then one evening his daughter found him with a look of inexpressible delight on his face, when he said to her: "I have had such a great pleasure! Scott has been here — he came from a long distance to see me, he has been sitting with me at the fireside talking over our happy recollections of the

At Malta Sir Walter found several friends of former days, besides young Skene. The Right Honorable John Hookham Frere had been resident there for several years, as he still continues, the captive of the enchanting climate and the romantic monuments of the old chivalry.[1] Sir John Stoddart, the Chief Judge of the island, had known the Poet ever since the early days of Lasswade and Glenfinlas; and the Lieutenant-Governor, Colonel Seymour Bathurst, had often met him under the roof of his father, the late Earl Bathurst. Mrs. Bathurst's distinguished uncle, Sir William Alexander, some time Lord Chief-Baron of England, happened also to be then visiting her. Captain Dawson, husband to Lord Kinnedder's eldest daughter, was of the garrison, and Sir Walter felt as if he were about to meet a daughter of his own in the Euphemia Erskine who had so often sat upon his knee. She immediately joined him, and insisted on being allowed to partake his quarantine. Lastly, Dr. John Davy, the brother of his illustrious friend, was at the head of the medical staff; and this gentleman's presence was welcome indeed to the Major and Miss Scott, as well as to their father, for he had already begun to be more negligent as to his diet, and they dreaded his removal from the skilful watch of Dr. Liddell. Various letters, and Sir Walter's Diary (though hardly legible), show that he inspected with curiosity the knightly antiquities of La Valetta, the church and monuments of St. John, the deserted palaces and libraries of the heroic brotherhood; and the reader will find that, when he imprudently resumed the pen of romance, the subject he

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past." Two or three days later he followed his well-loved friend into the unseen world, — gently and calmly like a child falling asleep he passed away in perfect peace. — D. D.]

[1] See the charming *Epistle in Rhyme, from William Stewart Rose at Brighton, to John Hookham Frere at Malta*, published with some other pieces in 1835. [Mr. Frere never returned to England. He died at Malta, January 7, 1846, in his seventy-seventh year. His and Sir Walter's friend, William Stewart Rose, died April 30, 1843.]

selected was from their annals. He enjoyed also the society of the accomplished persons I have been naming, and the marks of honor lavished on him by the inhabitants, both native and English.

Here he saw much of a Scotch lady, with many of whose friends and connections he had been intimate — Mrs. John Davy, the daughter of a brother advocate, the late Mr. Archibald Fletcher, whose residence in Edinburgh used to be in North Castle Street, within a few doors of "poor 39." This lady has been so good as to entrust me with a few pages of her "Family Journal;" and I am sure the reader will value a copy of them more than anything else I could produce with respect to Sir Walter's brief residence at Malta: —

"Before the end of November," says Mrs. Davy, "a great sensation was produced in Malta, as well it might, by the arrival of Sir Walter Scott. He came here in the Barham, a frigate considered the very beauty of the fleet — 'a perfect ship,' as Sir Pulteney Malcolm used to say, and in the highest discipline. In her annals it may now be told that she carried the most gifted, certainly the most popular author of Europe, into the Mediterranean; but it was amusing to see that the officers of the ship thought the great minstrel and romancer must gain more addition to his fame from having been a passenger on board the Barham, than they or *she* could possibly receive even from having taken on board such a guest. Our Governor, Sir F. Ponsonby, had not returned from a visit to England when this arrival took place, but orders had been received that all manner of attention should be paid; that a house, carriage, horses, etc., should be placed at Sir Walter's disposal; and all who thought they had the smallest right to come forward on the occasion, or even a decent pretence for doing so, were eager to do him honor according to their notions and means.

"On account of cholera then prevailing in England, a quarantine was at this time enforced here on all who came from thence; but instead of driving Sir Walter to the ordinary lazaretto, some good apartments were prepared at Fort Manuel for him and his family to occupy for the appointed time, I believe nine days. He there held a daily levee to receive the numerous visitors who waited on him; and I well remember, on accompanying Colonel and Mrs. Bathurst and Sir William Alexander to pay their first visit, how the sombre landing-place of the Marsa Muscet (the quarantine harbor), under the heavy bastion that shelters it on the Valetta side, gave even then tokens of an illustrious arrival, in the unusual number of boats and bustle of parties setting forth to, or returning from Fort Manuel, on the great business of the day. But even in the case of one whom all 'delighted to honor,' a quarantine visit is a notably uncomfortable thing; and when our little procession had marched up several broad flights of steps, and we found ourselves on a landing-place having a wide doorway opposite to us, in which sat Sir Walter — his daughter, Major Scott, and Mrs. Dawson standing behind — and a stout bar placed across some feet in front of them, to keep us at the legal distance — I could not but repent having gone to take part in a ceremony so formal and wearisome to all concerned. Sir Walter rose, but seemed to do it with difficulty, and the paralytic fixed look of his face was most distressing. We all walked up to the bar, but there stood very like culprits, and no one seemed to know who was to speak first. Sir W. Alexander, however, accustomed of old to discourse from the bar, or charge from the bench, was beyond question the proper person — so, after a very little hesitation, he began and made a neat speech, expressing our hopes that Sir Walter would sojourn at Malta as long as possible. Sir Walter replied very simply and courteously in his natural manner, but his articulation was manifestly affected, though not I think quite so much so as his expression of face. He wore trousers of the Lowland small-checked plaid, and sitting with his hands crossed over the top of a shepherd's-looking staff, he was very like the picture painted by Leslie, and engraved for one of the Annuals, — but when he spoke, the varied expression, that used quite to redeem all heaviness of features, was no longer to be seen. Our visit was short, and we left Mr. Frere with him at the bar on our departure. He came daily to see his friend, and passed more of his quarantine-time with him than any one else. We were told, that between Mr. Frere's habitual absence of mind, and Sir Walter's natural Scotch desire to shake hands with him at every meeting, it required all the vigilance of the attendant genii of the place, to prevent Mr. F. from being put into quarantine along with him.

"Sir Walter did not accept the house provided for him by the Governor's order, nor any of the various private houses which, to Miss Scott's great amusement, were urgently proffered for his use by their owners — but established himself, during his stay, at Beverley's Hotel, in Strada Ponente. Our house was immediately opposite to this one, divided by a very narrow street; and I well remember, when watching his arrival on the day he took Pratique, hearing the sound of his voice as he chatted sociably to Mr. Greig (the inspector of quarantine), on whose arm he leaned while walking from the carriage to the door of his hotel — it seemed to me that I had hardly heard so homelike a sound in this strange land, or one that so took me back to Edinburgh and our own North Castle Street, where, in passing him as he walked up or down with a friend, I had heard it before so often. Nobody was at hand at the moment for me to show him to but an English maid, who, not having my Scotch interest in the matter, only said, when I tried to enlighten her as to the event of his arrival: 'Poor old gentleman, how ill he looks.' It showed how sadly a little while must have changed him; for when I had seen him last in Edinburgh, perhaps five or six years before, no one would have thought of calling him an 'old gentleman.' At one or two dinner-parties, at which we saw him within the week of his arrival, he did not seem at all animated in conversation, and retired soon; for he seemed resolutely prudent as to keeping early hours; though he was unfortunately careless as to what he ate or drank, especially the latter — and, I fear, obstinate when his daughter attempted to regulate his diet.

"A few days after his arrival in Malta, he accepted an invitation from the garrison to a *ball* — an odd kind of honor to bestow on a man of letters suffering from paralytic illness, but extremely characteristic of the taste of this place. It was, I believe, well got up, under the direction of the usual master of Malta ceremonies, Mr. Walker, an officer of artillery; and everything was done that the said officer and his colleagues could do to give it a sentimental, if not a literary caste. The decorations were laboriously appropriate. Sir Walter entered (having been received at the door by a deputation of the dignitaries of the island) to the sound of Scotch music; and as it was held in the great room of the Auberge de Provence, formerly one of the festal halls of the Knights of Malta, it was not a bad scene — if such a gayety was to be inflicted at all.

"A day or two afterwards, we gladly accepted an invitation brought to us by Miss Scott, to dine quietly with him and two or three officers of the Barham at his hotel; and I thought the day of this dining so *white* a one as to mark it especially in a little note-book the same evening. I see it stands dated December the 4th, and the little book says, 'Dined and spent the evening of this day with Sir Walter Scott.' We had only met him before at large dinner-parties. At home, he was very much more happy, and more inclined to talk. Even now, his conversation has many characteristics of his writings. There is the same rich felicitous quotation from favorite writers, — the same happy introduction of old traditionary stories — Scotch ones especially — in a manner as easy, and evidently quite unprepared. The coming in of a young midshipman, a cousin of his (Scott by name), to join the party, gave occasion to his telling the story of 'Muckle-Mouthed Meg,'[1] and to his describing the tragi-comical picture drawn from that story by Mr. C. K. Sharpe, which I remembered to have seen at Abbotsford. At dinner, he spoke a good deal of Tom Sheridan, after telling a *bon mot* of his in illustration of something that was said; and seemed amused at a saying of Mr. Smyth (of Cambridge), respecting that witty and volatile pupil of his, — 'that it was impossible to put knowledge into him, try it as you might.' — 'Just,' said Sir Walter, 'like a trunk that you are trying to over-pack, but it won't do — the things start out in your face.' On joining us in the drawing-room after dinner, Sir Walter was very animated, spoke much of Mr. Frere,[2] and of his remarkable success, when quite a boy, in the translation of a Saxon ballad.[1] This led him to ballads in general, and he greatly lamented his friend Mr. Frere's heresy in not esteeming highly enough that of 'Hardyknute.' He admitted that it was not a veritable old ballad, but 'just old enough,' and a noble imitation of the best style. In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations, he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the Romances of the Cid (published in the Appendix to Southey's quarto), and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described, as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to 'suit the action to the word.' Miss Scott says she has not seen him so animated, so like himself, since he came to Malta, as on this evening.

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[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. p. 61.

[2] [In the Diary for November 26, Sir Walter says: "Visited my old and much respected friend, Mr. John Hookham Frere, and was much gratified to see him the same man I had always known him, — perhaps a little indolent; but that 's not much. A good Tory as ever, when the love of many is waxed cold." Two days later he writes: "Visited Frere at Sant' Antonio; a beautiful place with a splendid garden, which Mr. Frere will never tire of, unless some of his family come to carry him home by force." — *Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 446, 447.]

"*Sunday Morning, December* 5, (as my said little note-book proceeds to record), — Sir Walter spent chiefly in St. John's Church, the beautiful temple and burying-place of the knights, and there he was much pleased and interested. On Monday, the 6th, he dined at the Chief-Justice, Sir John Stoddart's, when I believe he partook too freely of porter and champagne for one in his invalid state. On Tuesday morning (the 7th), on looking from one of our windows across the street, I observed him sitting in an easy-chair in the parlor of his hotel, a book in his hand, and apparently reading attentively: — his window was wide open, and I remember wishing much for the power of making a picture of him just as he sat. But about eleven o'clock Miss Scott came over to me, looking much frightened, and saying that she feared he was about to have another paralytic attack. He had, she said, been rather confused in mind the day before, and the dinner-party had been too much for him. She had observed that on trying to answer a note from the Admiral that morning, he had not been able to form a letter on the paper, and she thought he was now sitting in a sort of stupor. She begged that Dr. Davy would visit him as soon as possible, and that I would accompany him, so that he might not suppose it a *medical* visit, for to all such he had an utter objection. I sent for Dr. D. instantly, and the moment he returned we went together to the hotel. We found Sir Walter sitting near a fire, dressed, as I had seen him just before, in a large silk dressing-gown, his face a good deal flushed, and his eyes heavy. He rose, however, as I went up to him, and, addressing me by my mother's name, 'Mrs. Fletcher,' asked kindly whether I was quite recovered from a little illness I had complained of the day before, and then walked to a table on the other side of the room, to look at some views of the new Volcano in the Mediterranean, which, by way of apology for our early visit, we had carried with us. With these he seemed pleased; but there was great indistinctness in his manner of speaking. He soon after sat down, and began, of his own accord, to converse with Dr. Davy on the work he was then engaged in — the Life of Sir Humphry — saying that he was truly glad he was thus engaged, as he did not think justice had been done to the character of his friend by Dr. Paris. In speaking of the scientific distinction attained by Sir Humphry, he said, 'I hope, Dr. Davy, your mother lived to see it, there must have been such great pleasure in that to her.' We both remember with much interest this kindly little observation; and it was but one of many that dropt from him as naturally at the different times we met, showing that, 'fallen' as 'the mighty' was, and 'his weapons of war perished,' the springs of fancy dried up, and memory on most subjects much impaired, his sense of the value of home-bred worth and affection was in full force. His way of mentioning 'my son Charles, poor fellow,' whom he was longing to meet at Naples, or 'my own Tweedside,' — which in truth he seemed to lament ever having quitted, — was often really affecting. Our visit together on this morning was of course short, but Dr. Davy saw him repeatedly in the course of the same day. Leeches were applied to his head, and though they did not give immediate relief to his uncomfortable sensations, he was evidently much better next morning, and disposed to try a drive into the country. Some lameness having befallen one of the horses provided for his use, I, at his request, ordered a little open carriage of ours to the door about twelve o'clock, and prepared to accompany him to St. Antonio, a garden residence of the Governor's, about two miles from Valetta, then occupied by Mr. Frere, whose own house at the Pietà was under repair. It was not without fear and trembling I undertook this little drive — not on account of the greatness of my companion, for assuredly he was the most humane of lions, but I feared he might have some new seizure of illness, and that I should be very helpless to him in such a case. I proposed that Dr. D. should go instead; but, like most men when they are ill or unhappy, he preferred having *womankind* about him, — said he would 'like *Mrs.* Davy better;' so I went. The notices of his 'carriage talk' I give exactly as I find them noted down the day after — omitting only the story of Sir H. Davy and the Tyrolese rifle, which I put on record separately for my husband, for insertion in his book.[1]

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[1] See *ante*, vol. ii. pp. 141, 142.

"My little note-book of December 9 says, — The day was very beautiful, (like a good English day about the end of May), and the whole way in going to St. Antonio he was cheerful, and inclined to talk on any matter that was suggested. He admired the streets of Valetta much as we passed through them, noticing particularly the rich effect of the carved stone balconies, and the images of saints at every corner, saying several times, 'This town is really quite like a dream.' Something (suggested, I believe, by the appearances of Romish superstition on all sides of us) brought him to speak of the Irish — of whose native character he expressed a high opinion; and spoke most feelingly of the evil fate that seemed constantly to attend them. Some link from this subject (I do not exactly know what, for the rattling progress of our little vehicle over ill-paved ways, and his imperfect utterance together, made it difficult to catch all his words) brought to his recollection a few fine lines from O'Connor's Child, in the passage, —

'And ranged, as to the judgment seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round,' —

which he repeated with his accustomed energy, and then went on to speak of Campbell, whom, as a poet, he honors. On my saying something of Campbell's youth at the publication of his first poem, he said, 'Ay, he was very young — but he came out at once, ye may say, like the Irish rebels, a hundred thousand strong.'

"There was no possibility of admiring the face of the country as we drove along after getting clear of the city gates; but

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[1] See Dr. Davy's Memoirs of his brother, vol. i. p. 506, for the account of Speckbacker's rifle, now in the Armory at Abbotsford.

I was pleased to see how refreshing the air seemed to Sir Walter — and perhaps this made him go back, as he did, to his days of long walks, over moss and moor, which he told me he had often traversed at the rate of five-and-twenty miles a day, with a gun on his shoulder. He snuffed with great delight the perfume of the new oranges, which hung thickly on each side as we drove up the long avenue to the court-yard, or stable-yard rather, of St. Antonio — and was amused at the Maltese untidiness of two or three pigs running at large under the trees. 'That 's just like my friend Frere,' he said — 'quite content to let pigs run about in his orange-groves.' We did not find Mr. Frere at home, and therefore drove back without waiting. Among some other talk, in returning, he spoke with praise of Miss Ferrier as a novelist, and then with still higher praise of Miss Austen. Of the latter he said, 'I find myself every now and then with one of her books in my hand. There 's a finishing-off in some of her scenes that is really quite above everybody else. And there 's that Irish lady, too — but I forget everybody's name now' —— 'Miss Edgeworth,' I said — 'Ay, Miss Edgeworth — she 's *very* clever, and best in the little touches too. I 'm sure, in that children's story' — (he meant Simple Susan) — 'where the little girl parts with her lamb, and the little boy brings it back to her again, there 's nothing for it but just to put down the book, and cry.' — A little afterwards he said, 'Do you know Moore? — he 's a charming fellow, — a perfect gentleman in society; — to use a sporting phrase, there 's no kick in his gallop.'

"As we drew near home, I thought him somewhat fatigued, — he was more confused than at first in his recollection of names, — and we drove on without saying anything. But I shall not forget the kindly good-humor with which he said, in getting out at his hotel door, 'Thank ye for your kindness — your charity, I may say — to an old lame man — farewell!' He did not seem the worse of this little exertion this day; but, thenceforward, was prudent in refusing all dinner invitations.

"On Friday (December 10), he went, in company with Mr. Frere, to see Citta Vecchia. I drove over with a lady friend to meet them at the church there. Sir Walter seemed pleased with what was shown him, but was not animated. —

On Saturday, the 11th, he drove out twice to see various things in Valetta. — On Monday morning the 13th, I saw him for the last time, when I called to take leave of Miss Scott. Dr. Davy accompanied him, in the course of the following morning, to see Strada Stretta — the part of the city in which he had been told the young Knights of Malta used to fight their duels, when such affairs occurred. In quitting the street, Sir Walter looked round him earnestly, and said, 'It will be hard if I cannot make something of this.' On that day, Tuesday morning, December 14, he and his party went again on board the Barham, and sailed for Naples."

CHAPTER LXXXII

RESIDENCE AT NAPLES. — EXCURSIONS TO PÆSTUM, POMPEII, ETC. — LAST ATTEMPTS IN ROMANCE. — SIR WILLIAM GELL'S MEMORANDA

1831–1832

On the 17th of December, the Barham reached Naples, and Sir Walter found his son Charles ready to receive him. The quarantine was cut short by the courtesy of the King of Naples, and the travellers established themselves in an apartment of the Palazzo Caramanico.[1]

Here again the British Minister, Mr. Hill (now Lord Berwick), and the English nobility and gentry then residing in Naples, did whatever kindness and respect could suggest for Sir Walter; nor were the natives, and their visitants from foreign countries, less attentive. The Marquis of Hertford, the Hon. Keppel Craven, the Hon. William Ashley and his Lady, Sir George Talbot, the venerable Matthias (author of The Pursuits of Literature), Mr. Auldjo (celebrated for his ascent of Mont Blanc), and Dr. Hogg, a medical gentleman, who has since published an account of his travels in the East — appear to have, in their various ways, contributed whatever they could to his comfort and amusement. But the person of whom he saw most was the late Sir William Gell, who had long been condemned to live in Italy by ailments and infirmities not dissimilar to his own.[1] Sir William, shortly after Sir Walter's death, drew up a memoir of their intercourse, which will, I believe, be considered as sufficient for this period.

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[1] [The Diary records the arrival at Naples on the 17th, "where we were detained for quarantine, whence we were not dismissed till the day before Christmas. I saw Charles, to my great joy, and agreed to dine with his master, Right Hon. Mr. Hill, resolving it should be my first and last engagement at Naples. . . . It is insisted that my arrival has been a signal for the greatest eruption from Vesuvius which that mountain has favored us with for many a day. I can only say, as the Frenchman said of the comet supposed to foretell his own death, '*Ah, messieurs, la comète me fait trop d'honneur.*' . . .

'Naples, thou 'rt a gallant city,
But thou hast been dearly bought' —

So is King Alphonso made to sum up the praises of this princely town, with the losses which he had sustained in making himself master of it. I look on it with something of the same feelings, . . . when I recall Lady Northampton, Lady Abercorn, and other friends much beloved who have met their death in or near this city." — *Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 450, 452.]

Before I introduce it, however, I may notice that Sir Walter, whenever he appeared at the Neapolitan Court, which he did several times, wore the uniform of a brigadier-general in the ancient Body-Guard of Scotland — a dress of light green, with gold embroidery, assigned to those *Archers* by George IV. at the termination of his northern progress in 1822. I have observed this circumstance alluded to with a sort of sneer. The truth is, Sir Walter had ordered the dress for the christening of the young Buccleuch; but at any rate, the machinery now attached to his lame limb would have made it impossible for him to appear in breeches and stockings, as was then imperative on civilians.

Further, it was on the 16th of January that Sir Walter received the intelligence of his grandson's death.[2] His

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[1] Sir William Gell died at Naples in February, 1836, aged 59.

[2] [" On December 15, 1831, Lockhart wrote to his father: 'It has this day pleased Almighty God to release our poor boy from his long sufferings. His end was not painful; and as hope had for years been dead within us, we have, besides a natural pang, no feeling so strong as that of thankfulness to the Merciful Dispenser of all things. . . . God bless you all. My dearest mother will not expect a longer letter.' "

Even in earlier years, when hope still lived, " in all the correspondence of Mrs. Lockhart when she and her husband were separated for a time, it is easy to read that the child had never a chance of even a moderately long and healthy life. His pains, his coughs, his fevered nights are again and again the melancholy burden of her letters, and Lockhart's intense anxiety

Diary of that date has simply these words: "[A piece of intelligence certainly to be expected, but now it has come, afflicts us much.] Poor Johnny Lockhart! The boy is gone, whom we have made so much of.[1] I could not have borne it better than I now do, and I might have borne it much worse.

"I went one evening to the Opera to see this amusement in its birthplace, which is now so widely received over Europe."[2]

At first Sir Walter busied himself chiefly about forming a collection of Neapolitan and Sicilian ballads and broadsides; and Mr. Matthias seems to have been at much pains in helping this. But alas, ere he had been long in Naples, he began, in spite of all remonstrances, to give several hours every morning to the composition of a new novel, The Siege of Malta; and during his stay he nearly finished both this and a shorter tale, entitled Bizarro. He also relaxed more and more in his obedience to the regimen of his physicians, and thus applied a twofold stimulus to his malady.

Neither of these novels will ever, I hope, see the light; but I venture to give the foundation of the shorter one, as nearly as I can decipher it from the author's Diary, of which it occupies some of the last pages.

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demanded letters almost every day." — Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii. pp. 63, 74.]

[1] ["The bird is dead
That we have made so much on."
Cymbeline, Act IV. Scene 2.

This is not the first time that these words were connected with the thought of the dearly loved grandson. In writing to Lady Louisa Stuart, in the sad spring of 1826, Sir Walter, full of anxiety about "the sweet little boy," feels that it will not be long before

"the bird is flown
That we have made so much of."
(See *Selections from the Manuscripts of Lady L. Stuart*, p. 223.)]

[2] [Sir Walter goes on to say something of the superb Opera House, its audience, and the performance, which naturally fatigued much more than it interested him. See *Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 457, 458.]

DEATH OF IL BIZARRO.

"This man was called, from his wily but inexorable temper, Il Bizarro. He was captain of a gang of banditti, whom he governed by his own authority, till he increased them to 1000 men, both on foot and horseback, whom he maintained in the mountains of Calabria, between the French and Neapolitans, both of which he defied, and pillaged the country. High rewards were set upon his head, — to very little purpose, as he took care to guard himself against being betrayed by his own gang, — the common fate of those banditti who become great in their vocation. At length a French colonel, whose name I have forgot, occupied the country of Bizarro, with such success, that he formed a cordon around him and his party, and included him between the folds of a military column. Well-nigh driven to submit himself, the robber with his wife, a very handsome woman, and a child of a few months old, took post one day beneath an old bridge, and by an escape almost miraculous, were not perceived by a strong party whom the French maintained on the top of the arch. Night at length came without a discovery, which every moment might have made. When it became quite dark, the brigand, enjoining the strictest silence on the female and child, resolved to start from his place of shelter, and as he issued forth, kept his hand on the child's throat. But as, when they began to move, the child naturally cried, its father in a rage tightened his gripe so relentlessly that the poor infant never offended more in the same manner.

"His wife had never been very fond of him, though he trusted her more than any who approached him. She had been originally the wife of another man, murdered by her second husband, — which second marriage she was compelled to undergo, and to affect at least the conduct of an affectionate wife. In their wanderings, she alone knew where he slept. He left his men in a body upon the top of a hill, round which they set watches. He then went apart into the woods with his wife, and having chosen a lair in an obscure and deep thicket, there took up his residence for the night. A large Calabrian dog, his constant attendant, was then tied to a tree at some distance to secure his slumbers, and having placed his carabine within reach of his arm, he consigned himself to such sleep as belongs to his calling. By such precautions he had secured his rest for many years.

"But after the death of the child, the measure of his offence towards the unhappy mother was full to the brim, and her thoughts became determined on revenge. One evening he took up his quarters with the usual precautions, but without the usual success. He had laid his carabine near him, and betaken himself to rest, when his partner arose from his side, and ere he became sensible that she had done so, she seized his carabine, and discharging it in his bosom, ended at once his life and his crimes. She finished her work by cutting off the brigand's head, and carrying it to the principal town of the province, where she delivered it to the police, and claimed the reward attached to his head, which was paid accordingly. This female still lives, a stately, dangerous looking woman, yet scarce ill thought of, considering the provocation. The dog struggled extremely to get loose on hearing the shot. Some say the female shot it; others that, in its rage, it very nearly gnawed through the stout young tree to which it was tied. He was worthy of a better master.

"The distant encampment of the band was disturbed by the firing of the Bizarro's carabine at midnight. They ran through the woods to seek the captain, but finding him lifeless and headless, they became so much surprised, that many of them surrendered to the government, and relinquished their trade. Thus the band of the Bizarro, as it lived by his spirit, was broken up by his death.

"Among other stories respecting the cruelty of this bandit, I heard this. A French officer, who had been active in the pursuit of him, fell into his hands, and was made to die the death of Saint Polycarp — that is, the period being the middle of summer, he was flayed alive, and, being smeared with honey, was exposed to all the intolerable insects of a southern sky. The corps were also informed where they might find their officer if they thought proper to send for him. As more than two days elapsed before the wretched man was found, nothing save miserable relics were discovered. I do not warrant these stories, but such are told currently."

Here is another — taken, I believe, from one of the rude pamphlets in his collection: —

"There was a farmer of an easy fortune, and who might be supposed to leave to his daughter, a very pretty girl, and an only child, a fortune thought in the village to be very considerable. She was, under the hope of sharing such a prize, made up to by a young man in the neighborhood, handsome, active, and of good character. He was of that sort of persons who are generally successful among women, and this girl was supposed to have encouraged his addresses; but her father, on being applied to, gave him a direct and positive refusal. The gallant resolved to continue his addresses in hopes of overcoming the obstacle by his perseverance, but the father's opposition seemed only to increase by the lover's pertinacity. At length, as the farmer walked one evening, smoking his pipe, upon the terrace before his door, the lover unhappily passed by, and, struck with the instant thought that the obstacle to the happiness of his life was now entirely in his own power, he rushed upon the father, pierced him with three mortal stabs of his knife, and made his escape to the mountains.

"What was most remarkable was, that he was protected against the police, who went, as was their duty, in quest of him, by the inhabitants of the neighborhood, who afforded him both shelter and such food as he required, looking on him less as a wilful criminal than an unfortunate man, who had been surprised by a strong and almost irresistible temptation; so congenial at this moment is the love of vengeance to an Italian bosom — and, though chastised in general by severe punishment, so much are criminals sympathized with by the community."

I now insert the Neapolitan part of Sir William Gell's Memoranda.

"Every record of the latter days of those who, by their actions or their talents, have excited the admiration and occupied the attention of their contemporaries, has been thought worthy of preservation; and I feel, on that account, a melancholy pleasure in complying with the request that I would furnish such anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott as my short intimacy with that illustrious personage may have afforded. The reason assigned in the letter which I received from one of the family on the subject was, that I was his 'latest friend;' and this appeared to me as strong a motive as if I could have been called his earliest acquaintance.

"I had met Sir Walter at Stanmore Priory many years ago, when on a visit to the late Marquis of Abercorn, where he read one of the earliest of his poetical productions; but I had no farther personal communication with him till his arrival at Naples. I was induced to call on him at the Palazzo Caramanico, at the desire of a mutual friend, on the 5th of January, 1832; and it is probable that our mutual infirmities, which made us suitable companions in excursions, contributed in a great degree to the intimacy which immediately took place between us. On the following evening I presented to him Mr. Keppel Craven, whose Tour in the South of Italy he had just read with pleasure. From this time I was constantly in the habit of receiving, or calling for Sir Walter in the morning, and usually accompanied him to see any of the remarkable objects in the neighborhood of Naples. The Lago d'Agnano was among the first places visited, and he was evidently quite delighted with the tranquil beauty of the spot, and struck particularly by the sight of the leaves yet lingering on the trees at so advanced a period of the winter, and the appearance of summer yet maintained by the meadows and copses surrounding the lake. It quickly recalled to his mind a lake in Scotland, which he immediately began to describe. I afterwards found that his only pleasure in seeing new places arose from the poetical ideas they inspired, as applicable to other scenes with which his mind was more familiar.

"Mr. Craven accompanied us on horseback in this excursion; and Sir Walter learning that he was writing a second volume, giving an account of a journey in the Abruzzi, kindly observed, that he thought he could be of use to him in the publication of it, adding, — 'I think I may, perhaps, be able to give his pancake a toss.'

"On the 10th of January, I accompanied him to Pozzuoli, and the late Mr. Laing Meason was of the party. Here we succeeded in getting Sir Walter placed upon a heap of ruins, whence he might see the remains of the Thermæ, commonly called the Temple of Serapis. His observation was, that we might tell him anything, and he would believe it all, for many of his friends, and particularly Mr. Morritt, had frequently tried to drive classical antiquities, as they were called, into his head, but they had always found his 'skull too thick.'

"It was with great risk that he could be brought to any point of difficult access; for though he was so lame, and saw how easily I arrived by submitting to be assisted or carried, it was generally impossible to persuade him to commit himself to the care of the attendants.

"When Sir Walter was presented at Court, the King received him with marked attention, and insisted on his being seated, on account of his infirmity. They both spoke, and the by-standers observed, that his Majesty mentioned the pleasure he had received from reading the works of his visitor. Sir Walter answered in French, but not in a clear tone of voice; and he afterwards observed, that he and the King parted mutually pleased with the interview, considering that neither had heard one word of what was uttered by the other.

"On the 17th of January I took Sir Walter to dine with the venerable Archbishop of Tarentum, a prelate in his ninetieth year, but yet retaining his faculties unimpaired, and the warmer feelings of youth, with well-known hospitality. The two elders seemed mutually pleased with the interview, but the difficulties of language were opposed to any very agreeable conversation.[1]

"On the 26th of January I attended Sir Walter in a boat, with several friends, to the ruins of a Roman villa, supposed by Mr. Hamilton and others to have been that of Pollio, and situated upon a rock in the sea at the extremity of the promontory of Posilipo. It was by no means the recollection of Pollio that induced Sir Walter to make this excursion. A story existed, that out of an opening in the floor of one of the rooms in this villa, a spectre robed in white occasionally appeared, — whence the place had acquired the name of La Casa degli Spiriti, and none had presumed to inhabit it. The fact was, that a third story had been built upon the Roman ruins, and this being only inhabited by paupers, had fallen into decay, so as to endanger one angle of the fabric — and the police, for fear of accident, had ordered that it should remain untenanted. The house is situated upon a rock projecting into the sea, but attached on one side to the mainland. An entrance for a boat has been left in the basement story, and it is probable that a sort of open court, into which the sea enters at the back of the house, and in which is the staircase, was constructed for the purpose of cooling the apartments in the heat of summer, by means of the perpetual heaving and sinking of the ocean which takes place even in the calmest weather. The staircase was too much ruined for Sir Walter to ascend with safety ; but he appeared satisfied with what he saw, and took some interest in the proofs which the appearance of the opus reticulatum, high up in the external walls, afforded of the antiquity of the place.[1]

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[1] [The Diary says that the Archbishop, "notwithstanding his age, is still a most interesting man. A face formed to express an interest in whatever passes, caressing manners, and a total absence of that rigid stiffness which hardens the heart of the old and converts them into a sort of petrifaction. Apparently his foible was a fondness for cats; one of them, a superb brindled Persian cat, is a great beauty, and seems a particular favorite. I once saw at Lord Yarmouth's house a Persian cat, but not quite so fine as that of the Bishop. I think we would have got on well together if he could have spoken English, or I French or Latin; but *hélas!*" — *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 455.]

"On the 9th of February, Sir Walter went to Pompeii, where, with several ladies and gentlemen at that time resident in Naples, I accompanied him. I did not go in the same carriage, but arriving at the street of the Tombs, found him already almost tired before he had advanced a hundred yards. With great difficulty I forced him to accept the chair in which I was carried, supplying its place with another for myself, tied together with cords and handkerchiefs. He thus was enabled to pass through the city without more fatigue, and I was sometimes enabled to call his attention to such objects as were the most worthy of remark. To these observations, however, he seemed generally nearly insensible, viewing the whole and not the parts, with the eye, not of an antiquary, but a poet, and exclaiming frequently, 'The City of the Dead,' without any other remark. An excavation had been ordered for him, but it produced nothing more than a few bells, hinges, and other objects of brass, which are found every day. Sir Walter seemed to view, however, the splendid mosaic, representing a combat of the Greeks and Persians, with more interest, and, seated upon a table whence he could look down upon it, he remained some time to examine it. We dined at a large table spread in the Forum, and Sir Walter was cheerful and pleased. In the evening he was a little tired, but felt no bad effects from the excursion to the City of the Dead.

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[1] There is an interesting Essay on this Roman Villa, by Mr. Hamilton, in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature* for 1837.

"In our morning drives, Sir Walter always noticed a favorite dog of mine, which was usually in the carriage, and generally patted the animal's head for some time, saying — 'poor boy — poor boy.' 'I have got at home,' said he, 'two very fine favorite dogs, so large that I am almost afraid they look too handsome and too feudal for my diminished income. I am very fond of them, but they are so large it was impossible to take them with me.' My dog was in the habit of howling when loud music was performing, and Sir Walter laughed till his eyes were full of tears, at the idea of the dog singing 'My Mother bids me bind my hair,' by the tune of which the animal seemed most excited, and which the kind-hearted baronet sometimes asked to have repeated.

"I do not remember on what day, during his residence at Naples, he came one morning rather early to my house, to tell me he was sure I should be pleased at some good luck which had befallen him, and of which he had just received notice. This was, as he said, an account from his friends in England, that his last works, Robert of Paris and Castle Dangerous, had gone on to a second edition. He told me in the carriage that he felt quite relieved by his letters; 'for,' said he, 'I could have never slept straight in my coffin till I had satisfied every claim against me.' 'And now,' added he to the dog, 'my poor boy, I shall have my house, and my estate round it, free, and I may keep my dogs as big and as many as I choose, without fear of reproach.'[1]

"I do not recollect the date of a certain morning's drive, on which he first communicated to me that he had already written, or at least advanced far in a romance, on the subject of Malta, a part of which, he said, laughingly, he had put into the fire by mistake for other papers, but which he thought he had re-written better than before. He asked me about the island of Rhodes, and told me, that, being relieved from debt, and no longer forced to write for money, he longed to turn to poetry again, and to see whether in his old age he was not capable of equalling the rhymes of his youthful days. I encouraged him in this project, and asked why he had ever relinquished poetry. 'Because Byron *bet* me,' said he, pronouncing the word, *beat*, short.[1] I rejoined, that I thought I could remember by heart about as many passages of his poetry as of Lord Byron's; and to this he replied, 'That may be, but he *bet* me out of the field in the description of the strong passions, and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart; so I gave up poetry for the time.' He became from that moment extremely curious about Rhodes, and having chosen for his poetical subject the chivalrous story of the slaying of the dragon by De Gozon, and the stratagems and valor with which he conceived and executed his purpose, he was quite delighted to hear that I had seen the skeleton of this real or reported dragon, which yet remains secured by large iron staples to the vaulted roof of one of the gates of the city.

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[1] ["*January* 26. — This day arrived . . . an epistle from Cadell full of good tidings. *Castle Dangerous* and *Count Robert of Paris*, neither of whom I deemed seaworthy, have performed two voyages — that is, each sold about 3400, and the same of the current year. . . . I can hardly, now that I am assured all is well again, form an idea to myself that I could think it was otherwise. And yet I think it is the public that are mad for passing those two volumes." — *Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 460, 461.]

"Rhodes became at this time an object of great importance and curiosity to him; and as he had indulged in the idea of visiting it, he was somewhat displeased to learn how very far distant it lay from Corfu, where he had proposed to pass some time with Sir Frederick Adam, then Lord High Commissioner in the Ionian Islands.

"I must not omit stating, that at an early period of his visit to Naples, an old English manuscript of the Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, existing in the Royal Library, had attracted his attention, and he had resolved on procuring a copy of it — not, I think, for himself, but for a friend in Scotland, who was already possessed of another edition. When Sir Walter visited the library at the Museum, the literati of Naples crowded round him to catch a sight of so celebrated a person, and they showed him every mark of attention in their power, by creating him Honorary Member of their learned societies. Complimentary speeches were addressed to him in Latin, of which, unfortunately, he did not comprehend one word, on account of the difference of pronunciation, but from the confession of which he was saved by the intervention of Mr. Keppel Craven, who attended him. The King of Naples, learning his wish to copy the book, ordered it to be sent to his house, and he employed a person of the name of Sticchini, who, without understanding a word of English, copied the whole in a character as nearly as possible the facsimile of the original.[1] Sticchini was surprised and charmed with Sir Walter's kindness and urbanity, for he generally called him to breakfast, and sometimes to dinner, and treated him on all occasions in the most condescending manner. The Secretary was not less surprised than alarmed on seeing his patron not unfrequently trip his foot against a chair and fall down upon the floor, for he was extremely incautious as to where or how he walked. On these occasions, while the frightened Sticchini ran to assist him, Sir Walter laughed very good-humoredly, refused all help, and only expressed his anxiety lest his spectacles should have been broken by the accident.[2] Sir Walter wished, during his stay at Naples, to procure several Italian books in his particular department of study. Among other curiosities, he thought he had traced Mother Goose, if not to her origin at Naples, at least to a remote period of antiquity in Italy.[3] He succeeded in purchasing a considerable number of books in addition to his library, and took the fancy to have them all bound in vellum.

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[1] The common Scotch pronunciation is not unlike what Sir W. G. gives.

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[1] [" *January* 24. — I have found that Sir William Gell's amanuensis . . . is quite the man for copying the romance, which is a plain black-letter of 1377, at the cheap and easy rate of three *quattrons* a day. I am ashamed at the lowness of the remuneration, but it will dine him capitally, with a share of a bottle of wine, or, by 'r Lady, a whole one if he likes it; and thrice the sum would hardly do that in England." — *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 459. The transcript is now in the Library at Abbotsford.]

[2] The spectacles were valued as the gift of a friend and brother poet. See *ante*, vol. ix. p. 183.

[3] [" *January* 25. — I have found another object in the Studij — the language of Naples. One work in this dialect, for such it is, was described to me as a history of ancient Neapolitan legends — *quite in my way;* and it proves to be a dumpy fat 12mo edition of *Mother Goose's Tales*, with my old friends *Puss in Boots, Bluebeard*, and almost the whole stock of this very collection. If this be the original of this charming book, it is very curious, for it shows the right of Naples to the authorship, but there are French editions very early also; — for there are two — whether French

"Sir Walter had heard too much of Pæstum to quit Naples without seeing it, and we accordingly formed a party in two carriages to go there, intending to sleep at La Cava, at the villa of my much respected friend, Miss Whyte; — a lady not less esteemed for every good quality, than celebrated for her extraordinary exertions of benevolence on the occasion of the murder of the Hunt family at Pæstum. Hearing of this fatal affair, and being nearer than any other of her compatriots to the scene, this lady immediately endeavored to engage a surgeon at La Cava to accompany her to the spot. No one, however, could be found to venture into the den of the murderers, so that she resolved to go alone, well provided with lint, medicines, and all that could be useful to the wounded persons. She arrived, however, too late to be of use; but Sir Walter expressed the greatest desire to make the acquaintance of so admirable a person, and it was settled that her hospitable villa should receive and lodge us on our way to Pæstum. La Cava is twenty-

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or Italian, I am uncertain — of different dates, both having claims to the original edition, each omitting some tales which the other has.

"To what common original we are to refer them the Lord knows. I will look into this very closely. . . . My friend Mr. Delicteriis will aid me, but I doubt he hardly likes my familiarity with the department of letters in which he has such an extensive and valuable charge. Yet he is very kind and civil and promises me the loan of a Neapolitan vocabulary, which will set me up for the attack upon *Mother Goose.* Spirit of Tom Thumb assist me! I could, I think, make a neat thing of this, obnoxious to ridicule perhaps; — what then! The author of *Ma Sœur Anne* was a clever man, and his tale will remain popular in spite of all gibes and flouts soever. So *Vamos Caracci!* If it were not for the trifling and dawdling peculiar to this country, I should have time enough." — *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 459.

In an interesting note on this passage in the Diary, Mr. Andrew Lang says that Scott may possibly have referred to Basile's *Lo Cunto de li Cunti*, which contains some stories analagous to those he mentions. But though forms of these nursery traditions exist in most European languages, "their classical shape in literature is that which Charles Perrault gave them in his *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye* of 1697." Probably the dumpy duodecimo was a translation of Perrault's work. "Among Scott's *Century of Inventions*, unfulfilled projects for literary work, few are more to be regretted than his intended study of the origin of Popular Tales, a topic no longer thought 'obnoxious to ridicule.'" See *Journal*, vol. ii. Appendix No. V.]

five miles from Naples, and as it was necessary to feed the horses, I was in hopes of showing Sir Walter the amphitheatre of Pompeii while they ate their corn. The day, however, being rainy, we gave up the amphitheatre, and halted at the little tavern immediately below Pompeii. Here being obliged to remain, it was thought advisable to eat, and I had an opportunity of witnessing the hospitality which I had always heard distinguished Sir Walter, for, after we had finished, not only the servants were fed with the provisions he had brought, but the whole remainder was distributed to the poor people who had been driven into the tavern by the rain. This liberality unfortunately occasioned a deficit on the following day, when the party started without provision for the solitudes of Pæstum.

"Near Nocera I pointed out a tower situated upon a high mountain, and guarding a pass by which a very steep and zigzag road leads toward Amalfi. I observed, that it was possible that if the Saracens were ever really seated at Nocera dei Pagani, this tower might have been at the confines of the Amalfitan Republic, and have been their frontier against the Mahometans. It was surprising how quickly he caught at any romantic circumstance; and I found, in a very short time, he had converted the Torre di Ciunse, or Chiunse, into a feudal residence, and already peopled it with a Christian host. He called it the Knight's Castle, as long as it remained in sight, and soon after transferred its interest to the curious little towers, used for pigeon-shooting, which abound in the neighborhood, though they were on the other side of the road.

"From La Cava, the party proceeded the next day to Pæstum, setting out early in the morning; but I did not accompany Sir Walter on that journey, and consequently only know that, by good luck, he found eggs and other rustic fare near the Temples, and returned, after a drive of fifty-four miles, very much fatigued, to a late dinner. He was, however, completely restored by the night's rest, and we visited on the following day the splendid Benedictine Monastery of La Trinità della Cava, situated about three miles from the great road, and approached through a beautiful forest of chestnuts, spreading over most picturesque mountains. The day was fine, and Sir Walter really enjoyed the drive; and the scenery recalled to his mind something of the kind which he had seen in Scotland, on which he repeated the whole of the ballad of Jock of Hazeldean with great emphasis, and in a clear voice. At the Convent we had taken care to request, that what is termed a Pontifical Mass should be sung in his presence; after which he was taken with much difficulty, and twice falling, through the long and slippery labyrinths of that vast edifice, and up several very tedious staircases, to the apartments containing the archives. Here the curious MSS. of the Convent were placed before him, and he seemed delighted with an ancient document in which the names of Saracens as well as Christians appear either as witnesses or principals; but he was chiefly struck with a book containing pictures of the Lombard Kings, of which, through the kindness of Dr. Hogg, he afterwards possessed copies by a young Neapolitan painter who had chanced to be on the spot. On the whole, Sir Walter was more pleased with the Monastery of La Cava than with any place to which I had the honor to accompany him in Italy:[1] the site, the woods, the organ, the size of the Convent, and, above all, the Lombard Kings, produced a poetical feeling; and the fine weather so raised his spirits, that in the forest he again recited Jock of Hazeldean by my desire, after a long repetition from his favorite poem of Hardyknute.

"On the following day we returned to Naples, but Sir Walter went in his own carriage, and complained to me afterwards that he had never been able to discover the 'Knight's Tower,' it being, in fact, only visible by turning back to a person travelling in that direction. He expressed himself at all times much delighted with our amiable hostess, Miss Whyte; remarking very justly that she had nothing cold about her but her house, which, being in the mountains, is, in fact, by no means eligible at that season of the year.

"In one of our drives, the subject of Sir Walter's perhaps most popular romance, in which Lady Margaret Bellenden defends the Castle of Tillietudlem, was mentioned as having been translated into Italian under the title of 'The Scottish Puritans,' of which he highly approved. I told him how strange the names of the places and the personages appeared in their Italian garb, and remarked that the Castle was so well described, and seemed so true a picture, that I had always imagined he must have had some real fortress in view. He said it was very true; for the Castle he had visited, and had fallen so much in love with it, that he wanted to live there. He added a joke with regard to his having taken his hat off when he visited this favorite spot, remarking, that as the Castle had been uncovered for many centuries, he himself might be uncovered for an hour. 'It had,' said Sir Walter, 'no roof, no windows, and not much wall. I should have had to make three miles of road, so before the affair was settled I got wiser.'[1]

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[1] [His pleasure in this visit is plainly shown in the Diary, and he says in concluding: "In all the society I have been since I commenced this tour, I chiefly regretted on the present occasion the not having refreshed my Italian for the purpose of conversation. I should like to have conversed with the Churchmen very much, and they seemed to have the same inclination, but it is too late to be thought of, though I could read Italian well once." — *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 470.]

"On the 3d of April, I accompanied Sir Walter to Pozzuoli and to Cumae. We had a party of nine or ten ladies and gentlemen, and agreed to dine at the inn at Pozzuoli, on our way back. I explained to Sir Walter the common history of all the objects which occurred on the road; and the account of Monte Nuovo, which rose in one night to its present elevation, destroying the village of Tre Pergole, and part of the Lucrine Lake, seemed particularly to strike his poetical imagination. There is a point in going toward the Arco Felice, whence, at a turn of the road, a very extensive and comprehensive view is obtained of the Lake of Avernus. The Temple of Apollo, the Lucrine Lake, the Monte Nuovo, Baiæ, Misenum, and the sea, are all seen at once; and here I considered it my duty, in quality of cicerone, to enforce the knowledge of the localities. He attended to the names I repeated; and when I asked whether he thought himself sure of remembering the spot, he replied that he had it perfectly in his mind. I found, however, that something in the place had inspired him with other recollections of his own beloved country, and the Stuarts, — for on proceeding, he immediately repeated, in a grave tone and with great emphasis: —

'Up the craggy mountain, and down the mossy glen,
We canna gang a-milking, for Charlie and his men.'

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[1] See the account of Scott's early visit to Craignethan Castle, *ante*, vol. ii. p. 21.

"I could not help smiling at this strange commentary on my dissertation upon the Lake of Avernus."

While at Naples, Sir Walter wrote frequently to his daughter Sophia, Mr. Cadell, Mr. Laidlaw, and myself. Some of these letters were of a very melancholy cast; for the dream about his debts being all settled was occasionally broken; and probably it was when that left him that he worked hardest at his Novels — though the habit of working had become so fixed that I may be wrong in this conjecture. In general, however, these last letters tell the same story of delusive hopes both as to health and wealth, of satisfaction in the resumption of his pen, of eagerness to be once more at Abbotsford, and of affectionate anxiety about the friends he was there to rejoin.[1] Every one of those to Laidlaw has something about the poor people and the dogs. One to myself conveyed his desire that he might be set down for "something as handsome as I liked" in a subscription then thought of for the Ettrick Shepherd; who that spring visited London, and was in no respect improved by his visit. Another to my wife bade her purchase a grand pianoforte, which he wished to present to Miss Cadell, his bookseller's daughter. The same generous spirit was shown in many other communications.

I must transcribe one of Sir Walter's letters from Naples. It was addressed to Mrs. Scott of Harden, on the marriage of her daughter Anne to Charles Baillie,

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[1] [Such a letter written to Lockhart, probably at the end of January, and printed by Mr. Douglas in the *Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 472–474, is full of a sad interest. It is cheerful and hopeful in tone, and shows the perfect affection and confidence existing between Sir Walter and his son-in-law. As in the Diary, the writer speaks distrustfully of his latest work: "I am ashamed, for the first time in my life, of the two novels." He says somewhat of his literary plans. *The Siege of Malta* shall be the last novel, and he will close with a poem, "to be a L'Envoy, or final postscript to these tales."]

Esq., a son of her neighbor in the country, Mr. Baillie of Jerviswoode.

TO MRS. SCOTT OF HARDEN.

NAPLES, PALAZZO CARAMANICO, 6th March, 1832.

MY DEAREST MRS. SCOTT, — Your kind letter of 8th October, addressed to Malta, reached me only yesterday with a number of others which had been tarrying at Jericho till their beards grew. This was in one respect inconvenient, as I did not gain the benefit of your advice with regard to my travels, which would have had a great influence with me. Moreover, I did not learn the happy event in your own family till a newspaper told it me by accident long ago. But as my good wishes are most sincere, it is of less consequence when they reach the parties concerned, and I flatter myself I possess so much interest with my young friends as to give me credit for most warmly wishing them all the happiness which this auspicious event promises. The connection must be in every respect agreeable to the feelings of both families, and not less so to those of a former generation, provided they are permitted, as I flatter myself, to take interest in the affairs of this life.

I envied your management of the pencil when at Malta, as frequently elsewhere; it is quite a place made to be illustrated; by the way, I have got an esquisse of Old Smailholm Tower from the pencil of Mr. Turner. Besides the other advantages of Malta, it possesses John Hookham Frere, who is one of the most entertaining men I know, and with whom I spent much of my time.

Although I rather prefer Malta, I have no reason to complain of Naples. The society is very numerous and gay, and somewhat too frivolous for my time of life and infirmities: however, there are exceptions; especially poor Sir William Gell, a very accomplished scholar, who is lamer than I am, and never out of humor, though worried perpetually by the gout, which he bears with the greatest complaisance. He is engaged in vindicating, from the remains of the various public works in Italy, the truth, which Bryant and others have disputed, concerning the Roman History, as given by Livy and other authors, whom it has been of late fashionable to discredit. The Dilettante Society have, greatly to their credit, resolved to bring out this interesting book.

It has been Carnival time, and the balls are without number, besides being pelted to death with sugar-plums, which is quite the rage. But now Lent is approaching to sober us after all our gayety, and every one seems ashamed of being happy, and preparing to look grave with all his might.

I should have said something of my health, but have nothing to say, except that I am pretty well, and take exercise regularly, though, as Parson Adams says, it must be of the vehicular kind. I think I shall never ride or walk again. But I must not complain, for my plan of paying my debts, which you know gave me so much trouble some years since, has been, thank God, completely successful; and, what I think worth telling, I have paid very near £120,000, without owing any one. a halfpenny — at least I am sure this will be the case by midsummer. I know the laird will give me much joy on this occasion, which, considering the scale upon which I have accomplished it, is a great feat. I wish I were better worthy the kindness of the public; but I am at least entitled to say

> " 'T was meant for merit, though it fell on me."

Also some industry and some steadiness were necessary. I believe, indeed, I made too great an exertion; but if I get better, as seems likely, it is little enough for so happy a result. The young people have been very happy — which makes me think that about next spring I will give your young couple a neighborly dance. It will be about this time that I take the management of my affairs again. You must patronize me.

My love to Henry, as well as to the young couple. He should go and do likewise. — Your somewhat ancient, but very sincere friend,

WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

DEATH OF GOETHE. — ROME. — MEMORANDA BY SIR W. GELL AND MR. EDWARD CHENEY. — JOURNEY TO FRANKFORT. — THE RHINE STEAMBOAT. — FATAL SEIZURE AT NIMEGUEN. — ARRIVAL IN LONDON. — JERMYN STREET. — EDINBURGH. — ABBOTSFORD. — DEATH AND BURIAL

1832

HIS friend Sir Frederick Adam had urgently invited Sir Walter to visit the Ionian Islands, and he had consented to do so. But Sir Frederick was suddenly recalled from that government, and appointed to one in India, and the Greek scheme dropt. From that time his companions ceased to contend against his wishes for returning home. Since he would again work, what good end could it serve to keep him from working at his own desk? And as their entreaties, and the warnings of foreign doctors, proved alike unavailing as to the regulation of his diet, what remaining chance could there be on that score, unless from replacing him under the eye of the friendly physicians whose authority had formerly seemed to have due influence on his mind? He had wished to return by the route of the Tyrol and Germany, partly for the sake of the remarkable chapel and monuments of the old Austrian princes at Innspruck, and the feudal ruins upon the Rhine, but chiefly that he might have an interview with Goethe at Weimar. That poet died on the 22d of March, and the news seemed to act upon Scott exactly as the illness of Borthwickbrae had done in the August before. His impatience redoubled:

all his fine dreams of recovery seemed to vanish at once. — "Alas for Goethe!" he exclaimed: "but he at least died at home — Let us to Abbotsford." And he quotes more than once in his letters the first hemistich of the line from Politian with which he had closed his early memoir of Leyden — "*Grata quies Patriæ.*"

When the season was sufficiently advanced, then, the party set out, Mr. Charles Scott having obtained leave to accompany his father; which was quite necessary, as his elder brother had already been obliged to rejoin his regiment. They quitted Naples on the 16th of April, in an open barouche, which could at pleasure be converted into a bed.

It will be seen from notes about to be quoted, that Sir Walter was somewhat interested by a few of the objects presented to him in the earlier stages of his route. The certainty that he was on his way home, for a time soothed and composed him; and amidst the agreeable society which again surrounded him on his arrival in Rome, he seemed perhaps as much of himself as he had ever been in Malta or in Naples. For a moment even his literary hope and ardor appear to have revived. But still his daughter entertained no doubt, that his consenting to pause for even a few days in Rome was dictated mainly by consideration of her natural curiosity. Sir William Gell went to Rome about the same time; and Sir Walter was introduced there to another accomplished countryman, who exerted himself no less than did Sir William, to render his stay agreeable to him. This was Mr. Edward Cheney — whose family had long been on terms of very strict intimacy with the Maclean Clephanes of Torloisk, so that Sir Walter was ready to regard him at first sight as a friend. I proceed to give some extracts from these gentlemen's *memoranda*.

"At Rome" (says Gell) "Sir Walter found an apartment provided for him in the Casa Bernini.[1] On his arrival, he seemed to have suffered but little from the journey; though I believe the length of time he was obliged to sit in a carriage had been occasionally the cause of troublesome symptoms. I found him, however, in very good spirits, and as he was always eager to see any spot remarkable as the scene of particular events recorded in history, so he was keenly bent on visiting the house where Benvenuto Cellini writes that he slew the Constable of Bourbon with a bullet fired from the Castle of St. Angelo. The Chevalier Luigi Chiaveri took him to the place, of which, though he quickly forgot the position, he yet retained the history firmly fixed in his mind, and to which he very frequently recurred.

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[1] [In the Via di Mercede. A tablet placed under the window of the room occupied by Sir Walter commemorates his brief residence in Rome.]

"The introduction of Mr. Cheney was productive of great pleasure to Sir Walter, as he possessed at that moment the Villa Muti, at Frescati, which had been for many years the favorite residence of the Cardinal of York, who was Bishop of Tusculum.

"Soon after his arrival I took Sir Walter to St. Peter's, which he had resolved to visit, that he might see the tomb of the last of the Stuarts. I took him to one of the side doors, in order to shorten the walk, and by great good fortune met with Colonel Blair[1] and Mr. Phillips, under whose protection he accomplished his purpose. We contrived to tie a glove round the point of his stick, to prevent his slipping in some degree; but to conduct him was really a service of danger and alarm, owing to his infirmity and total want of caution. He has been censured for not having frequently visited the treasures of the Vatican — but by those only who were unacquainted with the difficulty with which he moved. Days and weeks must have been passed in this immense museum, in order to have given him any idea of its value, nor do I know that it would have been possible for him to have ascended the rugged stairs, or to have traced its corridors and interminable galleries, in the state of reduced strength and dislike to being assisted under which he then labored.

"On the 8th of May we all dined at the Palace of the Duchess Torlonia with a very large company. The dinner was very late and very splendid, and from the known hospitality of the family it was probable that Sir Walter, in the heat of conversation, and with servants on all sides pressing him to eat and drink, as is their custom at Rome, might be induced to eat more than was safe for his malady. Colonel Blair, who sat next him, was requested to take care that this should not happen. Whenever I observed him, however, Sir Walter appeared always to be eating; while the Duchess, who had discovered the nature of the office imposed on the Colonel, was by no means satisfied, and after dinner observed that it was an odd sort of friendship which consisted in starving one's neighbor to death — when he had a good appetite, and there was dinner enough.

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[1] See *ante*, vol. ix. p. 225.

"It was at this entertainment that Sir Walter met with the Duke and Duchess of Corchiano, who were both well read in his works, and delighted to have been in company with him. This acquaintance might have led to some agreeable consequences had Sir Walter's life been spared, for the Duke told him he was possessed of a vast collection of papers, giving true accounts of all the murders, poisonings, intrigues, and curious adventures of all the great Roman families during many centuries, all which were at his service to copy and publish in his own way as historical romances, only disguising the names, so as not to compromise the credit of the existing descendants of the families in question. Sir Walter listened to the Duke for the remainder of the evening, and was so captivated with all he heard from that amiable and accomplished personage, that at one moment he thought of remaining for a time at Rome, and at another he vowed he would return there in the ensuing winter. Whoever has read any of these memoirs of Italian families, of which many are published, and very many exist in manuscript, will acknowledge how they abound in strange events and romantic stories, and may form some idea of the delight with which Sir Walter imagined himself on the point of pouncing upon a treasure after his own heart.

"The eldest son of the Torlonia family is the possessor of the castle of Bracciano, of which he is duke. Sir Walter was anxious to see it, and cited some story, I think of the Orsini, who once were lords of the place. We had permission to visit the castle, and the steward had orders to furnish us with whatever was requisite. We set off on the 9th of May, Sir Walter as usual coming with me, and two ladies and two gentlemen occupying his carriage. One of these last was the son of the Duke of Sermoneta, Don Michelangelo Gaetani, a person of the most amiable disposition, gentlemanly manners, and most remarkable talents. Sir Walter, to whom he had paid every attention during his stay at Rome, had conceived a high opinion of him, and, added to his agreeable qualities, he had a wonderful and accurate knowledge of the history of his own country during the darker ages. The Gaetani figured also among the most ancient and most turbulent of the Roman families during the Middle Ages; and these historical qualities, added to the amenity of his manners, rendered him naturally a favorite with Sir Walter.

"We arrived at Bracciano, twenty-five miles from Rome, rather fatigued with the roughness of an old Roman road, the pavement of which had generally been half destroyed, and the stones left in disorder on the spot. He was pleased with the general appearance of that stately pile, which is finely seated upon a rock, commanding on one side the view of the beautiful lake with its wooded shores, and on the other overlooking the town of Bracciano. A carriage could not easily ascend to the court, so that Sir Walter fatigued himself still more, as he was not content to be assisted, by walking up the steep and somewhat long ascent to the gateway. He was struck with the sombre appearance of the Gothic towers, built with the black lava which had once formed the pavement of the Roman road, and which adds much to its frowning magnificence. In the interior he could not but be pleased with the grand suite of state apartments, all yet habitable, and even retaining in some rooms the old furniture and the rich silk hangings of the Orsini and Odescalchi. These chambers overlook the lake, and Sir Walter sat in a window for a long time, during a delightful evening, to enjoy the prospect. A very large dog, of the breed called Danish, coming to fawn upon him, he told it he was glad to see it, for it was a proper accompaniment to such a castle, but that he had a larger dog at home, though may be not so good-natured to strangers. This notice of the dog seemed to gain the heart of the steward, and he accompanied Sir Walter in a second tour through the grand suite of rooms — each, as Sir Walter observed, highly pleased with the other's conversation, though as one spoke French and the other Italian, little of it could be understood. Toward the town, a range of smaller apartments are more convenient, except during the heats of summer, than the great rooms for a small party, and in these we dined and found chambers for sleeping. At night we had tea and a large fire, and Sir Walter conversed cheerfully. Some of the party went out to walk round the battlements of the castle by moonlight, and a ghost was talked of among the usual accompaniments of such situations. He told me that the best way of making a ghost was to paint it with white on tin, for that in the dusk, after it had been seen, it could be instantly made to vanish, by turning the edge almost without thickness towards the spectator.

"On coming down next morning I found that Sir Walter, who rose early, had already made another tour over part of the Castle with the steward and the dog. After breakfast we set out on our return to Rome; and all the way his conversation was more delightful, and more replete with anecdotes than I had ever known it. He talked a great deal to young Gaetani who sat on the box, and he invited him to Scotland. He asked me when I thought of revisiting England, and I replied, that if my health permitted at a moment when I could afford it, I might perhaps be tempted in the course of the following summer. 'If the money be the difficulty,' said the kind-hearted baronet, 'don't let that hinder you; I've £300 at your service, and I have a perfect right to give it you, and nobody can complain of me, for I made it myself.'

"He continued to press my acceptance of this sum, till I requested him to drop the subject, thanking him most gratefully for his goodness, and much flattered by so convincing a proof of his desire to see me at Abbotsford.

"I remember particularly a remark, which proved the kindness of his heart. A lady requested him to do something which was very disagreeable to him. He was asked whether he had consented. He replied, 'Yes.' He was then questioned why he had agreed to do what was so inconvenient to him. 'Why,' said he, 'as I am now good for nothing else, I think it as well to be good-natured.'

"I took my leave of my respected friend on the 10th May, 1832. I knew this great genius and estimable man but for a short period; but it was at an interesting moment, — and being both invalids, and impressed equally with the same conviction that we had no time to lose, we seemed to become intimate without passing through the usual gradations of friendship. I remembered just enough of Scottish topography and northern antiquities in general to be able to ask questions on subjects on which his knowledge was super-eminent, and to be delighted and edified by his inexhaustible stock of anecdotes, and his curious and recondite erudition; and this was perhaps a reason for the preference he seemed to give me in his morning drives, during which I saw most of him alone. It is a great satisfaction to have been intimate with so celebrated and so benevolent a personage; and I hope, that these recollections of his latter days may not be without their value, in enabling those who were acquainted with Sir Walter in his most brilliant period, to compare it with his declining moments during his residence in Italy."

Though some of the same things recur in the notes with which I am favored by Mr. Cheney, yet the reader will pardon this — and even be glad to compare the impressions of two such observers. Mr. Cheney says: —

"Delighted as I was to see Sir Walter Scott, I remarked with pain the ravages disease had made upon him. He was often abstracted; and it was only when warmed with his subject that the light-blue eye shot, from under the pent-house brow, with the fire and spirit that recalled the Author of Waverley.

"The 1st of May was appointed for a visit to Frescati; and it gave me great pleasure to have an opportunity of showing attention to Sir Walter without the appearance of obtrusiveness.

"The Villa Muti, which belonged to the late Cardinal of York, has, since his death, fallen into the hands of several proprietors; it yet retains, however, some relics of its former owner. There is a portrait of Charles I., a bust of the Cardinal, and another of the Chevalier de St. George. But, above all, a picture of the *fête* given on the promotion of the Cardinal in the Piazza de SS. Apostoli (where the palace in which the Stuarts resided still bears the name of the Palazzo del Pretendente) occupied Sir Walter's attention. In this picture he discovered, or fancied he did so, the portraits of several of the distinguished followers of the exiled family. One he pointed out as resembling a picture he had seen of Cameron of Lochiel, whom he described as a dark, hard-featured man. He spoke with admiration of his devoted loyalty to the Stuarts. I also showed him an ivory head of Charles I., which had served as the top of Cardinal York's walking stick. He did not fail to look at it with a lively interest.

"He admired the house, the position of which is of surpassing beauty, commanding an extensive view over the Campagna of Rome; but he deplored the fate of his favorite princes, observing that this was a poor substitute for all the splendid palaces to which they were heirs in England and Scotland. The place where we were suggested the topic of conversation. He was walking, he told me, over the field of Preston, and musing on the unlooked-for event of that day, when he was suddenly startled by the sound of the minute-guns proclaiming the death of George IV.[1] Lost in the thoughts of ephemeral glory suggested by the scene, he had forgotten, in the momentary success of his favorite hero, his subsequent misfortunes and defeat. The solemn sound, he added, admonished him of the futility of all earthly triumphs; and reminded him that the whole race of the Stuarts had passed away, and was now followed to the grave by the first of the royal house of Brunswick who had reigned in the line of legitimate succession.

"During this visit Sir Walter was in excellent spirits; at dinner he talked and laughed, and Miss Scott assured me she had not seen him so gay since he left England. He put salt into his soup before tasting it, smiling as he did so. One of the company said, that a friend of his used to declare that he should eat salt with a limb of Lot's wife. Sir Walter laughed, observing that he was of Mrs. Siddons's mind, who, when dining with the Provost of Edinburgh, and being asked by her host if the beef were too salt, replied, in her emphatic tones of deep tragedy, which Sir Walter mimicked very comically,

'Beef cannot be too salt for me, my lord.'

"Sir Walter, though he spoke no foreign language with facility, read Spanish as well as Italian. He expressed the most unbounded admiration for Cervantes, and said that the 'novelas' of that author had first inspired him with the ambition of excelling in fiction, and that, until disabled by illness, he had been a constant reader of them. He added, that he had formerly made it a practice to read through the Orlando of Boiardo and the Orlando of Ariosto, once every year.

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[1] See *ante*, vol. ix. p. 264.

"Of Dante he knew little, confessing he found him too obscure and difficult. I was sitting next him at dinner, at Lady Coventry's, when this conversation took place. He added, with a smile, 'It is mortifying that Dante seemed to think nobody worth being sent to hell but his own Italians, whereas other people had every bit as great rogues in their families, whose misdeeds were suffered to pass with impunity.' I said that *he*, of all men, had least right to make this complaint, as his own ancestor, Michael Scott, was consigned to a very tremendous punishment in the twentieth canto of the Inferno. His attention was roused, and I quoted the passage: —

'Quell' altro, che nei fianchi è cosi poco,
Michele Scotto fu, che veramente
Delle magiche frode seppe il gioco.'

He seemed pleased, and alluded to the subject more than once in the course of the evening.

"One evening when I was with him, a person called to petition him in favor of the sufferers from the recent earthquake at Foligno. He instantly gave his name to the list with a very handsome subscription. This was by no means the only occasion on which I observed him eager and ready to answer the calls of charity.

"I accompanied Sir Walter and Miss Scott one morning to the Protestant burial-ground. The road to this spot runs by the side of the Tiber, at the foot of Mount Aventine, and in our drive we passed several of the most interesting monuments of ancient Rome. The house of the Tribune Rienzi, and the temple of Vesta, arrested his attention. This little circular temple, he said, struck him more than many of the finer ruins. Infirmity had checked his curiosity. 'I walk with pain,' he said, 'and what we see whilst suffering, makes little impression on us; it is for this reason that much of what I saw at Naples, and which I should have enjoyed ten years ago, I have already forgotten.' The Protestant burying-ground lies near the Porta S. Paolo, at the foot of the noble pyramid of Caius Cestius. Miss Scott was anxious to see the grave of her friend, Lady Charlotte Stopford. Sir Walter was unable to walk, and while my brother attended Miss Scott to the spot, I remained in the carriage with him. 'I regret,' he said, 'that I cannot go. It would have been a satisfaction to me to have seen the place where they have laid her. She is the child of a Buccleuch; he, you know, is my chief, and all that comes from that house is dear to me.' He looked on the ground and sighed, and for a moment there was a silence between us.

"We spoke of politics, and of the reform in Parliament, which at that time was pending. I asked his opinion of it; he said he was no enemy to reform — 'If the machine does not work well, it must be mended — but it should be by the best workmen ye have.'

"He regretted not having been at Holland House as he passed through London. 'Lord Holland,' he said, 'is the most agreeable man I ever knew. In criticism, in poetry, he beats those whose whole study they have been. No man in England has a more thorough knowledge of English authors, and he expresses himself so well, that his language illustrates and adorns his thoughts, as light streaming through colored glass heightens the brilliancy of the objects it falls upon.'

"On the 4th of May he accepted a dinner at our house, and it gave my brother and myself unfeigned satisfaction to have again the pleasure of entertaining him. We collected a party to meet him; and amongst others I invited Don Luigi Santa Croce, one of his most ardent admirers, who had long desired an introduction. He is a man of much ability, and has played his part in the political changes of his country. When I presented him to Sir Walter, he bade me tell him (for he speaks no English) how long and how earnestly he had desired to see him, though he had hardly dared to hope it. 'Tell him,' he added, with warmth, 'that in disappointment, in sorrow, and in sickness, his works have been my chief comfort; and while living amongst his imaginary personages, I have succeeded for a moment in forgetting the vexations of blighted hopes, and have found relief in public and private distress.' The

Marchesa Loughi, the beautiful sister of Don Michele Gaetani, whom I also presented to him this evening, begged me to thank him, in her name, for some of the most agreeable moments of her life. 'She had had,' she said 'though young, her share of sorrows, and in his works she had found not only amusement, but lessons of patience and resignation, which she hoped had not been lost upon her.' To all these flattering compliments, as well as to the thousand others that were daily showered upon him, Sir Walter replied with unfeigned humility, expressing himself pleased and obliged by the good opinion entertained of him, and delighting his admirers with the good-humor and urbanity with which he received them. Don Luigi talked of the plots of some of the novels, and earnestly remonstrated against the fate of Clara Mowbray, in St. Ronan's Well. 'I am much obliged to the gentleman for the interest he takes in her,' said Sir Walter, 'but I could not save her, poor thing — it is against the rules — she had the bee in her bonnet.' Don Luigi still insisted. Sir Walter replied: 'No; but of all the murders that I have committed in that way, and few men have been guilty of more, there is none that went so much to my heart as the poor Bride of Lammermoor; but it could not be helped — it is all true.'

"Sir Walter always showed much curiosity about the Constable Bourbon. I said that a suit of armor belonging to him was preserved in the Vatican. He eagerly asked after the form and construction, and inquired if he wore it on the day of the capture of Rome. That event had greatly struck his imagination. He told me he had always had an idea of weaving it into the story of a romance, and of introducing the traitor Constable as an actor. Cæsar Borgia was also a character whose vices and whole career appeared to him singularly romantic. Having heard him say this, I begged Don Michele Gaetani, whose ancestors had been dispossessed of their rich fiefs by that ambitious upstart, to show Sir Walter a sword, now in the possession of his family, which had once belonged to Borgia. The blade, which is very long and broad, is richly ornamented, and the arms of the Borgias are inlaid upon it, bearing the favorite motto of that tremendous personage, — 'Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.' Sir Walter examined it with attention, commenting on the character of Borgia, and congratulating Don Michele on the possession of a relic doubly interesting in his hands.

"I continued a constant visitor at his house whilst he remained in Rome, and I also occasionally dined in his company, and took every opportunity of conversing with him. I observed with extreme pleasure, that he accepted willingly from me those trifling attentions which his infirmities required, and which all would have been delighted to offer. I found him always willing to converse on any topic. He spoke of his own works and of himself without reserve; never, however, introducing the subject nor dwelling upon it. His conversation had neither affectation nor restraint, and he was totally free from the morbid egotism of some men of genius. What surprised me most, and in one, too, who had so long been the object of universal admiration, was the unaffected humility with which he spoke of his own merits, and the sort of surprise with which he surveyed his own success. That this was a real feeling, none could doubt: the natural simplicity of his manner must have convinced the most incredulous. He was courteous and obliging to all, and towards women there was a dignified simplicity in his manner that was singularly pleasing. He would not allow even his infirmities to exempt him from the little courtesies of society. He always endeavored to rise to address those who approached him, and once when my brother and myself accompanied him in his drive, it was not without difficulty that we could prevail on him not to seat himself with his back to the horses.

"I asked him if he meant to be presented at the Vatican, as I knew that his arrival had been spoken of, and that the Pope had expressed an interest about him. He said he respected the Pope as the most ancient sovereign of Europe, and should have great pleasure in paying his respects to him, did his state of health permit it. We talked of the ceremonies of the Church. He had been much struck with the benediction from the balcony of St. Peter's. I advised him to wait to see the procession of the Corpus Domini, and to hear the Pope

'Saying the high, high mass,
All on St. Peter's day.'[1]

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[1] [*The Gray Brother*, Scott's *Poems*, Cambridge Edition, p. 17.]

He smiled, and said those things were more poetical in description than in reality, and that it was all the better for him not to have seen it before he wrote about it — that any attempt to make such scenes more exact, injured the effect without conveying a clearer image to the mind of the reader, — as the Utopian scenes and manners of Mrs. Radcliffe's Novels captivated the imagination more than the most labored descriptions, or the greatest historical accuracy.

"The morning after our arrival at Bracciano, when I left my room, I found Sir Walter already dressed, and seated in the deep recess of a window which commands an extensive view over the lake and surrounding country. He speculated on the lives of the turbulent lords of this ancient fortress, and listened with interest to such details as I could give him of their history. He drew a striking picture of the contrast between the calm and placid scene before us, and the hurry, din, and tumult of other days.

"Insensibly we strayed into more modern times. I never saw him more animated and agreeable. He was exactly what I could imagine him to have been in his best moments. Indeed I have several times heard him complain that his disease sometimes confused and bewildered his senses, while at others he was left with little remains of illness, except a consciousness of his state of infirmity. He talked of his Northern journey — of Manzoni, for whom he expressed a great admiration — of Lord Byron — and lastly, of himself. Of Lord Byron he spoke with admiration and regard, calling him always 'poor Byron.' He considered him, he said, the only poet we have had, since Dryden, of transcendent talents, and possessing more amiable qualities than the world in general gave him credit for.

"In reply to my question if he had never seriously thought of complying with the advice so often given him to write a tragedy, he answered, 'Often, but the difficulty deterred me — my turn was not dramatic.' Some of the mottoes, I urged, prefixed to the chapters of his novels, and subscribed 'Old Play,' were eminently in the taste of the old dramatists, and seemed to insure success. — 'Nothing so easy,' he replied, 'when you are full of an author, as to write a few lines in his taste and style; the difficulty is to keep it up — besides,' he added, ‘ the greatest success would be but a spiritless imitation, or, at best, what the Italians call a *centone* from Shakespeare. No author has ever had so much cause to be grateful to the public as I have. All I have written has been received with indulgence.’

“ He said he was the more grateful for the flattering reception he had met with in Italy, as he had not always treated the Catholic religion with respect. I observed, that though he had exposed the hypocrites of all sects, no religion had any cause to complain of him, as he had rendered them all interesting by turns : Jews, Catholics, and Puritans, had all their saints and martyrs in his works. He was much pleased with this.

“ He spoke of Goethe with regret ; he had been in correspondence with him before his death, and had purposed visiting him at Weimar in returning to England. I told him I had been to see Goethe the year before, and that I had found him well, and though very old, in the perfect possession of all his faculties. — ‘ Of all his faculties ! ’ he replied ; ‘ it is much better to die than to survive them, and better still to die than live in the apprehension of it ; but the worst of all,’ he added thoughtfully, ‘ would have been to have survived their partial loss, and yet to be conscious of his state.’ — He did not seem to be, however, a great admirer of some of Goethe’s works. Much of his popularity, he observed, was owing to pieces which, in his latter moments, he might have wished recalled. He spoke with much feeling. I answered, that *he* must derive great consolation in the reflection that his own popularity was owing to no such cause. He remained silent for a moment, with his eyes fixed on the ground ; when he raised them, as he shook me by the hand, I perceived the light-blue eye sparkled with unusual moisture. He added : ‘ I am drawing near to the close of my career ; I am fast shuffling off the stage. I have been perhaps the most voluminous author of the day ; and it *is* a comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man’s faith, to corrupt no man’s principle, and that I have written nothing which on my deathbed I should wish blotted.’ I made no reply ; and while we were yet silent, Don Michele Gaetani joined us, and we walked through the vast hall into the court of the castle, where our friends were expecting us.

"After breakfast, Sir Walter returned to Rome. The following day he purposed setting out on his northern journey. It was Friday. I was anxious that he should prolong his stay in Rome; and reminding him of his superstition, I told him he ought not to set out on the unlucky day. He answered, laughing: 'Superstition is very picturesque, and I make it at times stand me in great stead; but I never allow it to interfere with interest or convenience.'

"As I helped him down the steep court to his carriage, he said, as he stepped with pain and difficulty: 'This is a sore change with me. Time was when I would hunt and shoot with the best of them, and thought it but a poor day's sport when I was not on foot from ten to twelve hours; but we must be patient.'

"I handed him into his carriage; and in taking leave of me, he pressed me, with eager hospitality, to visit him at Abbotsford. The door closed upon him, and I stood for some moments watching the carriage till it was out of sight, as it wound through the portal of the Castle of Bracciano.

"Next day, Friday, May 11, Sir Walter left Rome.

"During his stay there he had received every mark of attention and respect from the Italians, who, in not crowding to visit him, were deterred only by their delicacy and their dread of intruding on an invalid. The use of villas, libraries, and museums was pressed upon him. This enthusiasm was by no means confined to the higher orders. His fame, and even his works, are familiar to all classes — the stalls are filled with translations of his novels, in the cheapest forms; and some of the most popular plays and operas have been founded upon them. Some time after he left Italy, when I was travelling in the mountains of Tuscany, it has more than once occurred to me to be stopped in little villages, hardly accessible to carriages, by an eager admirer of Sir Walter, to inquire after the health of my illustrious countryman."

The last jotting of Sir Walter's Diary — perhaps the last specimen of his handwriting[1] — records his starting from Naples on the 16th of April.[1] After the 11th of May the story can hardly be told too briefly.

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[1] A gentleman who lately travelled from Rome to the Tyrol informs me that in the Book of Guests, kept at one of the Inns on the road, Sir

The irritation of impatience, which had for a moment been suspended by the aspect and society of Rome, returned the moment he found himself on the road, and seemed to increase hourly. His companions could with difficulty prevail on him to see even the falls of Terni, or the church of Santa Croce at Florence. On the 17th, a cold and dreary day, they passed the Apennines, and dined on the top of the mountains. The snow and the pines recalled Scotland, and he expressed pleasure at the sight of them. That night they reached Bologna, but he would see none of the interesting objects there; — and next day, hurrying in like manner through Ferrara, he proceeded as far as Monselice. On the 19th he arrived at Venice; and he remained there till the 23d; but showed no curiosity about anything except the Bridge of Sighs and the adjoining dungeons — down into which he

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Walter's autograph remains as follows: "*Sir Walter Scott — for Scotland.*" — (1839.)

[1] [This entry also describes briefly the journey to Rome. The closing words tell of the arrival there : "After a steep climb up a slippery, ill-paved road, Velletri received us, and accommodated us in an ancient villa or château, the original habitation of an old noble. I would have liked much to have taken a look at it; but I am tired by my ride. I fear my time for such researches is now gone. Monte Albano, a pleasant place, should also be mentioned, especially a forest of grand oaks, which leads you pretty directly into the vicinity of Rome. My son Charles had requested the favor of our friend Sir William Gell to bespeak a lodging, which, considering his bad health, was scarcely fair. My daughter had imposed the same favor, but they had omitted to give precise direction how to correspond with their friends concerning the execution of their commission. So there we were, as we had reason to think, possessed of two apartments, and not knowing the way to either of them. We entered Rome by a gate renovated by one of the old Pontiffs [Porta S. Giovanni], but which, I forget, and so paraded the streets by moonlight to discover, if possible, some appearance of the learned Sir William Gell, or the pretty Mrs. Ashley. At length we found our old servant who guided us to the lodgings taken by Sir William Gell, where all was comfortable, a good fire included, which our fatigue and the chilliness of the night required. We dispersed as soon as we had taken some food, wine, and water.

"We slept reasonably, but on the next morning" — *Journal*, vol. ii. p. 480.]

would scramble, though the exertion was exceedingly painful to him. On the other historical features of that place — one so sure in other days to have inexhaustible attractions for him — he would not even look; and it was the same with all that he came within reach of — even with the fondly anticipated chapel at Innspruck — as they proceeded through the Tyrol, and so onwards, by Munich, Ulm, and Heidelberg, to Frankfort. Here (June 5) he entered a bookseller's shop; and the people seeing an English party, brought out among the first things a lithographed print of Abbotsford. He said, "I know that already, sir," and hastened back to the inn without being recognized. Though in some parts of the journey they had very severe weather, he repeatedly wished to travel all the night as well as all the day; and the symptoms of an approaching fit were so obvious, that he was more than once bled, ere they reached Mayence, by the hand of his affectionate domestic.

At this town they embarked, on the 8th June, in the Rhine steamboat; and while they descended the famous river through its most picturesque region, he seemed to enjoy, though he said nothing, the perhaps unrivalled scenery it presented to him. His eye was fixed on the successive crags and castles, and ruined monasteries, each of which had been celebrated in some German ballad familiar to his ear, and all of them blended in the immortal panorama of Childe Harold. But so soon as they had passed Cologne, and nothing but flat shores, and here and there a grove of poplars and a village spire were offered to the vision, the weight of misery sunk down again upon him. It was near Nimeguen, on the evening of the 9th, that he sustained another serious attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis. Nicolson's lancet restored, after the lapse of some minutes, the signs of animation; but this was the crowning blow. Next day he insisted on resuming his journey, and on the 11th was lifted into an English steamboat at Rotterdam.

He reached London about six o'clock on the evening of Wednesday the 13th of June. Owing to the unexpected rapidity of the journey, his eldest daughter had had no notice when to expect him; and fearful of finding her either out of town, or unprepared to receive him and his attendants under her roof, Charles Scott drove to the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, and established his quarters there before he set out in quest of his sister and myself. When we reached the hotel, he recognized us with many marks of tenderness, but signified that he was totally exhausted; so no attempt was made to remove him further, and he was put to bed immediately. Dr. Ferguson saw him the same night, and next day Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland saw him also; and during the next three weeks the two latter visited him daily, while Ferguson was scarcely absent from his pillow. The Major was soon on the spot. To his children, all assembled once more about him, he repeatedly gave his blessing in a very solemn manner, as if expecting immediate death; but he was never in a condition for conversation, and sunk either into sleep or delirious stupor upon the slightest effort.

Mrs. Thomas Scott came to town as soon as she heard of his arrival, and remained to help us. She was more than once recognized and thanked. Mr. Cadell, too, arrived from Edinburgh, to render any assistance in his power. I think Sir Walter saw no other of his friends except Mr. John Richardson, and him only once. As usual, he woke up at the sound of a familiar voice, and made an attempt to put forth his hand, but it dropped powerless, and he said, with a smile, "Excuse my hand." Richardson made a struggle to suppress his emotion, and, after a moment, got out something about Abbotsford and the woods, which he had happened to see shortly before. The eye brightened, and he said, "How does Kirklands get on?" Mr. Richardson had lately purchased the estate so called on the Teviot, and

Sir Walter had left him busied with plans of building. His friend told him that his new house was begun, and that the Marquis of Lothian had very kindly lent him one of his own, meantime, in its vicinity. "Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man," said Sir Walter; "he is a man from whom one may receive a favor, and that 's saying a good deal for any man in these days." The stupor then sank back upon him, and Richardson never heard his voice again.[1] This state of things continued till the beginning of July.

During these melancholy weeks, great interest and sympathy were manifested. Allan Cunningham mentions that, walking home late one night, he found several working-men standing together at the corner of Jermyn Street, and one of them asked him, as if there was but one deathbed in London, "Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?" The inquiries both at the hotel and at my house were incessant; and I think there was hardly a member of the royal family who did not send every day. The newspapers teemed with paragraphs about Sir Walter; and one of these, it appears, threw out a suggestion that his travels had exhausted his pecuniary resources, and that if he were capable of reflection at all, cares of that sort might probably harass his pillow. This paragraph came from a very ill-informed, but, I dare say, a well-meaning quarter. It caught the attention of some members of the Government; and, in consequence, I received a private communication, to the effect that, if the case were as stated, Sir Walter's family had only to say what sum would relieve him from embarrassment, and it would be immediately advanced by the Treasury. The then Paymaster of the Forces, Lord John Russell, had the delicacy to convey this message through a lady with whose friendship he knew us to be honored.[1] We expressed our grateful sense of his politeness, and of the liberality of the Government, and I now beg leave to do so once more; but his Lordship was of course informed that Sir Walter Scott was not situated as the journalist had represented.

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[1] [In the interesting sketch of John Richardson, published in the *North British Review*, for November, 1864, can be found a letter from Scott, written in 1829, describing Kirklands, and recommending its purchase. For thirty years Richardson spent the autumn months in this picturesque retreat, and then, in his eightieth year, he resolved to retire from active professional work, give up his London residence, and live permanently in Roxburghshire, spending his remaining years in rest and literary relaxations. But the change was hardly made before he was seized with a lingering but hopeless illness. He died four years later, in 1864.]

Dr. Ferguson's memorandum on Jermyn Street will be acceptable to the reader. He says: —

> "When I saw Sir Walter, he was lying in the second floor back-room of the St. James's Hotel in Jermyn Street, in a state of stupor, from which, however, he could be roused for a moment by being addressed, and then he recognized those about him, but immediately relapsed. I think I never saw anything more magnificent than the symmetry of his colossal bust, as he lay on the pillow with his chest and neck exposed. During the time he was in Jermyn Street he was calm but never collected, and in general either in absolute stupor or in a waking dream. He never seemed to know where he was, but imagined himself to be still in the steamboat. The rattling of carriages, and the noises of the street, sometimes disturbed this illusion, and then he fancied himself at the polling booth of Jedburgh, where he had been insulted and stoned.
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> "During the whole of this period of apparent helplessness, the great features of his character could not be mistaken. He always exhibited great self-possession, and acted his part with wonderful power whenever visited, though he relapsed the next moment into the stupor from which strange voices had roused him. A gentleman stumbled over a chair in his dark room; — he immediately started up, and though unconscious that it was a friend, expressed as much concern and feeling as if he had never been laboring under the irritability of disease. It was impossible even for those who most constantly

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[1] The Honorable Catherine Arden — daughter of Sir Walter's old friend, Lady Alvanley.

saw and waited on him in his then deplorable condition, to relax from the habitual deference which he had always inspired. He expressed his will as determinedly as ever, and enforced it with the same apt and good-natured irony as he was wont to use.

"At length his constant yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal; and the moment this was notified to him, it seemed to infuse new vigor into his frame. It was on a calm, clear afternoon of the 7th July, that every preparation was made for his embarkation on board the steamboat. He was placed on a chair by his faithful servant Nicolson, half-dressed, and loosely wrapt in a quilted dressing-gown. He requested Lockhart and myself to wheel him towards the light of the open window, and we both remarked the vigorous lustre of his eye. He sat there silently gazing on space for more than half an hour, apparently wholly occupied with his own thoughts, and having no distinct perception of where he was, or how he came there. He suffered himself to be lifted into his carriage, which was surrounded by a crowd, among whom were many gentlemen on horseback, who had loitered about to gaze on the scene.

"His children were deeply affected, and Mrs. Lockhart trembled from head to foot, and wept bitterly. Thus surrounded by those nearest to him, he alone was unconscious of the cause or the depth of their grief, and while yet alive seemed to be carried to his grave."

On this his last journey Sir Walter was attended by his two daughters, Mr. Cadell, and myself — and also by Dr. Thomas Watson, who (it being impossible for Dr. Ferguson to leave town at that moment) kindly undertook to see him safe at Abbotsford. We embarked in the James Watt steamboat, the master of which (Captain John Jamieson), as well as the agent of the proprietors, made every arrangement in their power for the convenience of the invalid. The Captain gave up for Sir Walter's use his own private cabin, which was a separate erection — a sort of cottage — on the deck; and he seemed unconscious, after laid in bed there, that any new removal had occurred. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the Shipping Company (Mr. Hamilton); and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore, and conveyed from thence to Douglas's Hotel, in St. Andrew Square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days been the Duke of Buccleuch's housekeeper at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision. At a very early hour on the morning of Wednesday the 11th, we again placed him in his carriage, and he lay in the same torpid state during the first two stages on the road to Tweedside. But as we descended the vale of the Gala he began to gaze about him, and by degrees it was obvious that he was recognizing the features of that familiar landscape. Presently he murmured a name or two — "Gala Water, surely — Buckholm — Torwoodlee." As we rounded the hill at Ladhope, and the outline of the Eildons burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. The river being in flood, we had to go round a few miles by Melrose bridge; and during the time this occupied, his woods and house being within prospect, it required occasionally both Dr. Watson's strength and mine, in addition to Nicolson's, to keep him in the carriage. After passing the bridge, the road for a couple of miles loses sight of Abbotsford, and he relapsed into his stupor; but on gaining the bank immediately above it, his excitement became again ungovernable.

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted us in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a few moments, and then resting his eye on Laidlaw, said: "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" By this time his dogs had assembled about his chair —

they began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately sobbed and smiled over them, until sleep oppressed him.

Dr. Watson having consulted on all things with Mr. Clarkson and his father, resigned the patient to them, and returned to London. None of them could have any hope, but that of soothing irritation. Recovery was no longer to be thought of: but there might be *Euthanasia*.

And yet something like a ray of hope did break in upon us next morning. Sir Walter awoke perfectly conscious where he was, and expressed an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden. We procured a Bath chair from Huntly Burn, and Laidlaw and I wheeled him out before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf, and among the rose-beds then in full bloom. The grandchildren admired the new vehicle, and would be helping in their way to push it about. He sat in silence, smiling placidly on them and the dogs their companions, and now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, and the flowers and trees. By and by he conversed a little, very composedly, with us — said he was happy to be at home — that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would perhaps disappoint the doctors after all.

He then desired to be wheeled through his rooms, and we moved him leisurely for an hour or more up and down the hall and the great library: "I have seen much," he kept saying, "but nothing like my ain house — give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again, the moment we told him that we thought he had had enough for one day.

Next morning he was still better. After again enjoying the Bath chair for perhaps a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library, and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. Here he expressed a wish that I should read to him, and when I asked from what book, he said, "Need you ask? There is but one." I chose the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel; he listened with mild devotion, and said when I had done, "Well, this is a great comfort — I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again." In this placid frame he was again put to bed, and had many hours of soft slumber.

On the third day Mr. Laidlaw and I again wheeled him about the small piece of lawn and shrubbery in front of the house for some time; and the weather being delightful, and all the richness of summer around him, he seemed to taste fully the balmy influences of nature. The sun getting very strong, we halted the chair in a shady corner, just within the verge of his verdant arcade around the court-wall; and breathing the coolness of the spot, he said, "Read me some amusing thing — read me a bit of Crabbe." I brought out the first volume of his old favorite that I could lay hand on, and turned to what I remembered as one of his most favorite passages in it — the description of the arrival of the Players in the Borough. He listened with great interest, and also, as I soon perceived, with great curiosity. Every now and then he exclaimed, "Capital — excellent — very good — Crabbe has lost nothing" — and we were too well satisfied that he considered himself as hearing a new production, when, chuckling over one couplet, he said, "Better and better — but how will poor Terry endure these cuts?" I went on with the poet's terrible sarcasms upon the theatrical life, and he listened eagerly, muttering, "Honest Dan!" — "Dan won't like this." At length I reached those lines, —

> "Sad happy race! soon raised and soon depressed,
> Your days all passed in jeopardy and jest:
> Poor without prudence, with afflictions vain,
> Not warned by misery, nor enriched by gain."

"Shut the book," said Sir Walter, "I can't stand more of this — it will touch Terry to the very quick."

On the morning of Sunday the 15th, he was again taken out into the little *pleasaunce*, and got as far as his favorite terrace-walk between the garden and the river, from which he seemed to survey the valley and the hills with much satisfaction. On reëntering the house, he desired me to read to him from the New Testament, and after that he again called for a little of Crabbe; but whatever I selected from that poet seemed to be listened to as if it made part of some new volume published while he was in Italy. He attended with this sense of novelty even to the tale of Phœbe Dawson, which not many months before he could have repeated every line of, and which I chose for one of these readings, because, as is known to every one, it had formed the last solace of Mr. Fox's deathbed. On the contrary, his recollection of whatever I read from the Bible appeared to be lively; and in the afternoon, when we made his grandson, a child of six years, repeat some of Dr. Watts's hymns by his chair, he seemed also to remember them perfectly. That evening he heard the Church service, and when I was about to close the book, said, "Why do you omit the visitation for the sick?" — which I added accordingly.

On Monday he remained in bed, and seemed extremely feeble; but after breakfast on Tuesday the 17th he appeared revived somewhat, and was again wheeled about on the turf. Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and after dozing for perhaps half an hour, started awake, and shaking the plaids we had put about him from off his shoulders, said: "This is sad idleness. I shall forget what I have been thinking of, if I don't set it down now. Take me into my own room, and fetch the keys of my desk." He repeated this so earnestly that we could not refuse; his daughters went into his study, opened his writing-desk, and laid paper and pens in the usual order, and I then moved him through the hall and into the spot where he had always been accustomed to work. When the chair was placed at the desk, and he found himself in the old position, he smiled and thanked us, and said, "Now give me my pen, and leave me for a little to myself." Sophia put the pen into his hand, and he endeavored to close his fingers upon it, but they refused their office — it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, silent tears rolling down his cheeks; but composing himself by and by, motioned to me to wheel him out of doors again. Laidlaw met us at the porch, and took his turn of the chair. Sir Walter, after a little while, again dropt into slumber. When he was awaking, Laidlaw said to me, "Sir Walter has had a little repose." "No, Willie," said he, "no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, "don't let me expose myself — get me to bed — that 's the only place."

With this scene ended our glimpse of daylight. Sir Walter never, I think, left his room afterwards, and hardly his bed, except for an hour or two in the middle of the day; and after another week he was unable even for this.[1] During a few days he was in a state of painful irritation — and I saw realized all that he had himself prefigured in his description of the meeting between Chrystal Croftangry and his paralytic friend. Dr. Ross came out from Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, one of the dearest *nieces* of the Clerks' Table. Sir Walter with some difficulty recognized the Doctor — but, on hearing Mrs. Ross's voice, exclaimed at once, "Is n't that Kate Hume?" These kind friends remained for two or three days with us. Clarkson's lancet was pronounced necessary, and the relief it afforded was, I am happy to say, very effectual.

After this he declined daily, but still there was great strength to be wasted, and the process was long. He seemed, however, to suffer no bodily pain, and his mind, though hopelessly obscured, appeared, when there was any symptom of consciousness, to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; the accent of the voice grave, sometimes awful, but never querulous, and very seldom indicative of any angry or resentful thoughts. Now and then he imagined himself to be administering justice as Sheriff; and once or twice he seemed to be ordering Tom Purdie about trees. A few times also, I am sorry to say, we could perceive that his fancy was at Jedburgh — and *Burke Sir Walter* escaped him in a melancholy tone. But commonly whatever we could follow him in was a fragment of the Bible (especially the Prophecies of Isaiah, and the Book of Job), or some petition in the litany, or a verse of some psalm (in the old Scotch metrical version) or of some of the magnificent hymns of the Romish ritual, in which he had always delighted, but which probably hung on his memory now in connection with the Church services he had attended while in Italy. We very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ;* and I think the very last *stanza* that we could make out was the first of a still greater favorite: —

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[1] [Some brief notes of Laidlaw regarding these last days will be found in the *Abbotsford Notanda*, pp. 183–187.]

"Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius."

All this time he continued to recognize his daughters, Laidlaw, and myself, whenever we spoke to him — and received every attention with a most touching thankfulness. Mr. Clarkson, too, was always saluted with the old courtesy, though the cloud opened but a moment for him to do so. Most truly might it be said that the gentleman survived the genius.

After two or three weeks had passed in this way, I was obliged to leave Sir Walter for a single day, and go into Edinburgh to transact business, on his account, with Mr. Henry Cockburn (now Lord Cockburn), then Solicitor-General for Scotland. The Scotch Reform Bill threw a great burden of new duties and responsibilities upon the Sheriffs; and Scott's Sheriff-substitute, the Laird of Raeburn, not having been regularly educated for the law, found himself incompetent to encounter these novelties, especially as regarded the registration of voters, and other details connected with the recent enlargement of the electoral franchise. Under such circumstances, as no one but the Sheriff could appoint another Substitute, it became necessary for Sir Walter's family to communicate the state he was in in a formal manner to the Law Officers of the Crown; and the Lord Advocate (Mr. Jeffrey), in consequence, introduced and carried through Parliament a short bill (2 and 3 William IV. cap. 101), authorizing the Government to appoint a new Sheriff of Selkirkshire, "during the incapacity or non-resignation of Sir Walter Scott." It was on this bill that the Solicitor-General had expressed a wish to converse with me: but there was little to be said, as the temporary nature of the new appointment gave no occasion for any pecuniary question; and, if that had been otherwise, the circumstances of the case would have rendered Sir Walter's family entirely indifferent upon such a subject. There can be no doubt, that if he had recovered in so far as to be capable of executing a resignation, the Government would have considered it just to reward thirty-two years' faithful services by a retired allowance equivalent to his salary — and as little, that the Government would have had sincere satisfaction in settling that matter in the shape most acceptable to himself. And perhaps (though I feel that it is scarcely worth while) I may as well here express my regret that a statement highly unjust and injurious should have found its way into the pages of some of Sir Walter's preceding biographers. These writers have thought fit to insinuate that there was a want of courtesy and respect on the part of the Lord Advocate, and the other official persons connected with this arrangement. On the contrary, nothing could be more handsome and delicate than the whole of their conduct in it; Mr. Cockburn could not have entered into the case with greater feeling and tenderness, had it concerned a brother of his own; and when Mr. Jeffrey introduced his bill in the House of Commons, he used language so graceful and touching, that both Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Croker went across the House to thank him cordially for it.

Perceiving, towards the close of August, that the end was near, and thinking it very likely that Abbotsford might soon undergo many changes, and myself, at all events, never see it again, I felt a desire to have some image preserved of the interior apartments as occupied by their founder, and invited from Edinburgh for that purpose Sir Walter's dear friend, William Allan — whose presence, I well knew, would even under the circumstances of that time be nowise troublesome to any of the family, but the contrary in all respects.[1] Mr. Allan willingly complied, and executed a series of beautiful drawings.[2] He also shared our watchings, and witnessed all but the last moments. Sir Walter's cousins, the ladies of Ashestiel, came down frequently, for a day or two at a time; and did whatever sisterly affections could prompt both for the sufferer and his daughters. Miss Mary Scott (daughter of his uncle Thomas), and Mrs. Scott of Harden, did the like.

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[1] [In 1835 Allan was elected a Royal Academician. Three years later he became President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and in 1841 he succeeded Wilkie as Limner to the Queen in Scotland, and was knighted the next year. A little later he revisited Russia, where so much of his young manhood had been spent, and painted for the Czar, "Peter the Great teaching his Subjects the Art of Shipbuilding," now in the Winter Palace. His picture of "The Battle of Waterloo from the English Side" was bought by the Duke of Wellington. Sir William died in Edinburgh, February 23, 1850, in his sixty-eighth year. At the time of his death he was engaged upon the picture of "The Battle of Bannockburn," now in the Scottish National Gallery. He painted Scott several times, and his "The Author of Waverley in his Study" is widely known from the engraving by John Burnet. A picture, originally called "The Orphan," representing the Breakfast-Room at Abbotsford, with Miss Anne Scott kneeling by her father's empty chair, was bought by Queen Adelaide, and is now in the Royal collection.]

[2] [Some of these drawings were engraved for the 1839 Edition of the *Life.*]

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicolson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm — every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man — be virtuous — be religious — be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night — God bless you all." With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons. They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained anew leave of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P. M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day — so warm, that every window was wide open — and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.

No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose: —

> Κεῖτο μέγας μεγαλωστὶ, λελασμένος ἱπποσυνάων·[1]

Almost every newspaper that announced this event in Scotland, and many in England, had the signs of mourn-ing usual on the demise of a king. With hardly an exception, the voice was that of universal, unmixed grief and veneration.

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[1] [*Iliad*, xvi. 776.]

It was considered due to Sir Walter's physicians, and to the public, that the nature of his malady should be distinctly ascertained. The result was, that there appeared the traces of a very slight mollification in one part of the substance of the brain.[1]

His funeral was conducted in an unostentatious manner, but the attendance was very great. Few of his old friends then in Scotland were absent, and many, both friends and strangers, came from a great distance. His old domestics and foresters made it their petition that no hireling hand might assist in carrying his remains. They themselves bore the coffin to the hearse, and from the hearse to the grave. The pall-bearers were his sons, his son-in-law, and his little grandson; his cousins, Charles Scott of Nesbitt, James Scott of Jedburgh (sons to his uncle Thomas), William Scott of Raeburn, Robert Rutherford, Clerk to the Signet, Colonel (now Sir James) Russell of Ashestiel, William Keith (brother to Sir Alexander Keith of Ravelston), and the chief of his family, Hugh Scott of Harden, now Lord Polwarth.

When the company were assembled, according to the usual Scotch fashion, prayers were offered up by the Very

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[1] "*Abbotsford*, *Sept.* 23, 1832. — This forenoon, in presence of Dr. Adolphus Ross, from Edinburgh, and my father, I proceeded to examine the head of Sir Walter Scott.

"On removing the upper part of the cranium, the vessels on the surface of the brain appeared slightly turgid, and on cutting into the brain the cineritious substance was found of a darker hue than natural, and a greater than usual quantity of serum in the ventricles. Excepting these appearances, the right hemisphere seemed in a healthy state; but in the left, in the choroid plexus, three distinct though small hydatids were found; and on reaching the corpus striatum it was discovered diseased — a considerable portion of it being in a state of ramolissement. The blood-vessels were in a healthy state. The brain was not large — and the cranium thinner than it is usually found to be.

J. B. Clarkson."

Reverend Dr. Baird,[1] Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and by the Reverend Dr. David Dickson, Minister of St. Cuthbert's, who both expatiated in a very striking manner on the virtuous example of the deceased.

The courtyard and all the precincts of Abbotsford were crowded with uncovered spectators as the procession was arranged; and as it advanced through Darnick and Melrose, and the adjacent villages, the whole population appeared at their doors in like manner — almost all in black. The train of carriages extended, I understand, over more than a mile; the Yeomanry followed in great numbers on horseback; and it was late in the day ere we reached Dryburgh. Some accident, it was observed, had caused the hearse to halt for several minutes on the summit of the hill at Bemerside — exactly where a prospect of remarkable richness opens, and where Sir Walter had always been accustomed to rein up his horse. The day was dark and lowering, and the wind high.

The wide enclosure at the Abbey of Dryburgh was thronged with old and young; and when the coffin was taken from the hearse, and again laid on the shoulders of the afflicted serving-men, one deep sob burst from a thousand lips. Mr. Archdeacon Williams read the Burial Service of the Church of England; and thus, about half-past five o'clock in the evening of Wednesday the 26th September, 1832, the remains of SIR WALTER SCOTT were laid by the side of his wife in the sepulchre of his ancestors — "*in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.*"

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[1] Principal Baird died at Linlithgow 14th January, 1840, in his 79th year. — (1842.)

DRYBURGH ABBEY, SCOTT'S GRAVE

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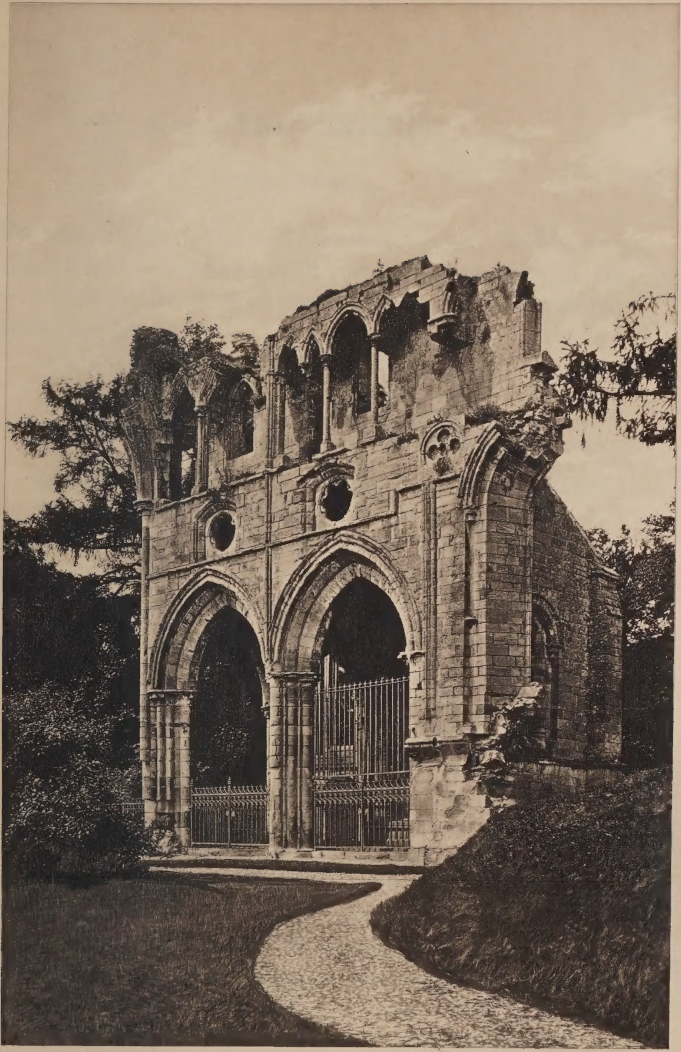

CHAPTER LXXXIV

CONCLUSION

We read in Solomon — "The heart knoweth his own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy;" — and a wise poet of our own time thus beautifully expands the saying: —

> "Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
> Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
> Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?"[1]

Such considerations have always induced me to regard with small respect, any attempt to delineate fully and exactly any human being's character. I distrust, even in very humble cases, our capacity for judging our neighbor fairly; and I cannot but pity the presumption that must swell in the heart and brain of any ordinary brother of the race, when he dares to pronounce *ex cathedrâ*, on the whole structure and complexion of a great mind, from the comparatively narrow and scanty materials which can by possibility have been placed before him. Nor is the difficulty to my view lessened, — perhaps it is rather increased, — when the great man is a great artist. It is true, that many of the feelings common to our nature can only be expressed adequately, and that some of the finest of them can only be expressed at all, in the language of art; and more especially in the language of poetry. But it is equally true, that high and sane art never attempts to express that for which the artist does not claim and expect general sympathy; and however much of what we had thought to be our own secrets he ventures to give shape to, it becomes, I can never help believing, modest understandings to rest convinced that there remained a world of deeper mysteries to which the dignity of genius would refuse any utterance.

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[1] See Keble's *Christian Year*, p. 261.

I have therefore endeavored to lay before the reader those parts of Sir Walter's character to which we have access, as they were indicated in his sayings and doings through the long series of his years — making use, whenever it was possible, of his own letters and diaries rather than of any other materials; — but refrained from obtruding almost anything of comment. It was my wish to let the character develop itself: and conscious that I have wilfully withheld nothing that might assist the mature reader to arrive at just conclusions, I am by no means desirous of drawing out a detailed statement of my own. I am not going to "peep and botanize" upon his grave. But a few general observations will be forgiven — perhaps expected.

I believe that if the history of any one family in upper or middle life could be faithfully written, it might be as generally interesting, and as permanently useful, as that of any nation, however great and renowned. But literature has never produced any worthy book of this class, and probably it never will. The only lineages in which we can pretend to read personal character far back, with any distinctness, are those of kings and princes, and a few noble houses of the first eminence; and it hardly needed Swift's biting satire to satisfy the student of the past, that the very highest pedigrees are as uncertain as the very lowest. We flatter the reigning monarch, or his haughtier satellite, by tracing in their lineaments the mighty conqueror or profound legislator of a former century. But call up the dead, according to the Dean's incantation, and we might have the real ancestor in some chamberlain, confessor, or musician.

Scott himself delighted, perhaps above all other books, in such as approximate to the character of good family histories, — as, for example, Godscroft's House of Douglas and Angus, and the Memorie of the Somervilles, — which last is, as far as I know, the best of its class in any language; and his reprint of the trivial Memorials of the Haliburtons, to whose dust he is now gathered, was but one of a thousand indications of his anxiety to realize his own ancestry to his imagination. No testamentary deed, instrument of contract, or entry in a parish register, seemed valueless to him, if it bore in any manner, however obscure or distant, on the personal history of any of his ascertainable predecessors. The chronicles of the race furnished the fireside talk to which he listened in infancy at Smailholm, and his first rhymes were those of Satchels. His physical infirmity was reconciled to him, even dignified perhaps, by tracing it back to forefathers who acquired famousness in their own way, in spite of such disadvantages. These studies led by easy and inevitable links to those of the history of his province generally, and then of his native kingdom. The lamp of his zeal burnt on brighter and brighter amidst the dust of parchments; his love and pride vivified whatever he hung over in these dim records, and patient antiquarianism, long brooding and meditating, became gloriously transmuted into the winged spirit of national poetry.

Whatever he had in himself, he would fain have made out a hereditary claim for. He often spoke both seriously and sportively on the subject. He had assembled about him in his "own great parlor," as he called it — the room in which he died — all the pictures of his ancestors that he could come by; and in his most genial evening mood he seemed never to weary of perusing them. The Cavalier of Killiecrankie — brave, faithful, learned, and romantic old "Beardie," a determined but melancholy countenance — was never surveyed without a repetition of the solitary Latin rhyme of his Vow. He had, of course, no portraits of the elder heroes of Harden to lecture upon; but a skilful hand had supplied the same wall with a fanciful delineation of the rough wooing of "Meikle-mouthed Meg;" and the only historical picture, properly so called, that he ever bespoke, was to be taken (for it was never executed) from the Raid o' the Redswire, when

> —— "The Laird's Wat, that worthy man,
> Brought in that surname weel beseen."

And

> "The Rutherfords with great renown,
> Convoyed the town o' Jedbrugh out."

The ardent but sagacious "goodman of Sandy-Knowe" hangs by the side of his father, "Bearded Wat;" and often, when moralizing in his latter day over the doubtful condition of his ultimate fortunes, Sir Walter would point to "Honest Robin," and say, "Blood will out:— my building and planting was but his buying the hunter before he stocked his sheep-walk over again." "And yet," I once heard him say, glancing to the likeness of his own staid calculating father, "it was a wonder, too —for I have a thread of the attorney in me." And so, no doubt, he had; for the "elements" were mingled in him curiously, as well as "gently."

An imagination such as his, concentrating its day-dreams on things of this order, soon shaped out a world of its own — to which it would fain accommodate the real one. The love of his country became indeed a passion; no knight ever tilted for his mistress more willingly than he would have bled and died to preserve even the airiest surviving nothing of her antique pretensions for Scotland. But the Scotland of his affections had the clan Scott for her kernel. Next and almost equal to the throne was Buccleuch. Fancy rebuilt and most prodigally embellished the whole system of the social existence of the Middle Ages, in which the clansman (wherever there were clans) acknowledged practically no sovereign but his chief. The author of the Lay would rather have seen his heir carry the Banner of Bellenden gallantly at a foot-ball match on Carterhaugh, than he would have heard that the boy had attained the highest honors of the first university in Europe. His original pride was to be an acknowledged member of one of the "honorable families" whose progenitors had been celebrated by Satchels for following this banner in blind obedience to the patriarchal leader; his first and last worldly ambition was to be himself the founder of a distinct branch; he desired to plant a lasting root, and dreamt not of personal fame, but of long distant generations rejoicing in the name of "Scott of Abbotsford." By this idea all his reveries — all his aspirations — all his plans and efforts, were overshadowed and controlled. The great object and end only rose into clearer daylight, and swelled into more substantial dimensions, as public applause strengthened his confidence in his own powers and faculties; and when he had reached the summit of universal and unrivalled honor, he clung to his first love with the faith of a Paladin. It is easy enough to smile at all this; many will not understand it, and some who do may pity it. But it was at least a different thing from the modern vulgar ambition of amassing a fortune and investing it in land. The lordliest vision of acres would have had little charm for him, unless they were situated on Ettrick or Yarrow, or in

— "Pleasant Tiviedale,
Fast by the river Tweed" —

— somewhere within the primeval territory of "the Rough Clan."

His worldly ambition was thus grafted on that ardent feeling for blood and kindred which was the great redeeming element in the social life of what we call the Middle Ages; and — though no man estimated the solid advantages of modern existence more justly than he did when, restraining his fancy, he exercised his graver faculties on the comparison — it was the natural effect of the studies he devoted himself to and rose by, to indispose him for dwelling on the sober results of judgment and reason in all such matters. What a striking passage that is in one of his letters now printed, where he declines to write a biography of Queen Mary, "because his opinion was contrary to his feeling!" But he confesses the same of his Jacobitism; and yet how eagerly does he seem to have grasped at the shadow, however false and futile, under which he chose to see the means of reconciling his Jacobitism with loyalty to the reigning monarch who befriended him? We find him, over and over again, alluding to George IV. as acquiring a title, *de jure*, on the death of the poor Cardinal of York! Yet who could have known better, that whatever rights the exiled males of the Stuart line ever possessed must have remained entire with their female descendants?

The same resolution to give imagination her scope, and always in favor of antiquity, is the ruling principle and charm of all his best writings; and he indulged and embodied it so largely in his buildings at Abbotsford, that to have curtailed the exposition of his fond untiring enthusiasm on that score, would have been like omitting the Prince in a cast of Hamlet. So also with all the details of his hospitable existence, when he had fairly completed his "romance in stone and lime;" — every outline copied from some old baronial edifice in Scotland — every roof and window blazoned with clan bearings, or the lion rampant gules, or the heads of the ancient Stuart kings. He wished to revive the interior life of the castles he had emulated — their wide open joyous reception of all comers, but especially of kinsmen, allies, and neighbors — ballads and pibrochs to enliven flowing bowls and *quaighs* — jolly hunting fields in which yeoman and gentleman might ride side by side — and mirthful dances, where no Sir Piercie Shafton need blush to lead out the miller's daughter. In the brightest meridian of his genius and fame, this was his *beau ideal.* All the rest, however agreeable and flattering, was but "leather and prunella" to this. There was much kindness surely in such ambition: — in spite of the apparent contradiction in terms, was there not really much humility about it?

To this ambition we owe the gigantic monuments of Scott's genius; and to the kindly feelings out of which his ambition grew, grew also his fatal connection with merchandise. The Ballantynes were his old schoolfellows; — and the reader has had means to judge whether, when once embarked in their concerns, he ever could have got out of them again, until rude calamity, at one blow, broke the meshes of his entanglement. I need not recur to that sad and complicated chapter. Nor, perhaps, need I offer any more speculations, by way of explaining, and reconciling to his previous and subsequent history and demeanor, either the mystery in which he had chosen to wrap his commercial connections from his most intimate friends, or the portentous carelessness with which he abandoned these matters to the direction of negligent and inefficient colleagues. And yet I ought, I rather think, to have suggested to certain classes of my readers, at a much earlier stage, that no man could in former times be called either to the English or the Scottish Bar, who was known to have any direct interest in any commercial undertaking of any sort; and that the body of feelings or prejudices in which this regulation originated (for though there might be sound reason for it besides, such undoubtedly was the main source) prevailed in Scotland in Sir Walter's youth, to an extent of which the present generation may not easily form an adequate notion. In the minds of the "northern *noblesse de la robe*," as they are styled in Redgauntlet, such feelings had wide and potent authority; insomuch that I can understand perfectly how Scott, even after he ceased to practise at the Bar, being still a Sheriff, and a member of the Faculty of Advocates, should have shrunk very sensitively from the idea of having his alliance with a trading firm revealed among his comrades of the gown.

And, moreover, the practice of mystery is, perhaps, of all practices, the one most likely to grow into a habit; secret breeds secret; and I ascribe, after all, the long silence about Waverley to the matured influence of this habit, at least as much as to any of the motives which the author has thought fit to assign in his late confessions.

But was there not, in fact, something that lay far deeper than a mere professional prejudice?

Among many things in Scott's Diaries, which cast strong light upon the previous part of his history, the reluctance which he confesses himself to have always felt towards the resumption of the proper appointed task, however willing, nay eager, to labor sedulously on something else, can hardly have escaped the reader's notice. We know how gallantly he combated it in the general — but these precious Diaries themselves are not the least pregnant proofs of the extent to which it very often prevailed — for an hour or two at least, if not for the day.

I think this, if we were to go no farther, might help us somewhat in understanding the neglect about superintending the Messrs. Ballantynes' ledgers and bill books; and, consequently, the rashness about buying land, building, and the like.

But to what are we to ascribe the origin of this reluctance towards accurate and minute investigation and transaction of business of various sorts, so important to himself, in a man possessing such extraordinary sagacity, and exercising it every day with such admirable regularity and precision, in the various capacities of the head of a family — the friend — the magistrate — the most distinguished citizen of Edinburgh — beyond all comparison the most distinguished member of society that figured in his time in his native kingdom?

The whole system of conceptions and aspirations, of which his early active life was the exponent, resolves itself into a romantic idealization of Scottish aristocracy.

He desired to secure for his descendants (for himself he had very soon acquired something infinitely more flattering to self-love and vanity) a decent and honorable middle station — in a scheme of life so constituted originally, and which his fancy pictured as capable of being so revived, as to admit of the kindliest personal contact between (almost) the peasant at the plough and the magnate with revenues rivalling the monarch's. It was the patriarchal — the clan system, that he thought of; one that never prevailed even in Scotland, within the historical period that is to say, except in the Highlands, and in his own dear Border-land. This system knew nothing of commerce — as little certainly of literature beyond the raid-ballad of the wandering harper, —

> "High placed in hall — a welcome guest."

His filial reverence of imagination shrunk from marring the antique, if barbarous, simplicity. I suspect that at the highest elevation of his literary renown — when princes bowed to his name, and nations thrilled at it — he would have considered losing all that at a change of the wind, as nothing, compared to parting with his place as the Cadet of Harden and Clansman of Buccleuch, who had, no matter by what means, reached such a position, that when a notion arose of embodying "a Buccleuch legion," not a Scott in the Forest would have thought it otherwise than natural for *Abbotsford* to be one of the field-officers. I can, therefore, understand that he may have, from the very first, exerted the dispensing power of imagination very liberally, in virtually absolving himself from dwelling on the wood of which his ladder was to be constructed. Enough was said in a preceding chapter of the obvious fact, that the author of such a series of romances as his, must have, to all intents and purposes, lived more than half his life in worlds purely fantastic. In one of the last obscure and faltering pages of his Diary he says, that if any one asked him how much of his thought was occupied by the novel then in hand, the answer would have been, that in one sense it never occupied him except when the amanuensis sat before him, but that in another it was never five minutes out of his head. Such, I have no doubt, the case had always been. But I must be excused from doubting whether, when the substantive fiction actually in process of manufacture was absent from his mind, the space was often or voluntarily occupied (no positive external duty interposing) upon the real practical worldly position and business of the Clerk of Session — of the Sheriff, — least of all of the printer or the bookseller.

The sum is, if I read him aright, that he was always willing, in his ruminative moods, to veil, if possible, from his own optics the kind of machinery by which alone he had found the means of attaining his darling objects. Having acquired a perhaps unparalleled power over the direction of scarcely paralleled faculties, he chose to exert his power in this manner. On no other supposition can I find his history intelligible; — I mean, of course, the great obvious and marking facts of his history; for I hope I have sufficiently disclaimed all pretension to a thorough-going analysis. He appears to have studiously escaped from whatever could have interfered with his own enjoyment — to have revelled in the fair results, and waved the wand of obliterating magic over all besides; and persisted so long, that (like the sorcerer he celebrates) he became the dupe of his own delusions.

It is thus that (not forgetting the subsidiary influence of professional Edinburgh prejudices) I am inclined, on the whole, to account for his initiation in the practice of mystery — a thing, at first sight, so alien from the frank, open, generous nature of a man, than whom none ever had or deserved to have more real friends.

The indulgence cost him very dear. It ruined his fortunes — but I can have no doubt that it did worse than that. I cannot suppose that a nature like his was fettered and shut up in this way without suffering very severely from the "cold obstruction." There must have been a continual "insurrection" in his "state of man;" and, above all, I doubt not that what gave him the bitterest pain in the hour of his calamities, was the feeling of compunction with which he then found himself obliged to stand before those with whom he had, through life, cultivated brotherlike friendship, convicted of having kept his heart closed to them on what they could not but suppose to have been the chief subjects of his thought and anxiety, in times when they withheld nothing from him. These, perhaps, were the "written troubles" that had been cut deepest into his brain. I think they were, and believe it the more, because it was never acknowledged.

If he had erred in the primary indulgence out of which this sprang, he at least made noble atonement.

During the most energetic years of manhood he labored with one prize in view; and he had just grasped it, as he fancied, securely, when all at once the vision was dissipated: he found himself naked and desolate as Job. How he nerved himself against the storm — how he felt and how he resisted it — how soberly, steadily, and resolvedly he contemplated the possibility of yet, by redoubled exertions, in so far retrieving his fortunes, as that no man should lose by having trusted those for whom he had been pledged — how well he kept his vow, and what price it cost him to do so, — all this the reader, I doubt not, appreciates fully. It seems to me that strength of character was never put to a severer test than when, for labors of love, such as his had hitherto almost always been — the pleasant exertion of genius for the attainment of ends that owed all their dignity and beauty to a poetical fancy — there came to be substituted the iron pertinacity of daily and nightly toil, in the discharge of a duty which there was nothing but the sense of chivalrous honor to make stringent.

It is the fond indulgence of gay fancy in all the previous story that gives its true value and dignity to the voluntary agony of the sequel, when, indeed, he appears

> "Sapiens, sibique imperiosus;
> Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;
> Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
> Fortis; et in seipso totus, teres atque rotundus,
> Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari;
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna."[1]

The attentive reader will not deny that every syllable of this proud *ideal* has been justified to the letter. But though he boasted of stoicism, his heroism was something far better than the stoic's; for it was not founded on a haughty trampling down of all delicate and tender thoughts and feelings. He lays his heart bare in his Diary; and we there read, in characters that will never die, how the sternest resolution of a philosopher may be at once quickened and adorned by the gentlest impulses of that spirit of love, which alone makes poetry the angel of life. This is the moment in which posterity will desire to fix his portraiture. It is then, truly, that

> "He sits, 'mongst men, like a descended god;
> He hath a kind of honour sets him off
> More than a mortal seeming."[2]

But the noble exhibition was not a fleeting one; it was not that a robust mind elevated itself by a fierce effort for the crisis of an hour. The martyrdom lasted with his days; and if it shortened them, let us remember his own immortal words, —

> "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
> To all the sensual world proclaim —
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."[3]

For the rest, I presume, it will be allowed that no human character, which we have the opportunity of studying with equal minuteness, had fewer faults mixed up in its texture. The grand virtue of fortitude, the basis of all others, was never displayed in higher perfection than in him; and it was, as perhaps true courage always is, combined with an equally admirable spirit of kindness and humanity. His pride, if we must call it so, undebased by the least tincture of mere vanity, was intertwined with a most exquisite charity, and was not inconsistent with true humility. If ever the principle of kindliness was incarnated in a mere man, it was in him; and real kindliness can never be but modest. In the social relations of life, where men are most effectually tried, no spot can be detected in him. He was a patient, dutiful, reverent son; a generous, compassionate, tender husband; an honest, careful, and most affectionate father. Never was a more virtuous or a happier fireside than his. The influence of his mighty genius shadowed it imperceptibly; his calm good sense, and his angelic sweetness of heart and temper, regulated and softened a strict but paternal discipline. His children, as they grew up, understood by degrees the high privilege of their birth; but the profoundest sense of his greatness never disturbed their confidence in his goodness. The buoyant play of his spirits made him sit young among the young; parent and son seemed to live in brotherhood together; and the chivalry of his imagination threw a certain air of courteous gallantry into his relations with his daughters, which gave a very peculiar grace to the fondness of their intercourse. Though there could not be a gentler mother than Lady Scott, — on those delicate occasions most interesting to young ladies, they always made their father the first confidant.

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[1] [Horace, *Satires* II. 7, 83–88.]

[2] [*Cymbeline*, Act I. Scene 6.]

[3] [*Old Mortality*, chap. xxxiv.]

To the depth of his fraternal affection I ascribe, mainly, the only example of departure from the decorum of polished manners which a keen observer of him through life ever witnessed in him, or my own experience and information afford any trace of. Injuries done to himself no man forgave more easily, — more willingly repaid by benefits. But it was not so when he first and unexpectedly saw before him the noble person who, as he considered things at the time, had availed himself of his parliamentary privilege to cast a shade of insult upon the character of his next and best-beloved brother.

But perhaps the most touching evidence of the lasting tenderness of his early domestic feelings was exhibited to his executors, when they opened his repositories in search of his testament, the evening after his burial. On lifting up his desk, we found arranged in careful order a series of little objects, which had obviously been so placed there that his eye might rest on them every morning before he began his tasks. These were the old-fashioned boxes that had garnished his mother's toilette, when he, a sickly child, slept in her dressing-room — the silver taper-stand which the young advocate had bought for her with his first five-guinea fee — a row of small packets inscribed with her hand, and containing the hair of those of her offspring that had died before her — his father's snuff-box and etui-case — and more things of the like sort, recalling

> " The old familiar faces."

The same feeling was apparent in all the arrangement of his private apartment. Pictures of his father and mother were the only ones in his dressing-room. The clumsy antique cabinets that stood there, things of a very different class from the beautiful and costly productions in the public rooms below, had all belonged to the furniture of George Square. Even his father's rickety washing-stand, with all its cramped appurtenances, though exceedingly unlike what a man of his very scrupulous habits would have selected in these days, kept its ground. The whole place seemed fitted up like a little chapel of the lares.

Such a son and parent could hardly fail in any of the other social relations. No man was a firmer or more indefatigable friend. I know not that he ever lost one;

and a few, with whom, during the energetic middle stage of life, from political differences or other accidental circumstances, he lived less familiarly, had all gathered round him, and renewed the full warmth of early affection in his later days. There was enough to dignify the connection in their eyes; but nothing to chill it on either side. The imagination that so completely mastered him when he chose to give her the rein, was kept under most determined control when any of the positive obligations of active life came into question. A high and pure sense of duty presided over whatever he had to do as a citizen and a magistrate; and as a landlord, he considered his estate as an extension of his hearth.

Of his political creed, the many who hold a different one will of course say that it was the natural fruit of his poetical devotion to the mere prejudice of antiquity; and I am quite willing to allow that this must have had a great share in the matter — and that he himself would have been as little ashamed of the word *prejudice* as of the word *antiquity*. Whenever Scotland could be considered as standing separate on any question from the rest of the empire, he was not only apt, but eager to embrace the opportunity of again rehoisting, as it were, the old signal of national independence; and I sincerely believe that no circumstance in his literary career gave him so much personal satisfaction as the success of Malachi Malagrowther's Epistles. He confesses, however, in his Diary, that he was aware how much it became him to summon calm reason to battle imaginative prepossessions on this score; and I am not aware that they ever led him into any serious practical error. He delighted in letting his fancy run wild about ghosts and witches and horoscopes — but I venture to say, had he sat on the judicial bench a hundred years before he was born, no man would have been more certain to give juries sound direction in estimating the pretended evidence of supernatural occurrences of any sort; and I believe, in like manner, that had any Anti-English faction, civil or religious, sprung up in his own time in Scotland, he would have done more than any other living man could have hoped to do, for putting it down. He was on all practical points a steady, conscientious Tory of the school of William Pitt; who, though an anti-revolutionist, was certainly anything but an anti-reformer. He rejected the innovations, in the midst of which he died, as a revival, under alarmingly authoritative auspices, of the doctrines which had endangered Britain in his youth, and desolated Europe throughout his prime of manhood. May the gloomy anticipations which hung over his closing years be unfulfilled! But should they be so, let posterity remember that the warnings, and the resistance of his and other powerful intellects, were probably in that event the appointed means for averting a catastrophe in which, had England fallen, the whole civilized world must have been involved.

Sir Walter received a strictly religious education under the eye of parents, whose virtuous conduct was in unison with the principles they desired to instil into their children. From the great doctrines thus recommended he appears never to have swerved; but he must be numbered among the many who have incurred considerable risk of doing so, in consequence of the rigidity with which Presbyterian heads of families, in Scotland, were used to enforce compliance with various relics of the puritanical observance. He took up, early in life, a repugnance to the mode in which public worship is conducted in the Scottish Establishment; and adhered to the sister Church, whose system of government and discipline he believed to be the fairest copy of the primitive polity, and whose litanies and collects he reverenced as having been transmitted to us from the age immediately succeeding that of the Apostles. The few passages in his Diaries, in which he alludes to his own religious feelings and practices, show clearly the sober, serene, and elevated frame of mind in which he habitually contemplated man's relations with his Maker; the modesty with which he shrunk from indulging either the presumption of reason, or the extravagance of imagination, in the province of Faith; his humble reliance on the wisdom and mercy of God; and his firm belief that we are placed in this state of existence, not to speculate about another, but to prepare ourselves for it by actual exertion of our intellectual faculties, and the constant cultivation of kindness and benevolence towards our fellow men.

But his moral, political, and religious character has sufficiently impressed itself upon the great body of his writings. He is indeed one of the few great authors of modern Europe who stand acquitted of having written a line that ought to have embittered the bed of death. His works teach the practical lessons of morality and Christianity in the most captivating form — unobtrusively and unaffectedly. And I think it is not refining too far to say, that in these works, as well as his whole demeanor as a man of letters, we may trace the happy effects (enough has already been said as to some less fortunate and agreeable ones) of his having written throughout with a view to something beyond the acquisition of personal fame. Perhaps no great poet ever made his literature so completely ancillary to the objects and purposes of practical life. However his imagination might expatiate, it was sure to rest over his home. The sanctities of domestic love and social duty were never forgotten; and the same circumstance that most ennobles all his triumphs affords also the best apology for his errors.

I have interwoven in these pages some record of whatever struck myself as preëminently acute in the critical essays bestowed on Scott's works by his contemporaries; but I have little doubt that the best of these essays will in due time be collected together, and accompany, *in extenso*, a general edition of his writings. From the first, his possession of a strong and brilliant genius was acknowledged; and the extent of it seems to have been guessed by others, before he was able to persuade himself that he had claim to a place among the masters of literature. The ease with which he did everything, deceived him; and he probably would never have done himself any measure of justice, even as compared with those of his own time, but for the fact, which no modesty could long veil, that whatever he did became immediately "*the fashion*,"—the object of all but universal imitation. Even as to this, he was often ready to surmise that the priority of his own movement might have been matter of accident; and certainly nothing can mark the humility of his mind more strikingly than the style in which he discusses, in his Diary, the pretensions of the pygmies that swarmed and fretted in the deep wake of his mighty vessel. To the really original writers among his contemporaries he did full justice; no differences of theory or taste had the least power to disturb his candor. In some cases he rejoiced in feeling and expressing a cordial admiration, where he was met by, at best, a cold and grudging reciprocity: and in others, his generosity was proof against not only the private belief, but the public exposure of envious malignity. Lord Byron might well say that Scott could be jealous of no one; but the immeasurable distance did not prevent many from being jealous of him.

His propensity to think too well of other men's works sprung, of course, mainly, from his modesty and good-nature; but the brilliancy of his imagination greatly sustained the delusion. It unconsciously gave precision to the trembling outline, and life and warmth to the vapid colors before him. This was especially the case as to romances and novels; the scenes and characters in them were invested with so much of the "light within," that he would close with regret volumes which, perhaps, no other person, except the diseased glutton of the circulating library, ever could get half through. Where colder critics saw only a schoolboy's hollowed turnip with its inch of tallow, he looked through the dazzling spray of his own fancy, and sometimes the clumsy toy seems to have swelled almost into "the majesty of buried Denmark."

These servile imitators are already forgotten, or will soon be so; but it is to be hoped that the spirit which breathes through his works may continue to act on our literature, and consequently on the character and manners of men. The race that grew up under the influence of that intellect can hardly be expected to appreciate fully their own obligations to it: and yet if we consider what were the tendencies of the minds and works that, but for his, must have been unrivalled in the power and opportunity to mould young ideas, we may picture to ourselves in some measure the magnitude of the debt we owe to a perpetual succession, through thirty years, of publications unapproached in charm, and all instilling a high and healthy code; a bracing, invigorating spirit; a contempt of mean passions, whether vindictive or voluptuous; humane charity, as distinct from moral laxity, as from unsympathizing austerity; sagacity too deep for cynicism, and tenderness never degenerating into sentimentality: animated throughout in thought, opinion, feeling, and style, by one and the same pure energetic principle — a pith and savor of manhood; appealing to whatever is good and loyal in our natures, and rebuking whatever is low and selfish.

Had Sir Walter never taken a direct part in politics as a writer, the visible bias of his mind on such subjects must have had a great influence; nay, the mere fact that such a man belonged to a particular side would have been a very important weight in the balance. His services, direct and indirect, towards repressing the revolutionary propensities of his age, were vast — far beyond the comprehension of vulgar politicians.

On the whole, I have no doubt that, the more the details of his personal history are revealed and studied, the more powerfully will that be found to inculcate the same great lessons with his works. Where else shall we be taught better how prosperity may be extended by beneficence, and adversity confronted by exertion? Where can we see the "follies of the wise" more strikingly rebuked, and a character more beautifully purified and exalted in the passage through affliction to death? I have lingered so long over the details, that I have, perhaps, become, even from that circumstance alone, less qualified than more rapid surveyors may be to seize the effect in the mass. But who does not feel that there is something very invigorating as well as elevating in the contemplation? His character seems to belong to some elder and stronger period than ours; and, indeed, I cannot help likening it to the architectural fabrics of other ages, which he most delighted in, where there is such a congregation of imagery and tracery, such endless indulgence of whim and fancy, the sublime blending here with the beautiful, and there contrasted with the grotesque — half, perhaps, seen in the clear daylight, and half by rays tinged with the blazoned forms of the past — that one may be apt to get bewildered among the variety of particular impressions, and not feel either the unity of the grand design, or the height and solidness of the structure, until the door has been closed upon the labyrinth of aisles and shrines, and you survey it from a distance, but still within its shadow.

And yet as, with whatever admiration his friends could not but regard him constantly when among them, the prevailing feeling was still love and affection, so is it now, and so must ever it be, as to his memory. It is not the privilege of every reader to have partaken in the friendship of A GREAT AND GOOD MAN; but those who have not may be assured, that the sentiment, which the near homely contemplation of such a being inspires, is a thing entirely by itself: —

"Not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate."[1]

And now to conclude. — In the year 1832, France and Germany, as well as Britain, had to mourn over their brightest intellects. Goethe shortly preceded Scott, and Cuvier followed him: and with these mighty lights were extinguished many others of no common order — among the rest, Crabbe and Mackintosh.

Many of those who had been intimately connected with Scott in various ways soon followed him. James Ballantyne was already on his deathbed when he heard of his great friend and patron's death. The foreman of the printing house — a decent and faithful man, who had known all their secrets, and done his best for their service, both in prosperous and adverse times, by name M'Corkindale — began to droop and pine, and died too in a few months. James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, must also be mentioned. He died on the 21st of November, 1835; but it had been better for his fame had his end been of earlier date, for he did not follow his best benefactor until he had insulted his dust. Lastly, I observe, as this sheet is passing through the press, the death of the Rev. George Thomson, the happy "Dominie Thomson," of the happy days of Abbotsford. He died at Edinburgh on the 8th of January, 1838.[2]

Miss Anne Scott received at Christmas, 1832, a grant of £200 per annum from the privy purse of King William IV. But her name did not long burden the pension list. Her constitution had been miserably shattered in the course of her long and painful attendance, first on her mother's illness, and then on her father's; and perhaps reverse of fortune, and disappointments of various sorts connected with that, had also heavy effect. From the day of Sir Walter's death, the strong stimulus of duty being lost, she too often looked and spoke like one

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[1] [*Othello*, Act II. Scene 1.]

[2] William Laidlaw, after 1832, had the care first of the Seaforth, and then of the Balnagowan estates, in Ross-shire, as factor; but being struck with paralysis in August, 1844, retired to the farmhouse of his excellent brother James at Contin, and died there in May, 1845. Mr. Morritt, to whom the Memoirs of his friend are inscribed, died at Rokeby on the 12th of July, 1843: loved, venerated, never to be forgotten. William Clerk of Eldin, admired through life for talents and learning, of which he has left no monument, died at Edinburgh in January, 1847. — (1848.)

[The last survivor of these familiar friends was Sir Adam Ferguson, who died at Edinburgh, January 1, 1855, in his eighty-fourth year.]

> "Taking the measure of an unmade grave."[1]

After a brief interval of disordered health, she contracted a brain fever, which carried her off abruptly. She died in my house in the Regent's Park on the 25th June, 1833, and her remains are placed in the New Cemetery in the Harrow Road.[2]

The adjoining grave holds those of her nephew John Hugh Lockhart, who died 15th December, 1831; and also those of my wife Sophia, who expired after a long illness, which she bore with all possible meekness and fortitude, on the 17th of May, 1837.[3] The clergyman who read

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[1] [*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Scene 3.]

[2] [A few familiar letters written by Anne Scott will be found in the *Memoir and Correspondence* of Miss Ferrier, who speaks of always finding her young hostess at Abbotsford most kind, amiable, and agreeable. In the latest of these letters, sent from Regent's Park, November 28, 1832, Miss Scott says: "I would have written to you long ago, as I promised, had I been able; but indeed I was not, and though I do feel most grateful to God that poor papa is at rest, still the recollections of past days and home are hard to bear." Writing of her death to his brother, Lockhart says: "You may conceive how various circumstances have combined to make the blow really a *shocking* one to Sophia." And to his sister, "She had never before been so stunned and shattered, for Johnnie's death and her father's were long expected. This was so sudden." See Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii. p. 78.]

[3] [That day Lockhart wrote a few lines to his brother William, in which he says: "At three this morning my poor wife breathed her last. I pray you signify to Violet and Lawrence that her end was calm, and that throughout her long illness her sweetness of temper had never given way. Both Sophia's brothers are with me — but this is a terrible blow, and will derange all my hopes and plans of life. I shall very probably ask you to come up by and by, for I may need counsel."

Two days later he wrote to his sister: "As when this reaches you, you are likely to be with my brothers, as well as my dear father, I may tell the funeral service over her was her father's friend, and hers, and mine, the Rev. Henry Hart Milman, one of the Prebendaries of Westminster; and a little incident which he happened to observe during the prayers suggested to him some verses, which he transmitted to me the morning after, and which the reader will not, I believe, consider altogether misplaced in the last pages of these memoirs of her father.

STANZAS — MAY 22, 1837.

Over that solemn pageant mute and dark,
 Where in the grave we laid to rest
 Heaven's latest, not least welcome guest,

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my story at once to all I have now left to care for besides my poor babes. Sophia's mind had been during many weeks in a very unsettled condition, but it pleased God to restore her to full possession of herself for the last fortnight, and, though her bodily suffering was occasionally acute, she surveyed her approaching departure with calmness and humble serenity, and at different times signified her farewell feelings and desires to us all in the sweetest manner. I think no one ever lived a more innocent life, and it is my consolation now to reflect that it was perhaps as happy a life as is often granted to human creature. The duty I owe to her children is quite sufficient to steady and compose me, and I shall endeavor to make the world continue, as it had begun, to wear a cheerful aspect for them. Their grief has been very deep, but they both have a vast deal of good sense and feeling for others, and are trying, poor souls, to look like themselves and be a comfort to me. . . .

"I have purchased a plot of ground in the New Cemetery [Kensal Green] on the Harrow Road — a wide, spacious garden with a beautiful prospect — and that morning, an hour before we reach the spot, the bodies of Anne and Johnnie will have been removed thither from the vaults of Marylebone, that the sisters may be henceforth side by side, and the child in the same dust with his mother. . . . The place will be one that we can visit from time to time with ease, and, I do not doubt, with a sense of pleasure.

"Perhaps I am indulging feelings at which many would exclaim as savoring too much of the dreams of the mere fancy. But I don't believe you will take such a view of the matter. My dearest mother has a resting-place of which I can think with satisfaction, a solemn and awful one [Glasgow Cathedral]; but, except Westminster Abbey, there is no old burial ground here that I could have been able to look at with comfort, and remember that it contained the ashes of my wife." — Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii. p. 175.]

What didst thou on the wing, thou jocund lark!
  Hovering in unrebuked glee,
And carolling above that mournful company?

O thou light-loving and melodious bird,
  At every sad and solemn fall
  Of mine own voice, each interval
In the soul-elevating prayer, I heard
  Thy quivering descant full and clear —
Discord not inharmonious to the ear!

We laid her there, the Minstrel's darling child.
  Seem'd it then meet that, borne away
  From the close city's dubious day,
Her dirge should be thy native woodnote wild;
  Nurs'd upon nature's lap, her sleep
Should be where birds may sing, and dewy flowerets weep?

Ascendedst thou, air-wandering messenger!
  Above us slowly lingering yet,
  To bear our deep, our mute regret;
To waft upon thy faithful wing to her
  The husband's fondest last farewell,
Love's final parting pang, the unspoke, the unspeakable?

Or didst thou rather chide with thy blithe voice
  Our selfish grief that would delay
  Her passage to a brighter day;
Bidding us mourn no longer, but rejoice
  That it hath heavenward flown like thee,
That spirit from this cold world of sin and sorrow free?

I watched thee, lessening, lessening to the sight,
  Still faint and fainter winnowing
  The sunshine with thy dwindling wing,
A speck, a movement in the ruffled light,
  Till thou wert melted in the sky,
An undistinguished part of the bright infinity.

Meet emblem of that lightsome spirit thou!
  That still, wherever it might come,
  Shed sunshine o'er that happy home,
Her task of kindliness and gladness now
  Absolved with the element above
Hath mingled, and become pure light, pure joy, pure love.

There remain, therefore, of Sir Walter's race, only his two sons, — Walter, his successor in the baronetcy, Lieutenant-Colonel in the 15th Regiment of Hussars, — and Charles, a clerk in the office of her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs;[1] — with two children left by their sister Sophia, a boy and a girl.[2]

Shortly after Sir Walter's death, his sons and myself, as his executors, endeavored to make such arrangements as were within our power for completing the great object of his own wishes and fatal exertions. We found the remaining principal sum of the Ballantyne debt to be about £54,000. £22,000 had been insured upon his life; there were some monies in the hands of the Trustees, and Mr. Cadell very handsomely offered to advance to us the balance, about £30,000, that we might without further delay settle with the body of creditors. This was effected accordingly on the 2d of February, 1833; Mr. Cadell accepting as his only security, the right to the profits accruing from Sir Walter's copyright property and literary remains, until such time as this new and consolidated obligation should be discharged. I am afraid, however, notwithstanding the undiminished sale of his works, especially of his Novels, his executors can hardly hope to witness that consummation, unless, indeed, it should please the Legislature to give some extension to the period for which literary property has hitherto been protected; a bill for which purpose has been repeatedly brought before the House of Commons by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd.[3]

Besides his commercial debt, Sir Walter left also one of £10,000, contracted by himself as an individual, when struggling to support Constable in December, 1825, and secured by mortgage on the lands of Abbotsford. And, lastly, the library and museum, presented to him in free gift by his creditors in December, 1830, were bequeathed to his eldest son with a burden to the extent of £5000, which sum he designed to be divided between his younger children, as already explained in an extract from his Diary. His will provided that the produce of his literary property, in case of its proving sufficient to wipe out the remaining debt of Messrs. Ballantyne, should then be applied to the extinction of these mortgages; and thereafter, should this also be accomplished, divided equally among his surviving family.

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[1] [See Appendix I.]

[2] [See Appendix II.]

[3] [The Act of Parliament extending the term of copyright, which forms the basis of the present law, commonly called Talfourd's Act or Lord Mahon's Act was passed in 1842.]

Various meetings were held soon after his death with a view to the erection of monuments to his memory; and the records of these meetings, and their results, are adorned by many of the noblest and most distinguished names both of England and of Scotland. In London the Lord Bishop of Exeter, Sir Robert Peel, and Sir John Malcolm[1] took a prominent part as speakers; in Edinburgh, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Marquis of Lothian, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Jeffrey (then Lord Advocate for Scotland), and Professor Wilson.

In Glasgow the subscription amounted to about £1200, — and a very handsome pillar, surmounted with a statue, has been erected in the chief square of that city, which had been previously adorned with statues of its own most illustrious citizens, Sir John Moore and James Watt.

The subscription for a monument in Edinburgh reached the sum of £6000; — and I believe a rich Gothic cross, with a statue in the interior, will soon be completed.[2]

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[1] [See *ante*, p. 86, note.]

[2] This subscription subsequently amounted to above £15,000. The result may now be seen in a truly magnificent monument, conspicuous to every visitor of Scott's "own romantic town" — a lofty Gothic cross, enclosing and surmounting a marble statue of the Poet, which, as well as

SCOTT MONUMENT, EDINBURGH

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In the market-place of Selkirk there has been set up, at the cost of local friends and neighbors, a statue in freestone, by Mr. Alexander S. Ritchie of Musselburgh, with this inscription: —

ERECTED IN AUGUST, 1839,
IN PROUD AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BARONET,
SHERIFF OF THIS COUNTY
FROM 1800 TO 1832.

By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek.[1]

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many happy relievos on the exterior, does great honor to the chisel of Mr. Steell. — (1848.)

[The designer of the Monument was George Kemp, successful among more than fifty competitors. Of humble origin and a carpenter by trade, he sought work both in England and on the Continent, studying Gothic architecture wherever he went. Later he became a draughtsman in Edinburgh. He did not live to see the completion of the work on which his fame rests, having been accidentally drowned in 1844. The foundation stone of the Monument was laid on Scott's birthday, August 15, 1840, with much ceremony, and its completion was celebrated in like manner, on the same day, 1846. The inscription on the stone, written by Lord Jeffrey, is as follows: —

"This graven plate deposited in the base of a votive building on the fifteenth day of August in the year of Christ 1840, and destined never to see the light again till the surrounding structures are crumbled to dust by the decay of time, or by human or elemental violence, may then testify to a distant posterity that the citizens of Edinburgh began on that day to raise an effigy and an architectural monument TO THE MEMORY OF SIR WALTER SCOTT; whose admirable writings were then allowed to have given more delight, and suggested better feelings to a larger class of readers in every rank of society than those of any other author, with the exception of Shakespeare alone: and which therefore were thought likely to be remembered long after this act of gratitude, on the part of the first generation of his admirers, should be forgotten. He was born at Edinburgh, 15th August, 1771; and died at Abbotsford, 21st September, 1832."

In the Scott Centenary year, some of the Scottish residents in New York commissioned John Steell to execute a replica of his statue, to be cast in bronze, for Central Park, where it was placed in 1872.]

[1] In what manner to cover the grave itself at Dryburgh required some consideration, in consequence of the state of the surrounding and overhang-

The English subscription amounted to somewhere about £10,000; but a part of this was embezzled by a young person rashly appointed to the post of secretary, who carried it with him to America, where he soon afterwards died.

The noblemen and gentlemen who subscribed to this English fund had adopted a suggestion — (which originated, I believe, with Lord Francis Egerton and the Honorable John Stuart Wortley) — that, in place of erecting a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey, or a statue or pillar elsewhere, the most suitable and respectful tribute that could be paid to Sir Walter's memory would be to discharge all the incumbrances upon Abbotsford, and entail the House, with its library and other articles of curiosity collected by him, together with the lands which he had planted and embellished, upon the heirs of his name forever. The sum produced by the subscription, however, proved inadequate to the realization of such a scheme; and after much consultation, it was at length settled that the money in the hands of the committee (between £7000 and £8000) should be employed to liquidate the debt upon the library and museum, and whatever might be over, towards the mortgage on the lands. This arrangement enabled the present Sir Walter Scott to secure, in

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ing ruins. Sir F. Chantrey recommended a block of Aberdeen granite, so solid as to resist even the fall of the ivied roof of the aisle, and kindly sketched the shape; in which he followed the stone coffin of the monastic ages — especially the "marble stone" on which Deloraine awaits the opening of the wizard's vault in the *Lay*. This drawing had just been given to Allan Cunningham, when our great sculptor was smitten with a fatal apoplexy. As soon as pressing business allowed, "Honest Allan" took up the instructions of his dying friend; the model was executed under his eye; and the letter in which he reported its completion was, I am informed, the very last that he penned. He also had within a few hours a paralytic seizure, from which he never rose. The inscriptions on this simple but graceful tomb are merely of name and date. — (1848.)

[Chantrey died November 25, 1841, in his sixty-first year. Till the sculptor's death, Allan Cunningham had remained his secretary and superintendent of works, and he survived Sir Francis less than a year, dying October 30, 1842, at the age of fifty-eight.]

the shape originally desired, the permanent preservation at least of the house and its immediate appurtenances, as a memorial of the tastes and habits of the founder.[1] The

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[1] Such was the state of matters when the Lieutenant-Colonel embarked for India, and in his absence no further steps could well be taken. Upon his death it was found that, notwithstanding the very extensive demand for his father's writings, there still remained a considerable debt to Mr. Cadell, and also the greater part of the old debt secured on the lands. Mr. Cadell then offered to relieve the guardians of the young inheritor of that great name from much anxiety and embarrassment, by accepting in full payment of the sum due to himself, and also in recompense for his taking on himself the final obliteration of the heritable bond, a transference to him of the remaining claims of the family over Sir Walter's writings, together with the result of some literary exertions of the only surviving executor. This arrangement was completed in May, 1847, and the estate, as well as the house and its appendages, became at last unfettered. The rental is small, but I hope and trust that as long as any of the family remain, reverent care will attend over the guardianship of a possession associated with so many high and noble recollections. On that subject the gallant soldier who executed the entail, expressed also in his testament feelings of the devoutest anxiety; and it was, I am well assured, in order that no extraneous obstacle might thwart the fulfilment of his pious wishes, that Mr. Cadell crowned a long series of kind services to the cause and the memory of Sir Walter Scott, by the very handsome proposition of 1847. — (1848.)

[How well the public demand sustained the value of Scott's works, even when the time was approaching that the copyrights of the novels would year by year expire, is shown by the sale of the copyright and stock in 1851 to Messrs. A. and C. Black, for £27,000. In the year 1890 Mr. Francis Black informed Mr. Douglas " that of the volumes of one of the cheaper issues about three millions had been sold since 1851. This, of course, independently of other publishers' editions in Great Britain, the Continent, and America," editions still increasing in number, whose sales it would be difficult to compute.

Robert Cadell, a cadet of the family of Cadell of Cockenzie, gives a terse bit of autobiography, in a letter to Laidlaw, written from Edinburgh in 1837: " Strange that all the Ballantynes and Constable are gone, and I am left alone of those behind the curtain during so many critical years! Born at Cockenzie in East Lothian, educated for business above five years in Glasgow, I came here a raw young man of twenty-one in the winter of 1809–10, and have cuckooed these men out of their nests, firmly seated in which they all were at that time. And here is Lockhart telling about all of us to posterity. We will all be handed down as appendages to the great man! " Mr. Cadell made a large fortune, mainly, it is said, from Scott's works. In another letter to Laidlaw he writes, " Our late illustrious friend used to joke me about a Waverley Cottage or a Waverley Hall; I am now rated for a palace! " — (*Abbotsford Notanda*, p. 193.) One of the latest of poet's ambition to endow a family sleeps with him. But I still hope his successors may be, as long as any of his blood remains, the honored guardians of that monument.

The most successful portraitures of Sir Walter Scott have been mentioned incidentally in the course of these Memoirs. It has been suggested that a complete list of the authentic likenesses ought to have been given; but the Editor regrets to say, that this is not in his power. He has reason to believe that several exist which he has never seen. The following catalogue, however, includes some not previously spoken of.

I. A very good miniature of Sir Walter, done at Bath, when he was in the fifth or sixth year of his age, was given by him to his daughter Sophia, and is now in my possession — the artist's name unknown. The child appears with long flowing hair, the color a light chestnut — a deep open collar, and scarlet dress. It is nearly a profile; the outline wonderfully like what it was to the last; the expression of the eyes and mouth very striking — grave and pensive.[1]

Haydon's letters (written to his wife March 13, 1846) gives an interesting description of a visit he had just paid to Ratho, some eight miles from Edinburgh, "a splendid mansion with six hundred acres of land;" he speaks admiringly of the beauty of his host's daughters, "blonde to perfection," — there were eight daughters but no son, — and tells that after dinner he was shown the manuscripts of the Novels, beautiful manuscripts without blot or correction, as Shakespeare's were said to have been. (See *Haydon's Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 463.) Every morning at nine the publisher was driven from Ratho House to St. Andrew Square, with such unvarying punctuality, that we are told the dwellers on his way knew the time by the passing of "the Ratho coach." Mr. Cadell died at the age of sixty, January 20, 1849.]

[1] [This miniature is now at Abbotsford, and was engraved for the first volume of the 1839 Edition of the *Life*. It is not, however, the original, as Lockhart supposed, but a very careful copy of it. The ivory of the Bath picture having cracked, Scott's mother had this copy made, and gave the original to the wife of Captain Watson, in whose family it remained till 1871, when it passed into the possession of Mr. David Laing, who bequeathed it to the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.]

II. The miniature sent by Scott to Miss Carpenter, shortly before their marriage in 1797 — now at Abbotsford. It is not a good work of art, and I know not who executed it. The hair is slightly powdered.[1]

III. The first oil painting, done for Lady Scott in 1805, by Saxon, was, in consequence of repeated applications for the purpose of being engraved, transferred by her to Messrs. Longman and Co., and is now in their house in Paternoster Row.[2] This is a very fine picture, representing, I have no doubt, most faithfully, the author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel. Length, three quarters — dress, black — hair, nut-brown — the favorite bull-terrier Camp leaning his head on the knee of his master. The companion portrait of Lady Scott is at Abbotsford.[3]

IV. The first picture by Raeburn was done in 1808 for Constable, and passed, at the sale of his effects, into the hands of the Duke of Buccleuch. Scott is represented at full length, sitting by a ruined wall, with Camp at his feet — Hermitage Castle and the mountains of Liddesdale in the background. This noble portrait has been repeatedly engraved.[4] Dress black — Hessian boots.

V. The second full-length by Raeburn (done a year later) is nearly a repetition of the former; but the painter had some new sittings for it. Two greyhounds (Douglas and Percy) appear in addition to Camp, and the background gives the valley of the Yarrow, marking the period of Ashestiel and Marmion. This piece is at Abbotsford.[1]

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[1] [The *Centenary Catalogue* says of this miniature: "Mr. Lockhart somewhat undervalues it. It is elaborately finished, and might be assigned to one of the chief Miniature Painters of the time in Edinburgh." Scott is depicted in the uniform of an officer of the Royal Edinburgh Light Dragoons. There is a companion picture of Miss Carpenter, at Abbotsford. Both miniatures are interesting, as being in effect so distinctly of the eighteenth century that they differ curiously from portraits of only a little later date. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 258]

[2] [This picture is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington.]

[3] [This was engraved for the fifth volume of the *Life*, Ed. 1839.]

[4] [It forms the frontispiece of the fourth volume of the *Life*, Ed. 1839.]

VI. A head in oils by Thomas Phillips, R. A., done in 1818 for Mr. Murray, and now in Albemarle Street. The costume was, I think, unfortunately selected — a tartan plaid and open collar. This gives a theatrical air to what would otherwise have been a very graceful representation of Scott in the 47th year of his age. Mr. Phillips (for whom Scott had a warm regard, and who often visited him at Abbotsford) has caught a true expression not hit upon by any of his brethren — a smile of gentle enthusiasm. The head has a vivid resemblance to Sir Walter's eldest daughter, and also to his grandson John Hugh Lockhart. A copy of this picture was added by the late Earl Whitworth to the collection at Knowle.[2]

VII. A head sketched in oil by Geddes — being one of his studies for a picture of the finding of the Scottish Regalia in 1818 — is in the possession of Sir James Stuart of Allanbank, Baronet. It is nearly a profile — boldly drawn.

VIII. The unrivalled portrait (three quarters) by Sir Thomas Lawrence, painted for King George IV. in 1820, and now in the Corridor at Windsor Castle. See Vol. VI. p. 147. The engraving, by Robinson, is masterly.[3]

IX. A head by Sir Henry Raeburn — the last work of his hand — was done in 1822 for Lord Montagu, and is at Ditton Park: a massive strong likeness, heavy at first sight, but which grows into favor upon better acquaintance — the eyes very deep and fine.[1] This picture has been well engraved in mezzotinto.[2]

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[1] [Three cabinet portraits, in water-colors, were drawn by William Nicholson, the earliest in 1815. This was retained by the artist. The second, of somewhat later date, was given by Scott to his friend William Erskine, and, together with a companion picture of the latter, is at Nether-Kinnedder, Fifeshire. The third is at Abbotsford.]

[2] [A second copy of this picture was painted for Lord Polwarth, and is at Mertoun House.]

[3] [A half-length portrait by John Watson (Gordon) was painted in 1820 for the Marchioness of Abercorn, who bequeathed it to her sister, Lady Julia Lockwood. Later, this lady presented it to her son-in-law, Lord Napier and Ettrick, and it is now at Thirlestane. See *ante*, vol. vii. p. 174.]

X. A small three-quarters, in oil, done at Chiefswood, in August, 1824, by the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, R. A., and presented by him to Mrs. Lockhart. This pleasing picture gives Sir Walter in his usual country dress — a green jacket and black neckcloth, with a leathern belt for carrying the forester's axe round the shoulders. It is the best domestic portrait ever done.[3] A duplicate, in Mr. Murray's possession, was engraved for Finden's Illustrations of Byron.

XI. A half-length, painted by C. R. Leslie, R. A., in 1824, for Mr. Ticknor of Boston, New England, is now in that gentleman's possession. I never saw this picture in its finished state, but the beginning promised well, and I am assured it is worthy of the artist's high reputation. It has not been engraved — in this country I mean — but a reduced copy of it furnished an indifferent print for one of the Annuals.[4]

XII. A small head was painted in 1826 by Mr. Knight, a young artist, patronized by Terry. See Vol. VIII. p. 143. This juvenile production, ill-drawn and feeble in expression, was engraved for Mr. Lodge's great work![5]

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[1] [The picture remained at Ditton until 1845, when at Lord Montagu's death it became the property of his son-in-law, the Earl of Home, and it is now (1890) at the Hirsel, Coldstream. — D. D. A copy of this portrait is in the High School, Edinburgh.]

[2] [See *ante*, vol. viii. p. 279.]

[3] [This picture is at Abbotsford.]

[4] [This portrait, always one of the most valued possessions of Mr. Ticknor, passed, after the death of its owner and of his widow, to their elder daughter. Miss Ticknor, who died in 1896, bequeathed the picture to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. A photogravure of it was made for the Cambridge Edition of Scott's Poems, 1900.]

[5] [Mr. Knight was still a Royal Academy student when this portrait

XIII. A half-length by Mr. Colvin Smith of Edinburgh, done in January, 1828, for the artist's uncle, Lord Gillies. I never admired this picture; but it pleased many, perhaps better judges. Mr. Smith executed no less than fifteen copies for friends of Sir Walter; among others, the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, the Lord Chief-Commissioner Adam, and John Hope, Esq., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates.[1]

XIV. A half-length done by Mr. John Graham [Gilbert] in 1829, for the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in whose chambers it now is:[2] Not destitute of merit; but much inferior to that of Miss Anne Scott, by the same hand, in the drawing-room at Abbotsford.

XV. An excellent half-length portrait, by John Watson Gordon of Edinburgh, done in March, 1830, for Mr. Cadell. Scott is represented sitting, with both hands resting on his staff — the staghound Bran on his left.[3] The engraving does no justice to this picture.

XVI. The cabinet picture, with armor and staghounds, done by Francis Grant, for Lady Ruthven, in

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was painted. It was done for Mr. Terry, and when his effects were sold after his death, it became the property of Mr. Harding of Finchley. A chimney in this gentleman's house, which passed behind the wall on which this picture hung, having taken fire, the portrait was utterly destroyed, — the accident happening on the day of Sir Walter's death. See the *Scott Centenary Catalogue*, p. 199.]

[1] [This portrait is a head, and the original was painted for the Lord Chief-Commissioner. The number of copies executed was about twenty, and for seven of these Sir Walter gave single sittings. The variations in these pictures are slight. Among the friends who possessed them, beside those mentioned by Lockhart, were Lord Chief-Baron Shepherd, Lord Jeffrey, Sir Frederick Adam, Lord Minto, and the Rev. Dr. Hughes, the last of whom declared it the only *familiar likeness* of Sir Walter. See *Scott Centenary Catalogue*, p. 73.]

[2] [Mr. Graham Gilbert died in 1866. The following year, his widow presented to the National Portrait Gallery, London, a duplicate of this picture, which the artist had retained for his own collection. A photogravure of the Royal Society portrait is given in the first volume of the *Journal*.]

[3] [See *ante*, p. 44. A number of copies of this portrait were painted by the artist, one of them for the Speculative Society.]

1831. See this volume, pp. 35, 38. This interesting piece has never been engraved.[1]

XVII. I am sorry to say that I cannot express much approbation of the representation of Sir Walter, introduced by Sir David Wilkie in his picture of "The Abbotsford Family;" nor indeed are any of the likenesses in that beautiful piece (1817) at all satisfactory to me, except only that of Sir Adam Ferguson, which is perfect. This is at Huntly Burn.[2]

XVIII., XIX., XX. Nor can I speak more favorably either of the head of Scott in Wilkie's "Arrival of George IV. at Holyrood" (1822), or of that in William Allan's picture of "The Ettrick Shepherd's Househeating" (1819). Allan has succeeded better in his figure of "The Author of Waverley in his Study;" this was done shortly before Sir Walter's death.[3]

XXI. Mr. Edwin Landseer, R. A., has recently painted a full-length portrait, with the scenery of the Rhymer's Glen; and his familiarity with Scott renders this almost as valuable as if he had sat for it. This beautiful picture is in the gallery of Mr. Wells.

Two or three drawings were done at Naples; but the friends who requested Sir Walter to sit, when laboring under paralysis, were surely forgetful of what was due to him and to themselves; and, judging by the lithographed prints, the results were in every point of view utterly worthless.

I have already (Vol. III. p. 68) given better evidence than my own as to the inimitable bust done by Sir Francis

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[1] [A photogravure of this picture forms the frontispiece of the second volume of the *Journal*.]

[2] [A picture of "Sir Walter Scott, his Family and Friends," was painted in 1825 by William Stewart Watson. It was intended to commemorate the visit of Miss Edgeworth to Abbotsford, and she occupies a central position in it. In a letter to the artist printed in the *Centenary Catalogue*, p. 200, Sir Walter speaks favorably of the miniatures, from which the picture was painted.]

[3] [This cabinet portrait, painted in 1831 for Mr. Robert Nasmyth, was in 1871 purchased for the National Portrait Gallery, London.]

Chantrey in 1820, and now in the library at Abbotsford.[1] Previous to Sir Walter's death, the niche which this now occupies held a cast of the monumental effigy of Shakespeare, presented to him by George Bullock, with an elegant stand, having the letters W. S. in large relievo on its front. Anxiety to place the precious marble in the safest station induced the poet's son to make the existing arrangement the day after his father's funeral. The propriety of the position is obvious; but in case of misrepresentation hereafter, it is proper to mention that it was not chosen by Sir Walter for an image of himself.

Sir Francis Chantrey sculptured, in 1828, a bust possessing the character of a second original. This is now, I am rejoiced to say, in the gallery of Sir Robert Peel at Drayton;[2] and the following letter supplies the most authentic history of its execution: —

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[1] [The biographer has told how the subscribers to the English memorial of Scott felt that to assist in the redemption of Abbotsford was the best tribute they could pay to his memory; but after two generations had passed, his place in the Abbey was to be filled, and it was decided that the most appropriate monument would be a reproduction of the Chantrey Bust at Abbotsford. The letter to the Dean on the occasion was, he said, the most influentially signed memorial he had ever received. The subscriptions, which came from all parts of the kingdom, and also from America, were more than sufficient for the purpose, and a copy of the bust by John Hutchison of Edinburgh, R. S. A., was accepted. On May 21, 1897, a distinguished company met in the Chapter House of Westminster, where addresses worthy the occasion were made by Mr. Arthur James Balfour and Mr. John Hay, the American Ambassador. After some fitting remarks by the Duke of Buccleuch, the assemblage proceeded to the South Transept of the Abbey, where the Duke unveiled the bust, which is placed between the monument to John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, with whom, says Dean Stanley, "our age has become familiar chiefly through the greatest of novelists," and the doorway to the Lady Chapel.

The committee generously decided to devote the surplus of the subscriptions received to the gift of a replica of the bust to the City of Boston, in consideration of the cordial response to their appeal which had been made there. On May 17, 1899, this bust was unveiled in the Boston Public Library, the principal address on the occasion being made by President Charles William Eliot of Harvard University.]

[2] [When the great statesman's grandson and namesake scattered the treasures of Drayton, this bust was sold at auction in London (1900) for £2250, — it was said to a member of the Peel family.]

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART., WHITEHALL.

BELGRAVE PLACE, 26th January, 1838.

DEAR SIR ROBERT, — I have much pleasure in complying with your request to note down such facts as remain on my memory concerning the bust of Sir Walter Scott which you have done me the honor to place in your collection at Drayton Manor.

My admiration of Scott, as a poet and a man, induced me, in the year 1820, to ask him to sit to me for his bust — the only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favor from any one. He agreed; and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me always before his sittings — and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should all be good talkers. That he fulfilled the latter condition you may guess, when I tell you, that on one occasion he came with Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, and the late Lord Lyttleton. The marble bust produced from these sittings was moulded; and about forty-five casts were disposed of among the poet's most ardent admirers. This was all I had to do with plaster casts. The bust was pirated by Italians; and England and Scotland, and even the Colonies, were supplied with unpermitted and bad casts to the extent of thousands — in spite of the terror of an act of Parliament.

I made a copy in marble from this bust for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Apsley House in 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my bust of Sir Walter that I ever executed in marble.

I now come to your bust of Scott. In the year 1828 I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an heirloom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life for my own studio. To this proposal he acceded; and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back: "This Bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1820 by Francis Chantrey, and presented by the sculptor to the poet, as a token of esteem, in 1828."

In the months of May and June in the same year, 1828, Sir Walter fulfilled his promise; and I finished, from his face, the marble bust now at Drayton Manor — a better sanctuary than my studio — else I had not parted with it. The expression is more serious than in the two former busts, and the marks of age *more* than eight years deeper.

I have now, I think, stated all that is worthy of remembering about the bust, except that there need be no fear of piracy, for it has never been moulded. — I have the honor to be, Dear Sir, your very sincere and faithful servant,

F. Chantrey.

Sir Walter's good-nature induced him to sit, at various periods of his life, to other sculptors of inferior standing and reputation. I am not aware, however, that any of their performances but two ever reached the dignity of marble. The one of these, a very tolerable work, was done by Mr. Joseph about 1822,[1] and is in the gallery of Mr. Burn Callander, at Prestonhall, near Edinburgh. The other was modelled by Mr. Lawrence Macdonald, in the unhappy winter of 1830. The period of the artist's observation would alone have been sufficient to render his efforts fruitless. His bust may be, in point of execution, good; but he does not seem to me to have produced what any friend of Sir Walter's will recognize as a likeness.[2]

The only statue executed during Sir Walter's lifetime is that by John Greenshields in freestone. This, considering all the circumstances (see Vol. IX. p. 213), is certainly a most meritorious work; and I am well pleased to find that it has its station in Mr. Cadell's premises in St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh,[1] under the same roof with the greater part of the original MSS. of Sir Walter's Poems and Romances.[2] The proprietor has adopted the inscription for Bacon's effigy at St. Albans, and carved on the pedestal "SIC SEDEBAT."

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[1] [See *Scott Centenary Catalogue*, p. 49.]

[2] [The Diary for January 12, 1831, says: "I have a visit from Mr. Macdonald the sculptor, who wishes to model a head of me. He is a gentlemanlike man, and pleasant as most sculptors and artists of reputation are, yet it is an awful tax upon time. I must manage to dictate while he models. . . . So there we sat for three hours or four, I sitting on a stool mounted on a packing box for the greater advantage; Macdonald modelling and plastering away, and I dictating, without interval, to good-natured Will Laidlaw, who wrought without intermission." The sculptor appears to have remained at Abbotsford till the 17th, and to have had several sittings. (See *Journal*, vol. ii. pp. 367–369.) The bust became the property of Mr. George Combe, who characteristically seems to have valued it more especially because it "forms the best record which now exists of the dimensions and relative proportions of the different parts of Sir Walter's head." See *Scott Centenary Catalogue*, p. 51.]

[1] [After Mr. Cadell's death, his trustees presented this statue to the Faculty of Advocates, and it is now placed in their Under Library.]

[2] [Scott gave many of his manuscripts to Constable in 1823 (see *ante*, vol. vii. p. 101); and a part of these — the earlier Novels — were sold at auction in London in 1831. The remainder — five of the Poems — was sold privately to Mr. Cadell, who had also bought some of the Novels. Subsequently he purchased others, and the later Romances were given to him by Sir Walter, so that ultimately he had twelve volumes of the Novels and eight of the Poems, beside a large collection of letters. In 1867 a selection from these manuscripts was sold at auction in London, and a year later, with a few exceptions, the rest, — exclusive of the letters which Mr. Cadell had enjoined in his settlement should not pass out of the hands of his family. The manuscripts of *Rokeby*, *The Lord of the Isles*, *Anne of Geierstein*, a portion of *Waverley*, and such part of *Ivanhoe* as was in the author's autograph, were purchased by Mr. Hope-Scott, and are now at Abbotsford, together with that of *Rob Roy*, which was given to Lockhart by Cadell, in 1848. The manuscript of the larger part of *Waverley* was bought at the Constable sale by Mr. James Hall, who, in 1850, presented it to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. At the sale of Peter Cunningham's autographs, the manuscript of *Kenilworth* was purchased for the British Museum. In the *Scott Centenary Catalogue*, pp. 99–124, Mr. David Laing gives a history of the dispersion and sales of the manuscripts, and, as far as possible, records their owners at the time of writing.]

APPENDIX

I. WALTER AND CHARLES SCOTT

(*From Lockhart's Abridgment of the Life, published in 1848.*)

CHARLES SCOTT, whose spotless worth had tenderly endeared him to the few who knew him intimately, and whose industry and accuracy were warmly acknowledged by his professional superiors, on Lord Berwick's recall from the Neapolitan Embassy, resumed his duties as a clerk in the Foreign Office, and continued in that situation until the summer of 1841. Sir John M'Neill, G. C. B., being then entrusted with a special mission to the Court of Persia, carried Charles with him as attaché and private secretary; but the journey on horseback through Asia Minor was trying for his never robust frame; and he contracted an inflammatory disorder which cut him off at Teheran, almost immediately on his arrival there, October 28, 1841. He had reached his 36th year. His last hours had every help that kindness and skill could yield, for the Ambassador had for him the affection of an elder brother, and the physician, Dr. George Joseph Bell (now also gone), had been his schoolfellow, and through life his friend. His funeral in that remote place was so attended as to mark the world-wide reputation of his father. By Sir John M'Neill's care, a small monument with a suitable inscription was erected over his untimely grave.[1]

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[1] [Lockhart, writing to Miss Edgeworth, December 27, 1841, says: "I am very grateful for all your kind thoughts and recollections. Charles has only joined a company who are, and ever will be, while memory remains, as if they still were partakers in what we call Life. It is, however, a very serious calamity to me, for we had very much in common, and it was to him I had always looked, in case of my own death, for protection to my children during their tender years, or rather, I should say, for giving

Walter, who succeeded to the baronetcy, proceeded to Madras in 1839, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 15th Hussars; and subsequently commanded that regiment.[1] He was beloved and esteemed in it by officers and men as much, I believe, as any gentleman ever was in any corps of the British army; and there was no officer of his rank who stood higher in the opinion of the heads of his profession. He had begun life with many advantages — a very handsome person, and great muscular strength, a sweet and even temper, and talents which, in the son of any father but his, would have been considered brilliant. His answers, when examined as a witness before a celebrated Court-Martial in Ireland in 1834, were indeed universally admired: — whoever had known his father, recognized the head and the heart, and in his letters from India, especially his descriptions of scenery and sport, there occur many passages which, for picturesque effect and easy playful humor, would have done no discredit even to his father's pen. Though neglectful of extra-professional studies in his earlier days, he had in after-life read extensively, and made himself, in every sense of the term, an accomplished man. The library for the soldiers of his corps was founded by him: the care of it was a principal occupation of his later years. His only legacy out of his family was one of £100 to this library; and his widow, well understanding

them that cast of mind and sentiment which I would fain have them inherit from their mother."

A few days later, Carlyle writes to Lockhart: "If you have yet got any certain intelligence about poor Charles Scott, may I claim of you to let me share in it. If not yet, then as soon as any does arrive. I have the liveliest impression of that good honest Scotch face and character, though never in contact with the young man but that once. Alas, so many histories are tragedies; or rather, all histories are!" — Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii. pp. 185, 232.]

[1] [Writing to Laidlaw in the spring of 1843 regarding his brother-in-law, Lockhart says: "Sir Walter and his wife continue to have perfect health in India. Some time ago he fancied he might be able to effect an exchange and come home, but . . . he, for the present, has laid aside all thoughts of quitting the post he holds. He had for a year the command of the regiment, and will, I trust, have it again soon. . . . Lately, he tells me, hearing that a Highland battalion was to pass about fifty miles off from his station, he rode that distance one day, and back the next, merely to hear the skirl of the pipes! No doubt there would be a jolly mess for his reception besides — but I could not but be pleased with the touch of the auld man." — Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii. p. 203.]

what he felt towards it, directed that a similar sum should be added in her own name. Sir Walter having unwisely exposed himself in a tiger-hunt in August, 1846, was, on his return to his quarters at Bangalore, smitten with fever, which ended in liver disease. He was ordered to proceed to England, and died near the Cape of Good Hope, on board the ship Wellesley, February the 8th, 1847. Lady Scott conveyed his remains to this country, and they were interred in the paternal aisle at Dryburgh on the 4th of May following, in the presence of the few survivors of his father's friends and many of his own.[1] Three officers who had served under him, and were accidentally in Britain, arrived from great distances to pay him the last homage of their respect. He had never had any child; and with him the baronetcy expired.

The children of illustrious men begin the world with great advantages, if they know how to use them; but this is hard and rare. There is risk that in the flush of youth, favorable to all illusions, the filial pride may be twisted to personal vanity. When experience checks this misgrowth, it is apt to do so with a severity that shall reach the best sources of moral and intellectual development. The great sons of great fathers have been few. It is usual to see their progeny smiled at through life for stilted pretension, or despised, at best pitied, for an inactive, inglorious humility. The shadow of the oak is broad, but noble plants seldom rise within that circle. It was fortunate for the sons of Scott that his day darkened in the morning of theirs. The sudden calamity anticipated the natural effect of observation and the collisions of society and business. All weak, unmanly folly was nipt in the bud, and soon withered to the root. They were both remarkably modest men, but in neither had the better stimulus of the blood been arrested. In aspect and manners they were unlike each other: the elder tall and athletic, the model of a cavalier, with a generous frankness; the other slender and delicate of frame, in bearing, of a womanly gentleness and reserve; but in heart and mind none more akin. The affection of all the family, but especially perhaps of the brothers, for each other, kept to the end all the warmth of undivided childhood. When Charles died, and Walter knew that he was left alone of all his father's house, he evidently began to droop in spirit. It appeared to me from his letters that he thenceforth dreaded rather than desired a return to Scotland and Abbotsford. His only anxiety was that his regiment might be marched towards the Punjaub.

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[1] [Two days before the funeral, Lockhart wrote to Miss Edgeworth from Abbotsford: "I found your most kind note on my arrival here last night, in attendance with my son on the remains of our lost friend, who had to me been through life a brother. . . . His poor widow came to my house on reaching London, and she accompanied me in the steamer to Edinburgh, where I left her with her mother. She exerts great control over very acute feelings. No woman ever worshipped a husband more than she, and his late letters all overflowed with tender gratefulness for her unwearied attention to him in his illness. It was only his very last letter to me, written the day before he sailed from Madras, that expressed serious apprehensions, and I learn that he continued under such feelings during the voyage, though he mentioned them only to some brother officers, not to Jane, and exerted himself so far as to dine till the last fortnight at table and occasionally go on deck. . . .

"You, my dear friend, can imagine with what a heart I have reëntered this house, which I had not seen since the morning of your old friend's funeral in September, 1832. Everything in perfect order — every chair and table where it was then left, and I alone to walk a ghost in a sepulchre amidst the scenes of all that ever made life worth the name for me." — Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii. p. 297.

Jane, Lady Scott, was long the last survivor of all who had formed the family of Abbotsford in her father-in-law's lifetime. She died in 1877, and was buried with her husband at Dryburgh.]

II. The Descendants of Sir Walter Scott.

[In 1848 Lockhart wrote: "The only descendants of the Poet now alive are my son, Walter Scott Lockhart (a lieutenant in the army), who, as his uncle's heir of entail, has lately received permission to assume the additional surname of Scott; and his sister, Charlotte Harriet Jane, married in August, 1847, to James Robert Hope, Barrister, second son of the late General, the Honorable Sir Alexander Hope, G. C. B."

Of Walter and Charlotte Lockhart as children, of their beauty, intelligence, and charm, all who have written of them give the same testimony. And in the case of the sister, the promise of childhood was to be amply fulfilled. One of the very few published letters of Mrs. Lockhart, written a few months before her death, speaks of Walter, then in his eleventh year, as "a strong, robust boy, reading even Latin books with interest when they dealt with war, 'screaming over Gil Blas' in the original, and, during a holiday at Boulogne, 'speaking French with extreme audacity,' fencing, riding, and dancing."[1] Walter was a pupil at King's College School, so that his father might patiently superintend and assist in the daily tasks of a not very willing student. To Laidlaw, Lockhart writes in 1843: "My boy is now as tall as I am; . . . a good horseman and an excellent oarsman; a very good boy and a great comfort to me, though not as yet very ardent in his pursuit of learning."[2] A little later he writes to Wilson, bereaved like himself: "Let us both be thankful that we have children worthy of their mothers."[3] But the time was approaching when Walter was to be the cause of an ever growing anxiety, and, before the end, of unutterable pain. He failed to enter Christ Church and Balliol, stayed but a short time in Cambridge, where he was remembered as a handsome, genial boy, — clever, but neither literary nor studious. He rowed in the winning University eight, and began to contract debts. His predilections were for the army, and in 1847 he was a Lieutenant in the 16th Lancers. But his extravagance and waywardness knew no abatement, indeed at times appeared to pass the bounds of sanity. At last there seemed a change. On December 31, 1852, his father wrote: "This has been a most unhappy year. Walter seems better disposed, repentant, and affectionate. Let us hope for a great and lasting change."[4] The young man had just recovered from a serious illness, and on this day the father and son had parted in Paris, Walter to go southward for his health, Lockhart to return to London. A week later Walter was taken ill on his journey to Italy, was carried back to Versailles, where he died January 10, 1853. His father hastened to him, but was too late to see his son alive. The young laird of Abbotsford, who, if he had lived, would also have inherited Milton-Lockhart, is buried in the Cemetery of Versailles.

James Robert Hope, educated at Eton and Christ Church, was called to the Bar in 1838. At the time of his marriage, at the age of 35, he already held an unrivalled position as a parliamentary barrister, and had an exceedingly large professional income. He became standing counsel to nearly every railway company in the United Kingdom, and he may be said to have very largely helped to fix railway law. He had a commanding and also a most attractive presence, a manner at once graceful and dignified, extraordinary tact and great persuasiveness as a speaker. He was, Mr. Gladstone declared, "the most winning person of his day." He was earnestly interested in the Oxford Tractarian movement, was a close friend of Newman, and finally, in 1851, was received into the Roman Catholic Church, his conversion being closely followed by that of his wife.

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[1] Lang's *Life of Lockhart*, vol. ii. p. 177.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 203.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 178.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 357.

On the death of his brother-in-law, he assumed the name of Scott, and Abbotsford, of which he was already the tenant, passing to his wife, it became for the rest of their lives their principal residence. Naturally the place had been somewhat neglected, and much restoration was needed. Some protection was afforded to the domestic privacy of the inmates by arranging a new access to what had become the show rooms of the house, with their never ending procession of visitors; the new south front was constructed, and a large wing, finished in 1858, was added for the special use of the family. This addition can be readily distinguished from Sir Walter's house, by the lighter color of the stone used in building. In one of its apartments Lockhart's library is placed, and it contains a chapel. At the same time great improvements were made in the grounds; the whole present arrangement of terraces and of the courtyard garden was planned and carried out by Mr. Hope-Scott; the avenue was lengthened and a lodge built.

Of Mrs. Hope-Scott her husband's biographer writes, she was "very attractive, with a graceful figure, a sweet and expressive face, brown eyes of great brilliance, and a beautifully shaped head. . . . A dearly cherished portrait of her at Abbotsford shows all that sweetness we should expect, yet it is at the same time full of character and decision. . . . She was of a bright and cheerful nature, at first sight extremely open, but with that reserve which so often shows itself on further acquaintance, in minds of unusual thoughtfulness and depth. There was something especially interesting in her manner — a mixture of shyness and diffidence with self-reliance and decisiveness, quite peculiar to herself. Her look, 'brimful of everything,' seemed to win sympathy and command respect. Without marked accomplishments, unless that of singing most sweetly, with a good taste and natural power that were always evident, she had a passion for books."[1] "My constant companion and comfort," her father wrote of her not long before her marriage, and she had often been to him a secretary, relieving him of much of his correspondence, an aid she afterward rendered to her husband in all his harassing overwork. Her quickness both of perception and action helped her to accomplish much, though after her marriage — a preëminently happy one — she seems always to have been delicate in health. After some months of failing strength, she died October 26, 1858, in her thirty-first year. She left three children, Mary Monica, born October 2, 1852; Walter Michael, born June 2, 1857; and Margaret Anne, born September 17, 1858. The younger of these soon followed their mother, the baby daughter on December 3, and the little Walter on December 11. Mother and children were buried in the vault of St. Margaret's Convent, Edinburgh, where fourteen years later the husband and father was also laid.

Mr. Hope-Scott died April 29, 1873, in his sixty-first year, and Abbotsford passed to his daughter, Mary Monica, who married July 21, 1874, the Hon. Joseph Constable-Maxwell, third son of the tenth Lord Herries, who assumed the additional surname of Scott.[2] Their children are: —

Walter Joseph, born April 10, 1875, Lieutenant, 3d batt. Royal Scots.

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[1] Ornsby's *Memoirs of J. R. Hope-Scott*, vol. ii. pp. 134–136.

[2] [Mrs. Maxwell-Scott has always shown a sincere veneration for the memory of her illustrious great-grandfather, and it was by her permission that the *Journal* and the *Familiar Letters* were published. She also made an adequate biography of Mr. Lockhart possible, by giving Mr. Lang access to all her grandfather's papers at Abbotsford. She edited the series of illustrations of some of Sir Walter's gabions, — *Abbotsford, the Personal Relics and Antiquarian Treasures of Sir Walter Scott* (1893). She has also published *The Tragedy of Fotheringay, Founded on the Journal of D. Bourgoing, and on Unpublished Documents* (1895); and in 1897, she collected in a volume some of her scattered papers, mostly relating to subjects connected with Scottish history.]

Mary Josephine, born June 5, 1876; married September 21, 1897, to Alexander Augustus Dalgleish.
Winifred, born March 7, 1878, and died March 12, 1880.
Joseph Michael, born May 25, 1880.
Alice, born October 9, 1881.
Malcolm, born October 22, 1883.
Margaret, born December 13, 1886.
Herbert, born March 14, 1891.]

III. Chronological List of the Publications of Sir Walter Scott.

For Miscellaneous References to these Works in the preceding Volumes, see the accompanying Index. This List is by no means presented as a complete one.

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LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN, with Notes, 18 vols. 8vo	46
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